

DA 975
F49

IRELAND

IN PICTURES

LECTION OF OVER 400 MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIES
OF THE GREEN ISLE

COMPRISING

THE MOST FAMOUS BUILDINGS, HISTORIC PLACES, ROMANTIC SCENERY, VENERABLE
RUINS, RICH ART TREASURES, ETC., ETC.

WITH
HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES
BY

THE HON. JOHN F. FINERTY, OF CHICAGO

PUBLISHED BY
J. S. HYLAND & CO.
CHICAGO.

IRELAND

IN PICTURES

A GRAND COLLECTION OF OVER 400 MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIES
OF THE GREEN ISLE


COMPRISING

VIEWS OF THE MOST FAMOUS BUILDINGS, HISTORIC PLACES, ROMANTIC SCENERY, VENERABLE
RUINS, RICH ART TREASURES, ETC., ETC.

WITH
HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES
BY

THE HON. JOHN F. FINERTY, OF CHICAGO

PUBLISHED BY
J. S. HYLAND & CO.
CHICAGO.



Copyright 1898, by
THE INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Chicago, U. S. A.

DA 975
F49

ERRATA.

In Section I. "Glendalough, Co. Wicklow," for "gem of the Two Loughs," read "glen," etc.
In Section III. "Biarney Lake, Co. Cork," for "perfectly cloudless," read "almost," etc.
In Section VIII. "St. Peter's Chapel and College, Wexford," for "Barrow" read "Slaney."
In Section VIII. "Abbey Ruins, Yonghall, Co. Cork," read "Youghal," etc.

These Illustrations were Engraved by
FRANKLIN ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPING COMPANY
Nos. 341-351 Dearborn Street
Chicago, U. S. A

PREFACE.

THIS SUMMER Ireland will celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of her latest great uprising in arms against the English power. That revolt, known in history as the Rebellion of 1798, gave her fifty battle-fields and a legion of heroes and martyrs whose memory is kept green by the tears their country has dropped upon their graves.

In view of the coming celebration of that heroic struggle and of the regrettable fact that Ireland's scenic, historic and romantic story has never yet been presented to the American public in a popular and attractive form, the International Photographic Publishing Company deems the time opportune to offer to the American people this series of pictured and written sketches of the fair but unhappy land that has, because of its unconquerable piety, been called the Island of Saints and, because of its enduring verdure, the Emerald Isle.

After having pined in the shade of enforced isolation for more than seven stormy centuries, Ireland is again emerging into the sunlight of international recognition and sisterhood among the nations of the world. The wondrous beauty that has long been slighted or overlooked is again beginning to be recognized, not only by her friends but also by the fastidious children of her subjugator. In the very heart of England an association has been formed to promote a British tourists' invasion of Ireland on a grand scale. Leading English newspapers and periodicals have, of late days, given their readers columns and pages of vivid description in which the charms of Irish scenery are strongly depicted. Alfred Austin, the existing British poet laureate, has been enthusiastic in his praise of the fair land of Killarney's lakes, the noble Blackwater, the winding Lee, the matchless coast of Antrim and the towering peaks of Kerry and Connemara. Daniel O'Connell, in one of his splendid bursts of eloquence, called Ireland "the land of the green valley and the rushing river"—a description as brief as it is truthful and beautiful. Hosts of French and German tourists swarm annually in her lovely summer retreats, by lough and stream and bay; and numerous Americans who had visited nearly every other country of the old world before setting foot on Irish soil, have said that the natural charms of Ireland stand forth, uniquely and alone, "in a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love."

Glimpses of Ireland's tragic and changeful story are comprised in the written, as well as the pictured, portions of these sketches. The sorrows, the sufferings, the heroism of her people are not passed over in the spirit of cold neglect, but the account of them must necessarily be brief, as our motto is "multum in parvo." But the struggles that have aroused their courage, the sacrifices that have tested their devotion, and the hope that has sustained their enthusiasm, are not forgotten. The altar of the Druid, the Rath of the Danaan, the round tower of the early Christian worshiper, the massive "keep" of "the iron lord of Normandy," the abbeys founded by Irish kings, the monasteries once occupied by Irish saints and scholars—all now in picturesque ruin—the shrines and churches of a later epoch, the hundred "foughten fields" where "freedom bled," the cruel scenes of heartless eviction—in short, all the alluring, exciting and peculiar features of the Green Old Land are here truthfully presented.

In the occasional references to the ill-starred English political connection, and the long, desperate and bloody struggles that have resulted from the same, care is taken that naught is extenuated and naught set down in malice, our primary object being to state the truth, and nothing else, so far as authentic history may guide our narrative. "The ruins that ennoble, the scenes that beautify, the memories that illuminate, and the music that inspires" old Ireland find faithful interpretation in our pages.

We have, as is but natural, a particular pride and pleasure in placing these sketches, and the histories of their subjects, before Irish-American readers, who are numbered by millions among our citizens, and who must, of course, cherish the same filial love and respect for the land of their forefathers that Anglo-Americans, German-Americans, Franco-Americans, and all the other elements that combine to constitute the great American nation, do for theirs. The Anglo-American seeks on British soil, amid scenes endeared to him by tradition, the ashes of his sires, and is ever mindful of their courage, their intellect and their commercial prowess. The German-American

is proud of the heroic, historic monuments that cluster along the romantic course of his beautiful native river Rhine. The Franco-American extols the loveliness, the gracefulness and the glory of his beloved "la belle France." All our "previous nationalities" have their distinctive racial memories, inseparable from the human mind and heart. But they are not, on that account, less loyally American, as has been repeatedly proved since the foundation of the republic. Race pride simply stirs them to a nobler emulation. America is not the production of any one country, but of all Europe, as has been well said by a great writer, in different words. Irish-Americans, in looking upon these sketches have just cause to be proud of their origin, of their history, and of the land which cradled their race. Whether of Celtic, Norman or Saxon stock, whether Catholic or Protestant, all may peruse these pages with profit, for "every race and every creed" have been treated with justice and consideration. So, too, may non-Irish readers study them with advantage, and from them acquire a complete view of a country too often maliciously misrepresented, and too little examined with a friendly interest. But our readers, no matter to what "element" they may belong, will find here "no vulgar history to read, but can trace from field to field the evidences of a civilization older than the Conquest, the relics of a religion more ancient than the Gospel." This book, then, is to Ireland a monument, and for America an instructor. It cannot fail to strengthen Irish self-respect, enlarge pride of race and augment the sympathy of other elements with the cause of justice and humanity in Ireland. In a word, to paraphrase an expression of the late John Bright, "Ireland in Pictures" removes the Emerald Isle from her fastenings in the Atlantic and brings her within the portals of American liberty. The book, in fact, places Ireland in our homes.

Animated by the desire to make Ireland better known to Americans of all races, creeds and conditions, we put these sketches before the public with the confident expectation of cordial approval and generous support.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1898.

Myzms
John F. Fawcett
D

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A		COUNTY.	SECTION.	C		COUNTY.	SECTION
Askeaton Abbey, - - -	-	Limerick,	II	Carrick-a-Rede, - - -	-	Antrim,	I
Achill Island, - - -	-	Mayo,	II	Celtic Cross, Monasterboice, - - -	-	Louth,	I
Along the Quays, Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	IV	Cloyne Abbey, - - -	-	Cork,	I
Ancient Castles, - - -	-	Dalkey,	IV	Clifden Cascade, - - -	-	Galway,	II
Askeaton, - - -	-	Limerick,	IV	Castlebar, - - -	-	Mayo,	II
Athlone Castle, - - -	-	Roscommon,	IV	Cashel Abbey and Round Tower, - - -	-	Tipperary,	II
Athenry, - - -	-	Galway,	V	Carrying Home "Turf," - - -	-	-	II
Ardara, - - -	-	Donegal,	V	Castle-Connell Rapids, - - -	-	Limerick,	III
Altar, Catholic Cathedral, Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	V	Captured Cannon, Dublin Museum, - - -	-	Dublin,	III
An Athlone Street, - - -	-	Roscommon,	VII	Cork, City of, - - -	-	Cork,	IV
Ardfert Cathedral, - - -	-	Kerry,	VIII	Custom House, - - -	-	Dublin,	IV
Avoca, - - -	-	Wicklow,	VIII	Church and Convent, Kenmare, - - -	-	Kerry,	IV
Antique Statuary, Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	VIII	Corralle on River Boyne, - - -	-	-	V
Albert Memorial, Belfast, - - -	-	Antrim,	VIII	Clew Bay, - - -	-	Mayo,	V
Adare Abbey, - - -	-	Limerick,	VIII	Cave Hill, - - -	-	Antrim,	V
Abbey Ruins, Yonghall, - - -	-	Cork,	VIII	Clonmacnois, - - -	-	Kings,	V
Ardmore Round Tower, - - -	-	Waterford,	IX	Chapel-Izod, - - -	-	Dublin,	V
Adare Manor, - - -	-	Limerick,	XI	Cahir Castle, - - -	-	Tipperary,	VI
Abbey Assaroe, - - -	-	Donegal,	XII	Central Court, Dublin Museum of Science	-	-	-
Ancient Ruins, Christ Church, Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	XIII	and Art, - - -	-	Dublin,	VII
Athlone, Town of, - - -	-	Roscommon,	II	City Hall, - - -	-	Dublin,	VII
Armagh, City of, - - -	-	Armagh,	II	Coleraine, - - -	-	Derry,	VII
B				Clonmany, - - -	-	Donegal,	VII
Boyne Obelisk, - - -	-	Louth,	I	Chapel Abbey, Dungarvan, - - -	-	Waterford,	VII
Baldwin Monument (Trinity College), - - -	-	Dublin,	I	Captain Boyd's Statue, St. Patrick's, Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	VII
Ballysadare Falls, - - -	-	Sligo,	II	Castle-Connell, - - -	-	Limerick,	VII
Boyle Abbey, - - -	-	Roscommon,	III	Castledermot Abbey, - - -	-	Kildare,	VII
Blarney Lake, - - -	-	Cork,	III	Curraghmore, - - -	-	Waterford,	VIII
Bangor, - - -	-	Down,	III	Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin (Exterior	-	-	-
Bantry (Showing Head of Bay), - - -	-	Cork,	III	View), - - -	-	Dublin,	VIII
Ballina, - - -	-	Mayo,	IV	Cuifden Harbor, - - -	-	Galway,	VIII
Ballinasloe, - - -	-	Galway,	IV	Catholic Cathedral, Armagh, - - -	-	Armagh,	VIII
Ballyshannon, - - -	-	Donegal,	IV	Catholic Church, Castlebar, - - -	-	Dublin,	VIII
Bray Head, - - -	-	Wicklow,	V	Colleen Bawn Caves, Killarney, - - -	-	Kerry,	IX
Bank of Ireland (Formerly Parliament House), Dublin, - - -	-	Dublin,	V	Crosshaven, Cork Harbor, - - -	-	Cork,	IX
Blarney Castle, - - -	-	Cork,	VI	Carrick, - - -	-	Donegal,	X
Belleek, - - -	-	Fermanagh,	VI	Carton House, Drawing Room, - - -	-	Kildare,	X
Ballycastle, - - -	-	Antrim,	VI	Cromwell's Bridge, Glengarriff, - - -	-	Cork,	X
Bridge of Buncrana, - - -	-	Donegal,	VI	Church at Swords, - - -	-	Dublin,	X
Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, - - -	-	Dublin,	VII	Cushendall, - - -	-	Antrim,	XI
Blarney Village, - - -	-	Cork,	IX	Cardinal McCabe's Monument, Glasnevin, - - -	-	Dublin,	XII
Ballyhooley, - - -	-	Cork,	X	Castletown-Roche, - - -	-	Cork,	XII
Ballyshannon, - - -	-	Donegal,	X	Clonegain Church, - - -	-	Waterford,	XI
Borough Cemetery, Belfast, - - -	-	Antrim,	X	Cathedral Londonderry, - - -	-	Derry,	XII
Bann Falls, - - -	-	Derry,	XI	Croagh Patrick, - - -	-	Mayo,	XII
Birr Castle, - - -	-	King's,	XII	Cahiriveen, - - -	-	Kerry,	XIII
Bantry Cove, - - -	-	Cork,	XII	Carrickfergus Castle, - - -	-	Antrim,	XIII
Bishop's Chair, Aghadoe, - - -	-	Kerry,	XII	Cascade of Derrycunighy, Killarney, - - -	-	Kerry,	XIII
Bray, Town of, - - -	-	Wicklow,	III	Curraghmore House, - - -	-	Waterford,	XIII

CONTENTS—Continued.

[illegible]

COUNTY.	SECTION.	
Louth,	XI	Maynooth Chapel (Inte
Donegal,	XI	Mountain Scene in Wid
Clare,	XI	Maynooth University,
Kerry,	XII	Macroom Castle, -
Cork,	XII	Museum, Section of,
Kerry,	VI	
Kilkenny,	I	

Library, Trinity College (Dublin),	-	Dublin,	I
Lismore Castle,	-	Waterford,	I
"Lord Antrim's Parlor," Giant's Causeway,	-	Antrim,	II
Lieut. Hamilton's Statue (Dublin Museum),	-	Dublin,	III
Larne,	-	Antrim,	IV
Library, Maynooth College,	-	Kildare,	V
Limerick, George St.,	-	Limerick,	VI
Laide Graveyard,	-	Antrim,	VI
Leenane,	-	Galway,	VI
"Love's Young Dream" in Phoenix Park,	-	Dublin,	VI
Lough Gill,	-	Sligo,	IX
Londonderry, City of,	-	Derry,	IX
Lion Arch, Vale of Avoca,	-	Wicklow,	X
Lower Lake, Killarney,	-	Kerry,	X
Lookout Cliff, Kilkee,	-	Clare,	X
Lady Chapel, St. Patrick,	-	Dublin,	X
Lake Margin, Phoenix Park,	-	Dublin,	X
Lover's Leap,	-	Wicklow,	XI
Linen Factory, Belfast,	-	Antrim,	XI
Lough Dan,	-	Wicklow,	XI
Lord Kildare's Monument, Christ Church,	-	Dublin,	XII
Larne Churchyard,	-	Antrim,	XIII
Lifford, Town of,	-	Donegal,	II
Limerick, City of,	-	Limerick,	II

M				
Maynooth College,	-	-	Kildare,	I
“ (Village),	-	-	“	III
Mortuary Chapel (Glasnevin Cemetery),	-	-	Dublin,	I
Meeting of the Waters, Killarney,	-	-	Kerry,	II
Moat of Ballylochloe,	-	-	Westmeath,	II
Muckross Abbey, Killarney,	-	-	Kerry,	III
Monea Castle,	-	-	Fermanagh,	III
Marching to Evict,	-	-	Clare,	IV
Malahide Castle,	-	-	Dublin,	V
Moville,	-	-	Donegal,	V
Monaghan Cathedral,	-	-	Monaghan,	V
Mitchelstown,	-	-	Cork,	VI
Market Donkey, Drogheda,	-	-	Louth,	VII
Monkstown,	-	-	Cork,	VII
Mt. St. Joseph's Abbey, Roscrea,	-	-	Tipperary,	VII
Magdalene Steeple, Drogheda,	-	-	Louth,	VII
Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin,	-	-	Dublin,	VIII
Making Clay Pipes, Drogheda,	-	-	Louth,	VIII
Milford,	-	-	Donegal,	VIII
Military Barracks, Athlone,	-	-	Roscommon,	IX
Mail Steamer in Regalia, Kingstown,	-	-	Dublin,	X
Mallow,	-	-	Cork,	X
Murrisk Abbey,	-	-	Mayo,	X

				N	
Newcastle,	-	-	-	Down,	II
Nenagh Town Hall and Castle,	-	-	-	Tipperary,	IV
Navan (Market Place),	-	-	-	Meath,	IV
New Catholic Cathedral (Kilkenny),	-	-	-	Kerry,	VI
New Blarney Castle,	-	-	-	Cork,	XI
New Ross, "Fair Day,"	-	-	-	Wexford,	XI
Narrow-Water House,	-	-	-	Down,	XIII
New Ross (Town of),	-	-	-	Wexford,	III

O'Connell Monument (Glasnevin Cemetery),	Dublin,	I
O'Connell Bridge, Dublin,	Dublin,	II
O'Connell Memorial Church, Cahirciveen,	Kerry,	IV
O'Connell Monument, Dublin,	Dublin,	V
Omagh,	Tyrone,	VII
Otter Island, Glengarriff,	Cork,	IX
O'Connell's Birthplace, Carhen,	Kerry,	X
O'Connell Statue, City Hall, Dublin,	Dublin,	XI

P			
Parnell's Grave, Glasnevin Cemetery,			
Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	I	
Phoenix Park, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	I	
Perry Square, Limerick, - - -	Limerick,	I	
Patrick Street, Cork City, - - -	Cork,	II	
Phoenix Park Lakes, - - -	Dublin,	III	
Parnell Memorial Procession, Dublin, -	Dublin,	III	
Pleaskin Head, - - -	Antrim,	IV	
Potato Market, Drogheda, - - -	Louth,	IV	
Parnell's Memorial Car, - - -	Dublin,	V	
Portlaw, - - -	Waterford,	V	
People's Garden, Phoenix Park, -	Dublin,	VI	
Parish Church, Enniskillen, - - -	Fermanagh,	VI	
Portlester Tomb, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	VI	
Portlester Chapel, Dublin (No. 2), -	Dublin,	VII	
Portrush, - - -	Antrim,	VIII	
Passenger Train, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	IX	
Protestant Cathedral, - - -	Armagh,	X	
Pagan Statuary, National Gallery, Dublin,	Dublin,	XI	
Portstewart, - - -	Derry,	XI	
Poulaphuca, - - -	Wicklow,	XI	
Portlester Chapel, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	XII	
Parnell Lying in State, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	XIII	

	Q			
Queenstown Harbor,	-	-	Cork,	III
Queenstown, (a Street in),	-	-	Cork,	V
Queenstown, Hotel Park,	-	-	Cork,	VI
Queenstown, View in,	-	-	Cork,	VII
Queenstown, from Harbor,	-	-	Cork,	XII

CONTENTS—Continued.

	COUNTY.	SECTION.		COUNTY.	SECTION.
Quadrangle and Campenile, Trinity College,	Dublin,	IX	St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin (Exterior View),	Dublin,	IX
Queen's College, Cork, - - -	Cork,	X	Sarsfield Statue, Limerick, - - -	Dublin,	IX
Queen's College, Galway, - - -	Galway,	XI	St. Finn Bar's Cathedral, Cork, - - -	Cork,	IX
			Scene on River Erne, - - -	Donegal,	IX
R			St. Vincent's Church, Sunday's Well, Cork,	Cork,	X
Ross Castle, Killarney, - - -	Kerry,	II	Selskar Abbey, Wexford, - - -	Wexford,	X
Railroad Bridge, Galway, - - -	Galway,	III	Sub-Altars, Tuam Cathedral, - - -	Galway,	X
Rear View of Clonmacnois, - - -	Kings,	III	St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, - - -	Limerick,	X
Royal Avenue, Belfast, - - -	Antrim,	III	Sneem, Town of, - - -	Kerry,	XI
Rathdrum, - - -	Wicklow,	III	Strawberry Beds, - - -	Dublin,	XI
Roundstone, - - -	Galway,	V	Sligo Abbey, - - -	Sligo,	XI
Railroad Bridge, Drogheda, - - -	Louth and Meath,	V	Shane's Castle, - - -	Antrim,	XI
Ruins of Ancient Lodge, - - -	Galway,	VI	St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, - - -	Tipperary,	XI
Rossbeg, - - -	Mayo,	VI	St. Jarlath's Cathedral, Tuam (Interior),	Galway,	XIII
Returning from Games, Ballinasloe, - - -	Galway,	VI	St. Malachy's Chapel, Belfast, - - -	Antrim,	XIII
Ruins of Mellifont Abbey, - - -	Louth,	VII	Shrine at Gougane Barra, - - -	Cork,	XIII
Road to Maam, - - -	Galway,	VIII	Section of Dublin Museum, - - -	Dublin,	XIII
Round Tower, Castledermot, - - -	Kildare,	IX			
Rock of Cashel, - - -	Tipperary,	IX	T		
Ruins of Desmond's Castle, Adare, - - -	Limerick,	X	Thurles Cathedral, - - -	Tipperary,	I
Rosse Telescope, The Great (Birr Castle),	Kings,	X	Treaty Stone, Limerick, - - -	Limerick,	III
Ruins Cong Abbey, - - -	Galway,	X	Turlough Round Tower, - - -	Mayo,	V
Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, - - -	Dublin,	XI	Trinity Church, Limerick (Interior),	Limerick,	IX
Ruins of Maynooth Castle, - - -	Kildare,	XI	Terrace, Powerscourt Castle, - - -	Wicklow,	IX
Ramelton, - - -	Donegal,	XII	Temple Arch, - - -	Donegal,	XII
			Trim Castle, - - -	Meath,	XII
S			Torc Mountain, - - -	Kerry,	XII
St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, - - -	Cork,	I	U		
Summit of Plarney Castle, - - -	Cork,	I	Upper Lake, Killarney, - - -	Kerry,	VII
Shannon Bridge, - - -	Kings and Roscommon,	I	V		
Scene of Assassination of Cavendish and			Viaduct, Dalkey, - - -	Dublin,	IV
Burke (Phoenix Park), - - -	Dublin,	II	View in Phoenix Park, - - -	Dublin,	IV
Scene in Mayo, - - -	Mayo,	III	View in St. Patrick's, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	VIII
Salmon Weir, - - -	Galway,	III	View on Ross Island, Killarney, - - -	Kerry,	X
Section of Ruins of Mellifont, - - -	Louth,	III	View in Prospect Cemetery, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	XI
Secluded Spot in Phoenix Park, - - -	Dublin,	III	Vale of Clara, - - -	Wicklow,	XII
St. Lawrence Gate, Drogheda, - - -	Louth,	IV	Vale of Avoca, - - -	Wicklow,	I
Shandon Church, Cork City, - - -	Cork,	IV			
St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, - - -	Galway,	IV	W		
Stairway National Gallery, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	IV	West Court and Statuary, Museum Science		
Sacred Heart Church, Limerick (Interior),	Limerick,	V	and Art, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	II
Sligo, Town of, - - -	Sligo,	V	Wexford (Town), - - -	Wexford,	II
Scene on River Lee, - - -	Cork,	V	Water Works, City of Cork, - - -	Cork,	III
Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	VI	West Passage, - - -	Cork,	IV
Section of Museum Science and Art, Dublin,	Dublin,	VI	Westport, - - -	Mayo,	IV
St. Alphonsus' Church, - - -	Limerick,	VI	Waterford, - - -	Waterford,	IV
Scots Guards, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	VII	Where Robert Emmet Died, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	IV
St. Luke's Church, Cork, - - -	Cork,	VII	Wellington Testimonial, Phoenix Park,	Dublin,	VI
St. Kevin's Cross, - - -	Wicklow,	VII	Walk in Phoenix Park, Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	VII
Sculpture Hall, Irish National Gallery, - - -	Dublin,	VII	Waterfoot, - - -	Antrim,	IX
St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, - - -	Kilkenny,	VII	Warrenpoint, - - -	Down,	IX
St. Peter's Chapel and College, Wexford,	Wexford,	VIII	Waterford, The Quays, - - -	Waterford,	XI
St. Mary's Church, Cork, - - -	Cork,	VIII	Wicklow, Town of, - - -	Wicklow,	XI
St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, - - -	Kilkenny,	IX			
Strongbow's Monument, Christ Church,			West Bridge and Father Daly's Chapel,		
Dublin, - - -	Dublin,	IX	Galway, - - -	Galway,	XII
Staircase, New Buildings, Trinity College,	Dublin,	IX	Westport Catholic Church, - - -	Mayo,	XIII
			Wellesley Bridge, Limerick, - - -	Limerick,	XIII

SECTION I.

1. Enniseorthy and Vinegar Hill, County Wexford.
2. Maynooth College.
3. Parnell's Grave, Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.
4. The City of Drogheda.
5. The Phoenix Park, Dublin.
6. In the Museum, Dublin.
7. The Library, Trinity College, Dublin.
8. Carrick-a-Rede.
9. The Boyne Obelisk.
10. Evicted.
11. The O'Connell Monument.
12. Lismore Castle.
13. St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork.
14. Interior of Catholic Cathedral, Dublin.
15. Holy Cross Abbey, County Tipperary.
16. The Irish Fishwoman.
17. Glendalough, County Wicklow.
18. Summit of Blarney Castle, County Cork
19. City of Kilkenny.
20. Glenarm, County Antrim.
21. The Gough Statue, Phoenix Park, Dublin.
22. The Celtic Cross, Monasterboice, County Louth.
23. Glenveigh, County Donegal.
24. Eviction Scene, Vandeleur Estate, County Clare.
25. Pery Square, City of Limerick.
26. Shannon Bridge, Kings County and Roscommon.
27. In the Vale of Avoca, County Wicklow.
28. Dunmore, County Waterford.
29. Cloyne Abbey, County Cork.
30. Mortuary Chapel, Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.
31. Thurles Cathedral, County Tipperary.
32. The Baldwin Monument, Trinity College, Dublin.



ENNISCORTHY AND VINEGAR HILL, COUNTY WEXFORD.—This fine old market town stands on both banks of the beautiful river Slaney, about fourteen miles northwest of the town of Wexford. It was the first place of importance captured by the Irish insurgents in 1798. The first battle of the Wexford rebellion was at Oulart Hill, not far from Enniscorthy, on Sunday, May 27, and the British were totally routed. There were also sharp affairs at Ferns and Camolin, and, at noon, on the 28th, Enniscorthy, strongly garrisoned by the royal troops, was vigorously attacked by the “rebels” under Father John Murphy—the victor of Oulart, and the first priest who fought in the rebellion—and Edward Roche. The British made a gallant resistance, but, after three hours’ desperate fighting, were driven from the town, which was partially burned. Thenceforth, the Irish insurgents had their permanent camp on Vinegar Hill, the eminence shown in the picture, rising above the town. It was held until June 20, when it was assaulted by 20,000 regular British troops under Lieut.-Gen. Lake and Sir James Duff. The Irish fought heroically, men and women standing shoulder to shoulder, but were eventually forced to retreat, sustaining comparatively little loss. Although this battle practically put down the rebellion, the insurgents were justly entitled to sing:

We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain
And free our native land!



MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—Maynooth—in Gaelic, Magh-nu-adht—Nuat's Plain, called after a King of Leinster, is, from both an historical and ecclesiastical point of view, one of the most famous localities in Ireland. It contains the ruins of the Castle of the Kildare branch of the Geraldines, which was surrendered in 1535 to Sir William Skeffington by Parez, foster brother of "Silken Thomas"—who was in rebellion against Henry VIII.—for a sum in gold coin. Skeffington paid the money, and immediately hanged the traitor. Carton House, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, is in the neighborhood. The sketch represents the entrance to the Catholic Ecclesiastical College of Maynooth, founded by the Irish Parliament in 1795, continued by William Pitt after the "Union," and practically re-endowed by Sir Robert Peel in 1846, when the present structure—a Gothic quadrangular 340 by 300 feet—was erected. The College is entirely devoted to the education of theological students, of whom there are about 500, and the course extends over eight years. In 1869, on the disestablishment of the Protestant State Church, this Catholic College was also disendowed, and passed from under government control, which has greatly augmented its popularity. A bulk sum of £369,040 was given it in compensation for disendowment.



PARNELL'S GRAVE, GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN.—The final resting place of the renowned Irish leader is indicated by the tall, dark cross, which rises sole and solemn from a parterre of wreaths laid upon the green mound that covers the patriot, by loving Irish hearts and hands. Charles Stewart Parnell, born in Wicklow in 1846, of an American-Irish mother, and of a father who was the son of an Irish patriot, was educated in England. His maternal grandfather, after whom he was called, was Commodore Charles Stewart, of the American navy, one of the most brilliant sea warriors of the struggle of 1812. Parnell, himself, was educated in England and was a Protestant in creed, like Grattan, Emmet, and Smith O'Brien. He was first attracted to Irish politics by the persecution of the Fenian prisoners in British jails. He was elected to Parliament from Meath, in 1875 and, within four years, became the leader of the Irish people, displacing Isaac Butt. His obstructive tactics made him a power in the House of Commons, and he forced concession after concession from England. He finally compelled Gladstone to bring in the Home Rule bill of 1886, the greatest moral triumph achieved by any Irishman over English prejudice, except that gained by O'Connell in 1829. The moral lapse which caused his fall is too painfully remembered to need particular mention. He died of a broken heart on October 7, 1891. Ireland never had a truer champion.



THE CITY OF DROGHEDA.—Drogheda—in Gaelic, *Droich-ead-atha*, “The Bridge of the Ford”—is situated on both banks of the river Boyne, in the counties of Louth and Meath, but chiefly in the former county, four miles from the mouth of the stream which divides it. It is one of the most ancient and renowned of Irish cities, and is filled with monastic and historic architectural relics. Of its four venerable gates—erected while it was still a walled town—one yet remains. After the Norman invasion of Ireland, Drogheda became for several centuries a place of great importance within the English pale, ranking with Dublin, Waterford and Kilkenny. It was visited by Richard II. and Henry V., of England, and many parliaments were held within its precincts, the last in the reign of James II. In September, 1649, Drogheda, held by an Anglo-Irish royalist garrison under General Sir Arthur Aston, was stormed, after a stout defense, by the Puritan army of Oliver Cromwell. Of the 3,000 persons within its walls, including soldiers who laid down their arms, women, children, nuns, priests, and other non-combatants, only about thirty escaped the slaughter. That massacre is the darkest spot on the escutcheon of Cromwell. He permitted it in order to “strike terror,” and in this he certainly succeeded. In 1690 Drogheda surrendered to William III., after the Battle of the Boyne.



THE PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.—This picturesque tract comprises nearly 2,000 acres of land, beautifully diversified by plain, rolling ground, wood, cascade and rivulet, and is one of the most delightful pleasure spots in Europe. In summer the air is made vocal by countless song birds of almost endless varieties; and red deer run wild amid its classic shades. The section of the park known as "The Fifteen Acres" is a favorite reviewing ground for the Dublin garrison; and in the ante-"Union" days was a famous dueling ground. It was no unusual thing in the last century, when the "code of honor" prevailed in Ireland, to see in the early morning half a dozen "Irish gentlemen of the old school" blaze away at each other, with pistols duly primed and loaded, on this desirable battlefield. Many of the encounters, often fatal to one or both parties, grew out of hot debates on the rights and wrongs of Ireland in the Irish House of Commons. Among those who signalized themselves in this respect were Henry Grattan, Father of the Irish Parliament of 1782; Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, Henry Flood, Lord Norbury, who sentenced Robert Emmet to death, and many other historical personages. But the scene presented above is entirely pastoral and recalls no memory of by-gone strife. Irish antiquaries assert that Phoenix Park derives its name not from the fabled bird, but from a well, known as Fionn-uise ("Clear Water"), still within its limits.



IN THE MUSEUM, DUBLIN.—It has been a just complaint of Irishmen of talent that they have been handicapped, so to speak, in their pursuit of fame and fortune, unless they have been compelled, in general, to devote their talent to the pleasing of other people than their own—in a word, to find a market for their talent outside of Ireland and Irish interests. The poverty and decay of public spirit in Ireland, justly attributed to the loss of national autonomy, has fixed this doom upon Irish genius. “Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray” the principles of their sires. This is as true of the artists, Barry, Forde, MacLise, Foley and others, as of the soldiers, Wellington and Roberts, and the authors and scientists like Lecky and Tyndall. Hogan, the only Irish sculptor who really devoted himself to Irish subjects, died in obscurity. Yet, although Ireland possesses but a tithe of her children’s works, Dublin is rich in an Art Gallery wherein are collected many of the finest studies of the great masters. The beautiful group of “The Mother,” the creation of the sculptor I. H. Hall, R. S., speaks eloquently for itself as a masterpiece of its kind.



THE LIBRARY, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—This ancient and renowned institution of learning contains two libraries—the College and the Fagel. The former is one of the most valuable in the world, and contains more than 200,000 priceless volumes. It occupies a vast space, the whole side of a quadrangle, and its length is 270 feet. The main aisle, with its rows of busts, crowded shelves and lofty ceiling, is shown in the sketch. In this repository of knowledge some of the most eminent Irishmen of the last three centuries have found inspiration for their great works in law, physics and literature. Goldsmith, Burke, Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Thomas Davis, and many others celebrated in different walks of life, spent many delightful hours in this stately retreat of the learned. James Clarence Mangan, the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland, was a constant visitor during his brilliant but troubled career, particularly to the Manuscript Room, which is unrivalled for the rarity and variety of its collection. The Fagel Library, which contains about 18,000 volumes, belonged to the family of that name in Holland, and was purchased for Trinity College about the end of the last century, its original owners having removed it to England because of the French invasion, in 1794.



CARRICK-A-REDE.—This remarkable rift in the rocks is situated on the coast of the County Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway. The name would seem to be divided, like the rock itself, between two derivations—one savant holding that it comes from “Carrig-a-ramhad”—“the rock in the road,” and another from “Carrig-a-Drothead”—“the rock of the bridge.” The dark and angry looking chasm is sixty feet wide and eighty feet deep, and is spanned by a flimsy and giddily swaying bridge of ropes. The passage of it, less seldom attempted than even the kissing of the *real* Blarney Stone, sometimes makes the head of the stoutest hearted swim. But the natives of the region often run across it without a quiver of fear, and laugh at the very visible nervousness of the foreign “tenderfoot.” The mechanism of this singular structure is comprised in two strong ropes, stretched from one side of the chasm to the other, and secured to rings firmly stapled in the rocks. Across these cables, planks one foot in width are laid and secured by other ropes. A small “hand rope” completes this perilous passageway, which seems to have no rival in the known world. To add to its terrors, an inlet of the ocean foams and thunders in the saturnine depths below.



THE BOYNE OBELISK.—This striking but severe monument, commemorative of one of the most famous battles recorded in history, stands on the Louth or northern bank of the charming river Boyne, four miles west of Drogheda and near the storied ford of "Oldbridge Town." It is said to mark the point near which the Marshal Duke of Schomberg, commanding for King William, was killed by a party of Irish dragoons while forcing the passage of the river. The Battle of the Boyne was fought on Tuesday, July 1 (old style), 1690, between William III., at the head of 36,000 veterans, English, Scotch, Germans, Huguenots, Danes and Inniskillingers, and James II., the deposed King of England, who had under him 23,000 men—17,000 Irish and 6,000 French—most of the former raw levies. At the death of Schomberg, William took active command in person and defeated the Irish centre, composed of half armed infantry, posted at the ford. The Irish cavalry charged William's soldiers from the slopes above the ford, and drove the victors back into the Boyne. They soon rallied, however, and by force of numbers pressed the Irish back to Donore. The Irish cavalry covered itself with glory in successive charges and the whole army retired in good order to Duleek. The French, held in reserve, hardly fired a shot and James showed gross incompetency. The losses on both sides were light, considering the importance of the result.



E VICTED!—One of the most distressing features of English rule in Ireland has been the prevalence of evictions of “tenants-at-will”—that is, tenants who have no leases, and who occupy their farms at the pleasure of the landlord. This unfortunate class of people can be evicted whether they pay their rent promptly or otherwise, and the landlord has the power to raise the rent at any time that may suit his purpose. Even the recently appointed Land Courts have only very slightly ameliorated these distressing conditions. Tenants who hold by lease are much better protected than tenants-at-will. The accompanying sketch represents an Irish peasant’s cabin after it has been entered and “gutted” by the sheriff’s posse and “emergency men” at the behest of some harsh landlord. The progenitors of the family, who are seen standing or sitting disconsolately in the foreground, may have occupied the place since the blood of St. Ruth dyed the shamrocks at Aughrim, but antiquity of claim does not soften the heart of a rapacious Irish landlord. Where, now, will that desolate family find a refuge? If without money or credit, in the poorhouse. If they have money or can borrow enough to pay their passage, in America, the land of the free and the paradise of the poor Irish. And there have been three millions of such victims during the reign of Victoria!



THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—Glasnevin Cemetery, situated in a pleasant suburb of Dublin, is the last resting place of many people famous in Irish history. It holds, among others, the relics of Anne Devlin, the brave and faithful housekeeper of Robert Emmet; of John Philpot Curran, the king of Irish forensic eloquence; of Terence Bellew MacManus, the "rebel" leader of 1848, whose public funeral in 1861, "breathed a new soul into Ireland;" of John O'Mahony, the chief and founder of the Fenian Brotherhood; and also of Daniel O'Connell, the Emancipator of the Irish Catholics, whose imposing monument is shown in the accompanying sketch. O'Connell, whose public life covered half a century, died in Genoa, while en route to Rome, May 15, 1847. His remains, except his heart, which was bequeathed to the Eternal City, were taken to Dublin, and were escorted from the capital to Glasnevin by the greatest funeral procession ever seen in Ireland. The body reposed in a temporary tomb until 1869, when it was placed in a vault under the majestic round tower, so emblematic of his genius, which the love and gratitude of his country raised to his memory. No more fitting monument could have been erected to him whose name and fame shall be imperishable while Ireland and liberty endure.



LISMORE CASTLE.—This noble pile, situated near the town of the same name, in the County of Waterford, on the far-famed “Avonduh,”—now called the Munster Blackwater—of the poet Spenser, is perhaps the stateliest baronial residence in Ireland. The original structure was founded on the site of an ancient Irish university by King John, when he was titular Lord of Ireland, in 1185, and since that period has undergone numerous reconstructions, having endured “the battles, sieges and fortunes” of frequent rebellions. It rises proudly in the midst of the most enchanting scenery of its type in the island—on the verdant, forest-clad banks of the noble river that has been truly named “the Irish Rhine.” Its most striking architectural features are King John’s Tower, to the rearward of the main structure; King James’ Tower—so called because James II. rested there before his hasty flight from Ireland in 1690—which faces the river; and the Carlisle Tower, of modern design, named after a recent Whig Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Castle was once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Elizabethan fame, who sold it to Boyle, Earl of Cork. This nobleman restored and renovated the somewhat battered Castle. Robert Boyle, the great philosopher, was born there in 1627. The place eventually passed, by marriage, into the possession of the Cavendish family, and it has long been the Irish residence of the Dukes of Devonshire. The English translation of the name Lismore is “Great Fort.”



ST. PATRICK'S BRIDGE, CORK.—The imposing structure, of which the sketch given above is a faithful picture, is the finest and most modern of nine bridges that span the historic river Lee in the beautiful city of Cork, which, like Chicago, seems to have been originally built on a swamp, as its Gaelic name, “Corcach”—a marsh—by which the Irish-speaking people still call it—attests. St. Patrick's street is the finest business thoroughfare of Ireland's southern metropolis, which is one of the most picturesque of the Irish cities, and is particularly noted for the beauty of its women. Among those who have testified to the latter agreeable fact is Queen Victoria, of England, as will be seen by reference to her published diary of travels in Ireland a generation or more ago. Cork was betrayed into the hands of Henry II. by the traitor King of Desmond, Dermot McCarthy, in 1172; was besieged and taken by Cromwell in 1649; and by John Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, in 1690. Here William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, became a Quaker while on a visit to Ireland in the family interest in 1667, and from its harbor Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, “one of King James' chief commanders,” sailed with the “Wild Geese,” who became the renowned Irish Brigade of France, after the fall of Limerick, in 1691.



INTERIOR OF CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—This noble ecclesiastical edifice, the interior of which is reproduced in the accompanying sketch, is of modern construction, and is situated in Marlborough street, one of the leading thoroughfares of the Irish capital. It is known as the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, and is one of the most elaborately finished churches in Europe. The general style of architecture is modeled on the Grecian. The massive portico, with its six Doric pillars, recalls the facade of the Temple of Theseus in Athens, and there are other points about it that indicate Hellenic taste. The interior view, imposing as it is, would be far more effective were it not for the restriction placed upon the vision by the rows of columns that sentinel the grand aisle. Notwithstanding this peculiar defect of arrangement, Marlborough Street Cathedral, as it is popularly called, is a splendid temple of devotion. It accommodates over 2,000 worshippers, and is particularly noted for its superb choir. The grand altar, constructed of white Italian marble, is situated at the western end of the edifice, and is a dream of sacred adornment as well as a triumph of artistic perfection.



HOLY CROSS ABBEY, COUNTY TIPPERARY.—This beautiful and romantically envired monastic ruin is situated on the verdant bank of the charming River Suir, about eight miles almost due northward from Cashel. The foundation of this once magnificent temple is usually credited to Donald O'Brien, surnamed the Red, King of Limerick, who built it for a community of Cistercian monks in 1182. The abbey is of cruciform design, gothic in character and contains many ancient tombs elaborately carved, and other objects of great interest to the curious. It was called the Abbey of the True or Holy Cross, because, in 1110, Pope Pascal II. presented a portion of the True Cross, about two and a half inches long by half an inch in width, to Murrough, or Murtoth O'Brien, Ard Righ (High King) of Ireland, great grandson of King Brian of Kinkora, popularly called Brian Boru, who expelled the Danish power from the island at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, himself falling in the very moment of victory. The relic, richly gemmed and enclosed in an archiepiscopal cross, is said to be still in existence, although it has been frequently imperiled since the Reformation. Edward Bruce, crowned King of Ireland, visited the abbey in 1316, while en route to Cashel, and the great Hugh O'Neill worshipped there in 1599.



THE IRISH FISHWOMAN.—The sketch of this interesting personage, her donkey and cart, and the pleasant rural surroundings, is true to life. Nothing seems more homelike and restful than a neat and cleanly Irish village, near the Dublin or Wicklow coast, on a fine day in summer, when the sun is cloudless and the sea breeze tempers the genial heat of the flower-perfumed Irish atmosphere. The villagers can hear the drowsy hum of the bees as they “swarm” on the cottage roofs, and the soft note of the cuckoo, deep in the summer woods. At such a time in the day, along comes the buxom old fishwife, with a heart like an angel and a tongue like a fiend, leading her donkey through the village street. “Have ye any fresh mackerel today?” inquires the good housewife. “Av coorse I have, an’ what ud I be doin’ wid stale fish?” answers and queries the piscatory peddler. “Give me half a dozen, thin,” says the “vanithee,” mildly. “Half a dozen o’ mackerel! Yerra, what d’ye take me for? Ye’ll have a dozen or nothin, Mrs. Leary.” “Well, a dozen be it, thin. Anything for a quiet life,” responds the victim. The exchange is duly made and the fishwife leads on her animal and cart, crying out at intervals, “Fr-r-r-esh mack’ril! Fr-r-r-e-s-h m-a-c-k’ril!” until finally she disposes of all her load and returns home rejoicing.



GLENDALOUGH, COUNTY WICKLOW.—Glendalough—Gaelic, Glen-da-locha—the gem of the Two Loughs, one of the most romantic of Irish valleys, is famous for its historic memories, for its “grand, gloomy, and peculiar” scenery, and for the monastic ruins—relics of St. Kevin—which are still the delight of the tourist. The legends that surround their history make the fragmentary remains interesting to a high degree. The ruins comprise a round tower, a diminutive cathedral, some finely sculptured doorways and arches, and a church—one of the seven originally erected—called popularly, but erroneously, “St. Kevin’s Kitchen.” The poet Moore makes use of the rather irreverent legend of “St. Kevin and Kathleen” in his Irish melodies, and “St. Kevin’s Bed” is still pointed out in a cliff on the larger lake, into which, according to the legend and the lyric, the persecuted saint finally dumped the persistent maiden. From that day to this Glendalough has been—“That lake, whose gloomy shore skylark never warbles o’er.” In 1580 Glendalough was the scene of a murderous battle between Lord Deputy Grey and Fiach MacHugh O’Byrne, in which the English were defeated and almost annihilated. In that fight

Full many a father’s murder and many a sister’s wrong
Were well avenged, dark Glendalough, thy echoing vale along.



SUMMIT OF BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK.—The sketch shows the top of the main tower of Blarney Castle, which has been seen by almost every tourist who ever made a trip to Ireland. There rises the tower "in craggy dizziness sublime," and from the rugged battlements may be enjoyed one of the finest scenic prospects in Southern Ireland. The landscape is diversified by fields of emerald green; groves, whose pastoral shade invites the weary traveller to luxuriant repose on the soft mosses beneath the venerable trees; sparkling lakes and rushing rivers. Blarney Castle stands, in fact, in the midst of an Irish Eden, peaceful enough in our days, but often the theater of many violent deeds, when right contended vainly against the mailed hand of might. It will be seen that, in the picture, a railing surrounds the parapet, and that the apertures in the walls beneath are similarly protected. This precaution became necessary when the great rush to see, and kiss, the magical Blarney Stone began in the early part of this century, and it has continued ever since. Several slight, and a few almost fatal, accidents occurred through the eagerness and curiosity of tourists. The boy in the bicycle suit, leaning over the railing, as pictured in the sketch, evidently needs a safeguard of the kind to keep him from risking his precious neck.



CITY OF KILKENNY.—Who has not sung or, at least, heard the old familiar ditty which has made the above old town a household name throughout the world?—

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades!
 And whenever they meet with the nice little maids
 They kiss them, and court them, and spend their money free,
 And, of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

And, then, there are the famous "Cats of Kilkenny—Kilkenny's wild cats," immortalized so to speak, by another Irish poet. Yet, apart from these homely claims to be forgotten Kilkenny possesses vast historic interest. It became, almost from the first, an Anglo-Norman stronghold within the English pale, and within its walls was held the famous Parliament of 1367—reign of Edward III—which passed the infamous "Statutes of Kilkenny" for the subjugation and plunder of the "mere Irish." From 1642 to 1649 it was the meeting-place of the Irish Confederation, the sessions of whose conventions were held in St. Canice's (St. Kenny's) cathedral, from which the city derives its name. St. Canice's is still well preserved, and from its towers, the accompanying sketch was taken. The large church, shown in the picture, is the new Catholic cathedral.



GLENARM, COUNTY ANTRIM.—Another charming hamlet that nestles under the bold headlands of the Antrim coasts, is beautiful Glenarm, which lies on the only deep water bay of the rugged shore-line between Loughs Foyle and Larne. It is the center of a lime producing district, and does a good trade in that line with Scotland. It is also a favorite sea-bathing resort, on account of its excellent beach and romantic situation. The castle rising among the woods on the left of the picture, is that of the Earl of Antrim, and is erected on the site of the more ancient castle of the MacDonnells—originally a Scotch family from the Western Isles, but long settled in Ireland—built about 1641. The modern structure was completed in, and has been the residence of the Antrim family since, 1750. It is a baronial edifice in style, but not of great proportions. The grounds around it are of Eden-like loveliness. A legend says that MacDonnell and McQuillan, chief of Dunluce, “rowed a match” for the hand of the heiress of Glenarm, it being agreed that whoever first touched shore with his right hand would be the victor. MacDonnell, finding his strength failing, cut off that member of his body and flung it ashore, thus winning the lady and her land.



THE GOUGH STATUE, PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.—The fine equestrian statue of the famous Field-Marshal, Hugh, Lord Gough, is one of the greatest artistic triumphs of the late gifted sculptor, J. H. Foley, and is also one of the favorite "sights" in Phoenix Park; for, unlike Wellington, Gough was popular in Ireland, and particularly in Dublin. One reason for this was that he habitually abstained from meddling with politics, and the other, that, although a British General, he was always proud of his Irish birth and blood. He was a native of Woodstown, County Limerick, Ireland, and was born Nov. 3, 1779, and entered the military service of England, as ensign, at the early age of fifteen. He participated in the campaign against the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope, and was with the forlorn hope of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers (the "Faugh-a-Ballaghs") at Porto Rico. He served with high distinction in the Peninsular war, and was severely wounded at Talavera. Wellington held him in high esteem, and he was promoted lieutenant-colonel on the field, but did not reach the rank of a general officer until 1830, when he became major-general. In India, he showed the qualities of a commander of the first class. He defeated the Mahrattas in a sanguinary campaign, and afterward routed the brave and warlike Sikhs at Moodkee, Ferozeshah and Sobraon. The old hero died near Dublin, March 2, 1869.



THE CELTIC CROSS, MONASTERBOICE, COUNTY LOUTH.—This sketch gives a different view of the Celtic Cross and Round Tower at Monasterboice, County Louth, rendering the cross, which is one of the grandest specimens of its kind in Ireland, more prominent. The mighty emblem of salvation is surrounded by an iron railing, in order to protect it from the hammer of the “relic” vandal, who, like Brougham’s Schoolmaster, is always “abroad.” The intricate carvings in the stately memorial can be almost traced by the naked eye. The man with his hand on the railing has acquisitiveness in his eye, and may be planning how best to surmount the obstacle, and obtain a “chip” for a “pocket-piece.” A civilian and two British soldiers form a small group on the left of the cross, which has been familiar with the English uniform—greatly to the cost of its surroundings—for several hundred years. It saw the archers of Strongbow, the Ironsides of Cromwell, and the “Fencibles” of Camden and Cornwallis. But the soldiers contemplating the ruins, as shown in the picture, seem peaceable fellows enough. How truly “English, you know,” is the set of the “forage cap” over the right ear of the young red-coat farthest toward the left, and his hands, holding the inevitable rattan, are clasped behind his coat-tails in true John Bull style.



GLENVEIGH, COUNTY DONEGAL.—This nobly romantic glen, whose mountains cast their shadows on the clear waters of Lough Veagh, in Donegal, is famed for the majesty of its scenery, but is best remembered in Irish history as the scene of the most relentless landlord persecution of “tenants at will” in modern times. The splendid castle which rises in the left middle ground, as presented in the picture, was erected by John George Adair, a Queen’s County aristocrat, who purchased the Glenveigh property in 1858-59. From the first, he seems to have hated the people among whom he settled, and the aversion was mutual. The poor cotters were mainly the lineal descendants of the heroic clansmen of Tyrconnell, who, on the defeat of their chiefs in the reign of James I, were driven to the highlands and the seacoasts to struggle for a wretched and precarious livelihood. A quarrel began in 1860 about shooting over the tenants’ grounds. This was followed by the importation of Scotch agents and contractors, who were as harsh toward the inhabitants as their “worthy” employer. Finally the manager, or steward, James Murray, was killed, and this put the climax on the situation. Adair never rested until he “cleared” the whole “property” by process of eviction. Those of his victims who did not die in the poor-house emigrated to America, and such was “The Doom of Glenveigh.”



EVICITION SCENE, VANDELEUR ESTATE, COUNTY CLARE.—Among the most notorious of harsh, evicting Irish landlords, the names of Lord Lucan (Bingham), William Scully and John George Adair, stand out in bold, unpleasant relief, and to these may be added that of Colonel Vandeleur, of the County Clare, who has developed exterminating “talents” of a most formidable kind. The accompanying sketch exhibits an eviction scene on the Vandeleur estate, near Kilrush, where the land agent, the sheriff and the officers of the Hussars and Royal Irish Constabulary—alias “the Peelers”—are holding a council of war previous to moving against the wretched cabin of the tenant to be evicted *vi et armis*. The lady in the picture may have come on the scene in the interests of mercy, but this is doubtful, as many Irish landladies—like Mrs. Mooney of this same county—were quite as unfeeling as the landlords. In the group on the left are seen some “emergency men”—employed by the evictor to do the meanest part of his dirty work. These creatures are the de-nationalized scum of Ireland, made up chiefly of the hangers-on of the alien-hearted aristocracy, who have been reared to hate and despise the people out of whose toil they are enabled to live in luxury. An Irish cabin of the poorest class is not a picturesque object, but it must be remembered that if the tenant improves its appearance, the landlord raises the rent.



PERY SQUARE, CITY OF LIMERICK.—The above picture shows a section of one of the leading squares of the City of Limerick, and is named after the founder of that portion of the city called Newtown Pery, which lies in the almost triangular space between the river Shannon and the “Irish Town,” so memorable in the warlike history of the past. Pery with one “r,” is the family name of the Earls of Limerick, whose ancestor, the Right Hon. Edward Sexton Pery, began the building of the new town in 1769. This is the most fashionable, because the most modern, district of Limerick, and contains wealthy George street called—without any excuse of patriotism, even from a “Unionist” standpoint—after one of the worst of the recent English Kings. The buildings in this square are creditable to the architectural taste of modern Limerick. There has been recently erected within its precincts a monument to the once well-known financier and politician, Spring Rice, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was afterward raised to the peerage, as Lord Monteagle. There are divers other objects of general interest in the locality, but, after all, the chief fame of Limerick rests on her heroic and battered “walls.”



SHANNON BRIDGE, KINGS CO. AND ROSCOMMON.—This bridge, of sixteen arches and a swivel, which allows the passage of boats up and down stream, crosses the big river some miles north of Shannon Harbor. The town to which it gives name is not a place of much importance in these days, although, formerly, it was fairly prosperous. Both "the Bridge" and "the Harbor" figure occasionally in the works of Lever and other Irish writers of fiction. The Bridge connects Kings County with Roscommon, while Shannon Harbor is in the county Galway. Dealing with the latter, in "Jack Hinton," Charles Lever writes of the Grand Canal, the Fly Boats, the "hotel" kept by the inimitable Corney Delaney, and also of that worthy's mother, who begs of "Jack" not to hurt "the child"—Corney being then an interesting infant of sixty summers. Well, neither Bridge nor Harbor has much improved since the days of Hinton. The latter is still somewhat of a business centre, and marks the main connection, by water, of Leinster with the ancient "Kingdom of Connaught." In ancient times, faction fights—barbarities done away with by the advance of civilization—occurred on the Bridge, where the warriors of the two provinces used to cross shellelachs, "just to determine who were the better men" in a rough and ready tournament. In times still more ancient, hostile armies frequently encountered each other, with bloody results, at this important crossing.



There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet as that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

IN THE VALE OF AVOCA, COUNTY WICKLOW.—How truthfully, as well as beautifully, Tom Moore, ninety years ago, pictured in undying verse, the enchanting vale represented in the sketch! The Avonmore and Avonbeg rivers here conjoin and thence flow on their course “mingled in peace,” as the poet wished the hearts of all his friends to be. The tree, in the low fork of which “the minstrel of Erin” sat while he composed the sweet lyric, is still shown to the tourist, who never fails to chime in, while gazing on the varied charms of Avoca with the sentiments of “the poet of all circles and the idol of his own.” The patrimonial residence of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P.—once “the uncrowned king of Ireland”—overlooks the lovely scene, on which he so often feasted his eyes. Avondale House is now tenanted by John Howard Parnell, brother of the lamented chief, and a member of the Redmond branch of the Irish parliamentary party. Like his illustrious deceased brother, he is making brave efforts to revive the local industries of Wicklow.



DUNMORE, COUNTY WATERFORD.—There are numerous Dunmores—another Gaelic form of great, or strong, fort—in Ireland, but the fishing village lying near the mouth of Waterford Harbor, presented in the sketch, is the most widely known. Not many years ago, it was a place of some commercial importance, and a pier, which cost \$500,000.00, was built to accommodate the Milford Haven packets, as Dunmore was their Irish station. But declining population brought with it the kindred curse of decaying trade, and the village has been deserted by the English steamships for a long time. In summer a few people enjoy sea-bathing at Dunmore, which has in its vicinity many interesting relics of the past, among them a Druid altar constructed of several broad slabs, which are supported by fourteen perpendicular stones, forming a circle thirty-six yards in circumference. There, also, is pointed out to the traveller a sacrificial stone, so placed that the blood of the human victim flowed freely off. A kindred practice prevailed among the Aztecs in Mexico, where sacrificial stones are preserved in the National Museum at the Capital. The coasts around Dunmore are bold and striking. Many remarkable subterranean passages, or caves, have been formed by the action of the waters, and are objects of great interest to the curious.



LOYNE ABBEY, COUNTY CORK.—Irish annalists assert that the Bishopric of Cloyne, in the County Cork, dates from the sixth century, and the Abbey, which has been partially restored, dates from a period almost as remote. Unlike most edifices of its kind in Ireland, it is small, and what may be called, without irreverence, “squatty” in size and shape. It is doubtful if it ever possessed a tower or spire—at least no trace of either remains at the present time. The building is a cruciform design, with a nave, choir, and north and south transepts. St. Coleman’s chapel, a small building within the precincts of a neighboring graveyard, is said to contain the relics of that ancient saint, which repose under the venerable trees that beautify the sacred spot. The round tower, which also appears in the picture, was once among the finest ruins of its class in Ireland. But, in January, 1794, it was struck by a thunderbolt and partially wrecked. The conical roof was forced in, carrying three floors with it, and bulging out one side of the tower. No attempt has been made to renovate it, although the expense would not be great, and pictures of the unmutilated structure are, no doubt, in existence.



MORTUARY CHAPEL, GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN.—Glasnevin Cemetery—one of the most beautiful burial-places in the world—whose monuments are as splendid as they are varied—contains nothing that appeals more to the artistic eye than the graceful mortuary chapel shown in the sketch. It was dedicated August 29, the Feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, by the late Cardinal-Archbishop McCabe, and was designated "The Chapel of the Resurrection of our Lord." It was designed and erected by J. J. McCarthy, R. H. A., one of the most successful representatives of Irish architectural skill in this era. The edifice is Romanesque in character, rich and delicate in decoration, and preserves many of the antique features that characterized church buildings in Ireland previous to, and immediately following, the Anglo-Norman invasion. The walls externally are divided into bays corresponding with those of the interior, by broad pilasters, the material used being granite quarried in the County Wicklow. While the lower portion of the walls is plain, the upper part is divided into handsome arcades. Above these, carved tables bearing the sculptured heads of monarchs, prelates, knights, and nuns, support the molded cornices. The gables are surmounted by crosses of the ancient Irish pattern. Internally, the chapel is in every way worthy of its classical exterior.



THURLES CATHEDRAL, COUNTY TIPPERARY.—The name of this olden Irish town is pronounced as if written Thur-less, with the accent slightly on the first syllable, and it derives its name from the Gaelic Durlas—a strong fort. Here was fought one of the bloodiest battles between the Irish and the Danes in the tenth century. The town stands on the banks of the winding river Suir, and is connected by railway with Dublin and Cork. The country around it is very fertile, and fifty years ago, the region was about the centre of the fierce agrarian warfare between the landlords and the people, in which the former were shot by the dozen and the latter hanged by the score. Hundreds of tenant farmers, suspected of complicity, were transported to the English penal settlements at the Antipodes, and there was mourning throughout the length and breadth of the fair county. Near Thurles, in the fall of 1857, John Ellis, a Scotchman, agent for Mr. Trant, of Dovea, was shot. Two brothers, named William and Daniel Cormack, were hanged at Neuagh for the crime, on glaringly inconclusive evidence. The unprincipled Judge Keogh presided at the trial. Thurles is a cathedral city, and the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly resides there. The cathedral—a spacious modern structure—is shown in the sketch.



THE BALDWIN MONUMENT, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—The chaste and beautiful monument here presented was erected in the last century to the memory of Dr. Richard Baldwin, Provost of the University, who died A. D. 1738. Particular pride is taken in the memorial by the faculty and students of Trinity College, in whose examination hall it stands, because it is from the design of Professor Hewitson, a distinguished Dublin artist. The black and gold sarcophagus supports a white marble "mattress", on which reclines the figure of the learned Provost, in proportions almost heroic. The left hand holds a scroll which represents the endowment fund will, by which the sum of \$100,000 was left by him to the college. The female effigy, in posture of grief, represents the University, while the figure at the feet of the Provost is that of an angel, bearing in its left hand a palm, and pointing heavenward with the right. Behind the group rises imposingly the graceful pyramid of variegated Egyptian porphyry.

SECTION II.

1. Meeting of the Waters, Killarney.
2. The City of Armagh.
3. Ross Castle, Killarney.
4. The Four Courts, Dublin.
5. Eviction Scene, County Clare.
6. Dungannon, County Tyrone.
7. Askeaton Abbey, County Limerick.
8. Fish Market, Galway.
9. Giant's Head Rock, Portrush, Antrim.
10. The Holy Well, Phoenix Park.
11. Town of Athlone, County Rosecommon.
12. Newcastle, County Down.
13. Clifden Cascade, County Galway.
14. Town of Lifford, County Donegal.
15. Castlebar, County Mayo.
16. West Court and Statuary, Museum of Science and Art, Dublin.
17. Patrick Street, Cork City.
18. Glenarm Castle, County Antrim.
19. Wexford Town.
20. Ballysadare Falls, County Sligo.
21. Phoenix Park, The "Irish Milestone."
22. Ennistymon, County Clare.
23. The Moat of Ballylochloe, County Westmeath.
24. Guinness's Brewery, Dublin.
25. Eviction Scene.
26. City of Limerick.
27. Phoenix Park, Dublin.—Scene of the Assassination of Cavendish and Burke.
28. Cashel Abbey and Round Tower.
29. O'Connell Bridge, Dublin.
30. Achill Island, County Mayo.
31. "Lord Antrim's Parlor," Giant's Causeway.
32. Carrying Home "Turf."

SECTION II

1. Meeting of the Board of Directors
2. The Board of Directors
3. Board of Directors
4. The Board of Directors
5. Executive Committee
6. Executive Committee
7. Executive Committee
8. Executive Committee
9. Executive Committee
10. Executive Committee
11. Executive Committee
12. Executive Committee
13. Executive Committee
14. Executive Committee
15. Executive Committee
16. Executive Committee
17. Executive Committee
18. Executive Committee
19. Executive Committee
20. Executive Committee
21. Executive Committee
22. Executive Committee
23. Executive Committee
24. Executive Committee
25. Executive Committee
26. Executive Committee
27. Executive Committee
28. Executive Committee
29. Executive Committee
30. Executive Committee
31. Executive Committee
32. Executive Committee
33. Executive Committee
34. Executive Committee
35. Executive Committee
36. Executive Committee
37. Executive Committee
38. Executive Committee
39. Executive Committee
40. Executive Committee
41. Executive Committee
42. Executive Committee
43. Executive Committee
44. Executive Committee
45. Executive Committee
46. Executive Committee
47. Executive Committee
48. Executive Committee
49. Executive Committee
50. Executive Committee
51. Executive Committee
52. Executive Committee
53. Executive Committee
54. Executive Committee
55. Executive Committee
56. Executive Committee
57. Executive Committee
58. Executive Committee
59. Executive Committee
60. Executive Committee
61. Executive Committee
62. Executive Committee
63. Executive Committee
64. Executive Committee
65. Executive Committee
66. Executive Committee
67. Executive Committee
68. Executive Committee
69. Executive Committee
70. Executive Committee
71. Executive Committee
72. Executive Committee
73. Executive Committee
74. Executive Committee
75. Executive Committee
76. Executive Committee
77. Executive Committee
78. Executive Committee
79. Executive Committee
80. Executive Committee
81. Executive Committee
82. Executive Committee
83. Executive Committee
84. Executive Committee
85. Executive Committee
86. Executive Committee
87. Executive Committee
88. Executive Committee
89. Executive Committee
90. Executive Committee
91. Executive Committee
92. Executive Committee
93. Executive Committee
94. Executive Committee
95. Executive Committee
96. Executive Committee
97. Executive Committee
98. Executive Committee
99. Executive Committee
100. Executive Committee



MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.—The above view shows the Old Weir Bridge—an antique structure of two arches—through which foams and rushes the river, or channel, connecting the Upper with the Middle and Lower Lakes of Killarney. In the foreground, where the boatman leisurely plies his oars, appears the “Meeting of the Waters,” behind Dinis Island,—a tide obviously borrowed from Moore’s well-known ballad descriptive of its Wicklow namesake. Through the ancient bridge the strong current flows with such strength and velocity that, at high water, passengers generally make a short “portage,” so as to lighten the boats and avoid possible fatal accidents. When the bridge is passed, the current of the stream, no longer too closely confined, becomes comparatively gentle. On the right, the channel connects with the Middle, or Muckross, Lake, and on the left with Lough Lene, commonly called the Lower Lake. There is hardly in the whole unrivaled natural panorama of the Killarney region a spot more lovely, and enticing, than the “Meeting of the Waters.” Travellers linger there longer, perhaps, than elsewhere in that “Eden of the West,” and the memory of it, and its beautiful surroundings, never fades from the mind of the beholder while life and consciousness remain.



THE CITY OF ARMAGH.—Armagh, since the days of St. Patrick, in the Fifth Century, has been the primal see of Ireland, and the archbishop of Armagh is called the “Primate of all Ireland.” The cathedral, founded by the great patron saint of the Irish people, is said to contain his ashes, and there also repose, tradition says, the relics of King Brian Boru and his gallant son, Morrough, both of whom died at Clontarf, A. D. 1014, “in the arms of victory.” Gaelic archaeologists say that Ard-Macha—the Gaelic form of Armagh—means High-Field, because it is built on Dromsailech—“the Hill of Willows.” Hugh O’Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, took the city from the English by a daring stratagem in 1597. About two miles north by west of Armagh, on August 15th—some say the 10th—1598, was fought the great battle of the Yellow Ford—Gaelic, Beal-an-ath-a Buidhe—between the veteran English army of Marshal Sir Henry Bagenal, and the Irish clansmen of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, under Hugh O’Neill and Hugh Roe O’Donnell. This fight has been called “the Irish Bannockburn.” The English left 3,500 knights and soldiers dead upon the field, including Marshal Bagenal himself, and lost, besides, all their cannon, small arms, baggage, colors and treasure. It was, indeed, “a great day for Ireland.”



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.—The castle pictured in the sketch is built on an island, or rather peninsula, of the same name in the Lower Lake of Killarney, now the property of the Earl of Kenmore, and is one of the best preserved ruins of its type in the ancient “Kingdom of Kerry.” It was founded by one of the warlike O’Donoghues of the Lakes in the Fifteenth century, and, like all Irish castles of the olden time, has stood considerable battering from hostile cannon, domestic and foreign. It is a lofty building of square formation, massively buttressed and thickly coated with ivy. From its venerable battlements, which can be reached by a solid spiral staircase of cut stone, a matchless view of the whole Killarney region can be obtained. Ross enjoys the distinction of being the last Irish castle to surrender to General Ludlow, the successor of Cromwell and Ireton, in 1652. The English could not take the place until their general caused a small war-ship to be carried over the mountains and placed in the lake. An ancient prophecy declared the place impregnable until ships appeared before it. Ludlow’s stratagem disconcerted the garrison, and hence the surrender. A ghostly legend says that one of the O’Donoghues, made immortal by magic, is occasionally seen riding a white horse over the waters of the lake, on moonlight nights.



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.—These historic buildings—all conjoined—form one of the most attractive of the numberless architectural landmarks of Dublin, and are situated on the North bank of the Liffey, between Richmond and Whitworth bridges. The Irish architect Cooley furnished the plans of the Four Courts, which were completed about 1796, to take the place of the antiquated halls of justice, bearing the same designation, which, through time and neglect, had fallen into ruin. Mr. Gandon, who would seem to have been the great modifier of Irish architecture, somewhat changed the plans of Mr. Cooley after the latter's death, but, substantially, the structure was finished as originally designed. There are extensive courtyards, separated from the street by ornamental screens, at each side of the central mass, which is surmounted by an imposing cupola. The Irish Harp, with statues of Justice, Security and Law, is placed above the arch of the eastern entrance, while above the western is the Royal Shield and other emblems. Six superb pillars support a majestic portico of the Corinthian order at the main entrance. The statue of Moses, the great law giver, crowns the apex of the pediment, and has the figures of Justice and Mercy—the latter a quality not developed from over-exertion in Irish courts—on each side. The dome of the Four Courts, with its twenty-four Corinthian columns, is a marvel of beauty.



EViction SCENE, COUNTY CLARE.—The foregoing scene represents the humble furniture of a Vandeleur tenant thrown out and piled up beside the cabin, to await sale or removal. In the middle foreground are shown the evicted man and his sons—the females of the family and the younger children having, doubtless, been cared for by kind neighbors, as is the custom among the Irish people, unless the landlord or his agent has power to prevent hospitality being extended. Before the advent of Parnell, it was a common thing for Irish evictors to make the sheltering of the evicted by other tenants an excuse for further eviction. Even within the last ten years, very aged men and women, tender infants and the hopelessly sick, have been turned out of their humble homes under pelting rain, or chilling sleet, to die in the ditchside, within sight of the cabins they and their fathers before them had occupied for generations. Many an Irish youth and maiden has sung, with bitter tears, the words of Charles Kickham—

My father died—we closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door—
The landlord and the sheriff, too,
Were there the day before!

And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go, with breaking hearts,
From the glen of Aherlow!



DUNGANNON, COUNTY TYRONE.—Dungannon—Gaelic, Dun-Geainn—(Geanan's Fort) was the ancient seat of the great family of O'Neill, or O'Neill, Chiefs of Tyr-Owen and Princes of Ulster, from the days of Niall of the Hostages, before the Christian era in Ireland, to the reign of James I. The ruins of O'Neill's castle are still shown within the precincts of the town. Within that castle Shane O'Neill "the Proud,"

Who raised aloft the Bloody Hand until it paled the sun,

And shed such glory on Tyrowen as chief had never done,

often held high carnival, and planned his fierce campaigns against the hated "Saxons," to whose treachery he finally fell a victim. It was this superb warrior who visited the court of Elizabeth, at the head of 300 gallowglasses—all giants in stature, like himself—and produced a sensation in London society never equalled before or since. In Dungannon, too, Hugh O'Neill, the Great, raised the "Red Hand" flag in revolt against Elizabeth, A. D. 1595. Here also stands the old Parish Church, where the delegates of the Irish Volunteers—exclusively non-Catholic—met February 15, 1782, and declared, unanimously, "that a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this Kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal and a grievance."



ASKEATON ABBEY, CO. LIMERICK.—The sacred structure, whose relics are pictured in the sketch, is one of the many erected by the different branches of the illustrious Geraldine family, who became “more Irish than the Irish” after a generation or two of them had been “by Irish mothers nursed.” Askeaton Abbey was founded by James, the seventh Earl of Desmond, in 1420, as a Franciscan monastery. Subsequently it passed into the possession of the Observantine Friars, and continued a place of importance, in the ecclesiastical sense, until it shared the sad fate of nearly all the Irish monasteries at the period of the Reformation. The ruins stand close to the banks of the river Deal, and are even still of considerable extent, although they have been almost totally neglected since 1649, when the Catholic Confederates, who attempted to restore them, were utterly crushed by Cromwell. The old church is surrounded by other sacred ruins, covered with venerable ivy. Some of the windows are in a tolerable state of preservation, especially that facing the east, which is one of the finest remains of medieval art to be found in Ireland. There are also numerous imposing arches, and many old tombs, where the dust of sundry warlike knights of the Fitzgerald family mingles with kindly Irish earth.



FISHMARKET, GALWAY.—The foregoing sketch does not represent the Claddagh, or Fishermen's district of Galway City, proper, but the market place where the Claddagh women dispose of their fish. This market is situated in an ancient portion of the town, near one of the old gates, and presents an animated picture—in the earlier hours of the day particularly. Galway Bay is renowned for its herring fishery, and, in fact, is rich in all the varied produce of the sea. This produce constitutes the wealth, such as it is, of the Claddagh people. In good seasons, they have plenty and are happy. In bad seasons, they endure scarcity with true Celtic philosophy; for these primitive people are among the purest-blooded Celts in Ireland. The older women are, generally, weather-beaten and hard featured, owing to lives of continuous toil; but many of the young girls are quite pretty and have tall and graceful forms. In general, they are blessed with raven-black hair and deep blue eyes. All of them speak the old Gaelic tongue, in its native purity, but most of them also speak good English. Blue cloaks and red petticoats—sometimes blue petticoats and red cloaks—give them quite a Spanish appearance.



GIANT'S HEAD ROCK, PORTRUSH, ANTRIM.—The bold and rocky coast of Antrim is noted for the many fantastic shapes that present themselves to the eyes of the interested traveller. In the above sketch is shown the celebrated Giant's Head Rock, which displays a well defined profile of the human face, the nose, mouth and chin being very natural, much more so than the alleged facial outlines of other famous rocks in this and other countries. County Antrim is molded on a heroic model, and, in consequence, all its folk-lore tends toward the gigantic and marvelous. The White Rocks, out of which juts the Giant's Head, are fully 400 feet above the sea, and present companion wonders in the shape of the "Lion's Jaw" and other fanciful creations of the brain. In the dreadful Cromwellian period, many persecuted Catholic fugitives took shelter in the gloomy caverns formed by the wild sea waves in the base of the White Rocks. One cave called "The Priest's Hole," is still shown, in which, tradition says, a Catholic clergyman, on whose head a price was placed, took refuge for a long time. At last he was discovered by the soldiers, and, rather than fall into their hands, he leaped from the mouth of the cave into the seething billows and perished.



THE HOLY WELL, PHOENIX PARK.—In a remote and romantic portion of the Phoenix Park, there is a bubbling spring which comes out of the golden sand, and which many people call a “holy well.” A flight of steps leads to it from the higher ground, and, to judge by the appearance of things around it, as given in the picture, we should say that the matronly looking lady on the left has the rustic table on the rock in readiness to give the group of happy-looking children in the centre a pleasant picnic dinner. Dublin is, above all other places, a city of picnics, because it has more accessible, and beautiful, parks and suburbs than most European cities of its size. In fact the opportunities for such outings are endless in summer, unless in exceptionally rainy weather. But the Dublin Irish don’t mind a little sprinkle from the clouds now and again. “Sure, it’s the moisture from the sea, and won’t hurt you in the least,” is the reassurance given an American when he shrinks from the occasional downpour. But, then, an Irish summer shower is, indeed, a thing of beauty. After it, the sun shines brighter, the trees are greener, the flowers richer in hue and the songbirds make the woodland ring with their “little songs of love.”



TOWN OF ATHLONE, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.—The strong town of “stout Athlone” is one of the oldest in Ireland, and stands on both banks of the Shannon, in the counties Westmeath and Roscommon, nine miles from the ruins of Clonmacnois, or the Seven Churches. It derives its name, according to some authorities, from the Gaelic *Ath-Luain*—the Ford of the Moon—according to others from *Ath-Luan*—the Ford of the Rapids. Professor Joyce takes a widely different view, holding that it was originally called *Ath-More*—Great Ford—and that its modern appellation is derived from the name of a man called Luan. However this may be, the place sprang into importance, as a military stronghold, in the reign of King John, when the castle—a sketch of which is given elsewhere, together with some account of the sieges of 1690-91—was built. Since the Fourteenth century it has been regarded as a key to the possession of Ireland. The English monarchs always placed a high estimate on its value as a strategic point, and it has been the scene of more battles and investments than any other Irish fortress, with the exception of Limerick, its sister in renown. In addition to its vicissitudes during the Williamite wars, it was captured by the Parliamentary army, under Sir Charles Coote, during the Cromwellian period. The notorious “So-help-me-God” renegade, Judge Keogh, who cut his throat, like Castlereagh, was elected from Athlone to Parliament in the early 50’s of this century and sold his country at the first opportunity.



NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.—This ideal watering place nestles by the sea at the base of the majestic Slieve Donard—named after a disciple of St. Patrick, who led the life of a hermit on its lofty crest and died in the odor of sanctity, sometime in the Fifth century. At Newcastle, the grand Mourne range of mountains is seen in all its sublimity—Slieve Donard, the monarch of all, towering above the sea to an altitude of nearly 3000 feet, and affording from its summit one of the grandest scenic views of the world. One mountain of the Mourne range is so steep that people who attempt its ascent are compelled to creep up its precipitous sides, which are, however, richly clothed in the picturesque and ever hue-changing heather. This eminence is called Slieve Snavan, and is one of the great attractions for tourists in that lovely region. In periods of storm, the coast around Newcastle is lashed by cyclopean waves, which break madly on the beach, or else rush through tremendous caverns, formed by the action of the sea during many centuries, with a titanic roar. In the neighborhood of this delightful town, once stood the castle of the McGinnesses, lords of Iveagh, but it has long since disappeared.



CLIFDEN CASCADE, COUNTY GALWAY.—The country around Clifden, in world-famed Connemara, is rich in all that can delight the eye of the lover of nature, and all who visit the region come away impressed with the belief that the vaunted Scottish Highlands offer nothing bolder or better in the way of wild and rugged scenery, softened here and there by lakes, hills and valleys pastoral in their simple loveliness. In the very outskirts of the handsome town of Clifden, the Owenglen river precipitates itself over the rocks in the form of a rushing cascade, whose hoarse music can be heard distinctly in the streets of the pretty burgh. The Owenglen river has its rise in the Twelve Pin (Ben) Mountains, which tower to the clouds, presenting a most majestic picture, some miles from Clifden. As will be seen in the sketch, the rock-impeeded river flows through a triple-arched, antique bridge, and then bursts over the jagged rocks in three masses of snow-white, sparkling foam. Many English travellers have confessed to the charms of the place, and Sir John Forbes, who saw the locality, in 1852, declared that, from a hygienic, as well as scenic, standpoint the region had no superior as a place of residence.



TOWN OF LIFFORD, COUNTY DONEGAL.—Lifford, although of some antiquity, is not among the particularly noted towns of Ireland, in a martial sense, though, otherwise, it occupies quite a respectable place in Irish annals. It is situated on the left bank of the beautiful river Foyle, nearly opposite the ancient town of Strabane—famous in the annals of the Irish Volunteers of 1782—in the county Tyrone. The site is picturesque, but the country around it, except in the valley of the Foyle itself, is rugged and not remarkably fertile. Notwithstanding this drawback, Lifford is, for the most part, a well built and apparently thriving burgh, although like most Irish places of its kind, it has suffered a diminution of population during the last fifty years. In the days when it was considered proper, by “enterprising” young men, to abduct girls who had, or were supposed to have, “neat fortunes of their own,” that is, toward the end of the last century, while yet abduction was a capital offense, Lifford became celebrated in a street ballad, which is still well known throughout Ireland, and opens thus:

I am a bould, undaunted youth—my name is John McCann—

I’m a native of sweet Donegal, conveynient to Strabane!

For the staling of an heiress, I lie in Lifford jail,

An’ her father swears he’ll hang me, for his daughter, Mary Nale!

According to our best information, “the irate father” in this case was successful.



CASTLEBAR, COUNTY MAYO.—Castlebar—Gaelic, Caislen-an-Bharraigh—(Barry's Castle), called after one of the Norman war chiefs who built a stronghold there centuries ago, is the capital of the County Mayo, and one of the most famous of Irish towns, although its celebrity is of rather recent date. Within a mile or so of this burgh, on August 27th, 1798, the invading French under General Lambert, who had landed at Killala on the 22d of that month, augmented by a corps of Irish peasants dressed in the uniform of the Republic, attacked a greatly superior British force, commanded by Generals Lake and Hutchinson, and totally routed it, capturing the artillery and a large number of prisoners. The British fled so precipitately that one cavalry regiment—the Carbineers—reached Athlone, over sixty miles from the field of battle, next day. Hence the action has been called by the Irish ever since "The Races of Castlebar." The Fraser Highlanders alone maintained British military honor that day, and a monument erected in the town bears witness of their valor. Another monument, erected by Irish Nationalists, stands on French Hill, near Castlebar, to mark the spot where some French hussars, who pursued the flying British too far, were turned upon and slain by the fugitives.



WEST COURT AND STATUARY, MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, DUBLIN.—The Dublin Science and Art Museum tempts us to linger a little longer yet within its classic walls, which shelter so much that is worthy, and so much more that gives promise of greater things to come. Here we have a glimpse of the West Court, with its graceful statuary and antique relics—many of the latter belonging to what is known as the Dunraven Collection, and mostly of the Egyptian or Oriental school of art. Observe the lovely female figure on the right, fair and graceful as Mother Eve when Adam awoke from the trance, in which his best rib took leave of him, and first gazed entranced upon her fresh, young beauty! Is there anything of the earth more exquisite than the female human form, when not disfigured by the vain and unnatural exactions of hollow and vapid fashion? How different from the ascetic figure of the stern looking Oriental to the left, and the military rigidity of the soldier effigy in the right middle ground! When the ladies, in beauty unadorned, are around, the men are, indeed, nowhere.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O—

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!



PATRICK STREET, CORK CITY.—What State Street is to Chicago, and Broadway to New York, Patrick Street is to the cheery southern metropolis of Ireland. It has a rival in the South Mall, but Patrick Street is ever dearer to the heart of the true Corkman, whether at home or “in climes beyond the sea.” The famous thoroughfare has considerable of a crescent formation, and connects on the west with the Grand Parade—another imposing street, which has somewhat of a history, as the place in which the “loyalists” of Cork once set up an equestrian statue of George II. of England—a monarch, by the way, who had never set foot in Ireland, and who is only remembered by the Irish people in connection with the victorious charge of the Franco-Irish Brigade on his son’s column of 16,000 men, at the battle of Fontenoy. “Accursed,” cried King George, referring to the penal enactments which drove the Catholic Irishmen from their country, “be the laws that deprive me of such soldiers!” Several years ago the statue disappeared one night, and was afterward found in the river Lee! Within recent years, a fine statue of Father Mathew, the renowned Irish apostle of temperance, who had in him the persuasive power of a St. Patrick, and whom Cork profoundly honors as a sage, has been set up in Patrick street, and is an object of veneration to all beholders.



LENARM CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM.—Within “the four seas of Ireland” there are many larger castles than that of Glenarm, the seat of the Earl of Antrim, but hardly one that excels it in the matter of surroundings, appointments and enchanting scenery. The massive gateway is approached from the main street of Glenarm village by a handsome bridge, that arches a rushing mountain stream, which dashes by the town, forming many a picturesque rapid, until it is lost in the sparkling waters of the beautiful bay, dominated by the splendid promontory of Glenarm and by many a cape and “head” beside. Into almost every little inlet of the sea, there falls a mountain torrent, with stream as translucent as molten crystal. The gateway of the castle, which is shown “en profile” in the picture, is an imposing Babrican, beneath which a broad carriage way sweeps curvingly to the entrance hall of the stately edifice, that has housed the Earls of Antrim since the middle of the last century, when their ancient summer residence at Ballymagarry was accidentally burned to the ground. The grounds of the castle are magnificently kept; the trees are of gigantic growth and the verdure of the parks is not surpassed by anything of the kind in Ireland.



WEXFORD TOWN.—The name of this celebrated place comes from the Danish “Weisford,” by some authorities translated “white inlet,” and by others “washed by the sea.” It was captured by Robert Fitzstephan, who led “Strongbow’s van,” in 1169, and became, for a time, the headquarters of the first Norman invaders. Henry II. sailed from there, for England, in 1173. It fell into the hands of Cromwell, through the treachery of the Anglo-Irish captain, James Stafford, who had command of the castle, in October, 1649. On this occasion 2,000 surrendered soldiers were put to the sword, and 300 maids and matrons, the flower of Wexford’s fair womanhood, were butchered, by order of the cruel regicide, at the foot of the great cross, planted in the public square. The married women begged mercy for their infants, but in vain. Cromwell was determined to repeat the horrid tragedy of Drogheda, and the beautiful and innocent were doomed to die. In the great Irish rebellion of 1798, Wexford played a conspicuous part. It was taken and held by the insurgents after the capture of Enniscorthy, and remained three weeks in their possession, under the governorship of Matthew Keugh, who finally made terms with his prisoner, Lord Kingsborough, which were repudiated by General Lake. The latter entered the town, at the head of his army, and had Governor Keugh and other leaders hanged. Wexford is situated on the south side of the Slaney, where it enters the harbor.



BALLYSADARE FALLS, COUNTY SLIGO.—These impressive falls are situated on the Owenmore river, near the prosperous village of Ballysadare, about four miles from the town of Sligo, on the road to Ballina, in the county of Mayo. Above them, the stream is broken for a long space by numerous rapids. After leaping the main falls, the river rushes fiercely through the town and blends itself with the waters of the Bay, which opens on that of Sligo. The Owenmore is a favorite breeding resort for salmon, which, in the season, ascend it boldly, utterly defiant of cascades and rapids. To the stranger's eye it would seem impossible for any fish, or any other living thing, to breast and conquer the formidable natural obstacle presented in the sketch, but the fact remains that thousands upon thousands of magnificent salmon accomplish the feat annually, taking advantage of the high water, which materially lowers the height of the rocks. According to Prof. Joyce, Ballysadare Village was originally called "Easdara" (Assdarra), "the cataract of the oak;" but an ancient legend asserts that the falls derive their name from a Formorian Druid, called Red Dara, who was slain at that point by "Lewy of the Long Hand." After that event, the place was called, in Gaelic, Baile-easa-Dara, the Town of Dara's Cataract, now shortened to its present form.



PHENIX PARK, THE "IRISH MILESTONE."—The picture given herewith is still another view of the People's Garden in the Phoenix, showing the Wellington Testimonial obelisk in the distance on the right. Most Dubliners have a mean opinion of the artistic merits of the granite shaft, and many visitors are, at first, puzzled as to its particular function in the Park, that is before they get near enough to it to read the inscriptions on the panels. It is related that years ago, a near-sighted English official, in the train of the Earl of Carlisle, took a morning stroll in the Phoenix and became dimly conscious of the Wellington obelisk. He met an Irishman, and said to him, in a lofty manner, "Can you tell me, my good man, what that object yonder is?" "That, sir," replied the witty native, who saw at once he had a "jay" from London to deal with, "Oh, faix, sir, that is one of our Irish milestones!" "A milestone, my good fellow! Why, you must be mistaken." "Faix an' I'm not, sir," replied the Irishman. "You see how it is, sir—the Irish mile is so much longer than the English mile, that the milestone has to be in proportion!" The Cockney sent a letter to a London paper relating his experience, and ever since the Wellington Testimonial has been called "the Irish Milestone."



ENNISTYMON, COUNTY CLARE.—The old town pictured in the above sketch is one of the principal places in the historic county Clare, and is situated on a branch of the West Clare Railway, near the head of Lisconnor Bay—one of the most romantic spots on the western coast of Ireland. The cascade shown in the picture is formed by a branch of the Cullenagh river, which flows by the town. Although Ennistymon can boast of only twelve hundred inhabitants, it is by no means the least prosperous place of its size in Munster. It has a good internal trade, and the country around it is reasonably productive. As in other sections of the county, the hand of the evictor has been actively against the people, and the ruins of hundreds of once happy homes testify to the thoroughness of the depopulating system of Irish landlordism. Ennistymon was prominent, as a municipality, in the great fight for Catholic Emancipation, under O'Connell's leadership, and, in 1829, materially aided in electing the great agitator to the British Parliament—the first Irish Catholic who obtained a seat in that body. The name of Ennistymon is derived from the Gaelic *Inis-Diomain*, translated "Diaman's river meadow."



THE MOAT OF BALLYLOCHLOE, CO WESTMEATH.—This moat—an entirely artificial hill—according to Mr. T. O'Neill Russell and other Irish antiquarians—may be called the Irish Cholula, because of its peculiar resemblance to the Aztec pyramid of that name, lacking the ruins on the summit, near Puebla, Mexico. It is situated some three miles northwestward from the town of Moat, in Westmeath, and is very accessible to travelers. Mr. Russell, in his "Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland," recently published, says that it was evidently erected for a sepulchral mound, but appears to have been also used as a kind of fortress. The mode of construction is supposed to have been the cutting down of a ridge of sand-hills, thus allowing the moat to rise singly from the plain to the elevation of about a hundred and fifty feet. It is of such antiquity that very little is known of its origin. The late W. M. Hennessey held that it was constructed to honor the remains of Lucha, wife of an Irish chief, who was killed in battle in the time of Queen Meave, about the year 40 B. C., and who died of grief because of her husband's death. It is situated within nine miles of the storied hill of Uisneach—one of the favorite meeting places of the ancient Irish—and is not very distant from Knock Cosgrevy, or Knock Ash, the geographical centre of the island.



GUINNESS'S BREWERY, DUBLIN.—The virtues of “Dublin Stout” have been extolled by thousands of Americans who have travelled in Ireland. “Porter”—a species of very dark-complexioned ale—is to the Green Isle what “lager” beer is to Germany. It is black-looking, foamy stuff, with a pungently bitter taste and great capability of intoxication, if too copiously indulged in. Taken moderately, it is an excellent tonic, and deserves to be called, rather than whiskey, which it has in a great measure supplanted, the national beverage of Ireland. “Guinness’s Double X,” generally written, or printed “XX,” enjoys almost as wide a reputation as, but far more democratic than, champagne, of which it is the liquid antithesis in taste, color, odor and effect. “Porter” is more of a sedative than an exhilarant to most constitutions. It is of ancient origin, but was brought to perfection by the Guinness experts early in this century. The great brewery, pictured in the sketch, is situated on Guinness’s wharf, lying along the Liffey. This wharf, during working hours, always presents a picture of zealous activity, where barrels, full and empty, are shipped or received. It is interesting to note that two members of the Guinness family have been raised to the peerage, by virtue of public spirit closely allied to “XX.”



EVICITION SCENE.—The accompanying sketch shows the landlord's emergency men, who have been using battering rams against the barricaded door of an Irish peasant's cabin, in full possession of the place, aided and abetted by the, in Ireland at least, omnipresent Royal Irish Constabulary, and a body of English hussars. Were it not for these potent auxiliaries, oppressive landowners in Ireland would find it impossible to collect their exorbitant rents from the unfortunate people. The English government in Ireland, especially under Tory rule, is a landlords' government. Even the English Liberals, unless under pressure from able Irish leaders, like the late Mr. Parnell, are not friendly to the Irish tenants. In looking at the ransacked cabin, depicted above, the average American citizen will be tempted to think that people ought to demand compensation for being compelled to "live" in such a "shaack" rather than pay rent for it. It is, indeed, a miserable hovel, from the American, or any other standpoint. But the greedy Irish landlord, whose forefathers obtained the soil by brute force, most probably, from the ancestors of the evicted tenant, is determined to have his money, no matter at what cost of human misery. Fat cattle, in his estimation, are preferable to human beings.



CITY OF LIMERICK.—The name of Limerick—in Gaelic *Lumneach*, a grazing ground for horses, applied to the island on which the original city was built—thrills every true-hearted Irishman, and Irishwoman also, with pardonable pride. St. Patrick visited it in the Fifth century. The Danes became masters of it in the Ninth, and they were conquered by King Brian in the Eleventh. Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, basely swore allegiance to Henry II. when the Normans landed, but he subsequently "rebelled" and the town was taken, after a siege, by Raymond le Gros. The towers and spires of Limerick are reflected in the waters of the "Lordly Shannon," as shown, picturesquely, with a splendid sky effect, in the sketch. It is divided into the Irish and English towns—the former being the more ancient portion, and containing renowned "Garryowen." The English town is modern and very handsomely built. Limerick surrendered to the Cromwellian general, Ireton, in 1651. King William III., with his powerful army, was defeated in an attempt to storm it, Aug. 27, 1690, when the Limerick women, by a display of heroic courage, won immortal honor. The town capitulated, on favorable terms, to the Williamite general De Ginkel, Oct. 3, 1691, after another brave defense. But the treaty was feloniously violated by the English King and Parliament after the capitulated Irish army, under Sarsfield, sailed for France. This is Ireland's most bitter memory.



PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN—SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF CAVENDISH AND BURKE.—This world-renowned tragedy—the first of its kind in Irish history—occurred in the afternoon of May 6, 1882, and was planned and executed by a secret society called the Invincibles, of which James Carey, who, with two others, subsequently turned informer, was the putative chief, although many believe him to have been a subordinate. The circumstances of the tragedy, in brief, were these: William E. Forster, nicknamed “Buckshot,” Irish Secretary under Gladstone, undertook to crush the Irish Land League by coercive measures. Parnell, Davitt and about a thousand other leaders, great and small, were arrested and thrown into jail. But the people remained firm in their purpose, and the imprisoned chiefs sent out from Kilmainham the celebrated “No Rent” manifesto. Gladstone “weakened” and recalled Forster. Lord Frederick Cavendish was sent over, “with a message of peace” to take his place. The Irish leaders were released. On the afternoon of his arrival, Cavendish and Burke, Under Secretary, hated by the people, at the Castle. Together they reached the Park and, on one of its frequented roads, were overtaken by men in a jaunting-car, set upon and slain with knives. Originally the blow was intended for Forster. Cavendish was unknown to his slayers. Ireland repudiated the deed, but was relegated to fetters. Five men were executed and a dozen imprisoned for the crime. The sketch shows the exact theatre of the assassination.



CASHEL ABBEY AND ROUND TOWER.—The picture faithfully reproduces the exterior of the Abbey of Cashel, and the well-preserved Round Tower situated at the eastern angle of the northern aisle. Standing on the summit of the storied “Rock,” which once held the palace of the Kings of Munster, these noble ruins have a majestic aspect. They rise in the midst of the most fertile district of Ireland—the Golden Vein, or Vale, of the Counties of Tipperary and Limerick; and this superb valley is dominated by the lofty range of the Galtee Mountains, soaring grandly heavenward above the charming Glen of Aherlow. The Abbey, or Cathedral, was founded in the Eleventh Century by one of the Munster monarchs. The see was made archiepiscopal by Pope Eugenius III. in 1152. In 1172, it was desecrated by the presence of Henry II. of England, who, armed with what purported to be a papal bull, succeeded in getting Donald O’Brien, and other “jellyfish” Irish princes, to swear allegiance to him. The nave and choir, from east to west, measure 210 feet, and the transept, from north to south, 170 feet. The tower of the cathedral springs from the centre of the structure. Many ancient tombs, crosses, and other venerable objects, are to be seen in the abbey and its environs.



O'CONNELL BRIDGE, DUBLIN.—Since the enlargement of the Irish municipal franchise, under the Gladstone regime, many of the Irish cities have elected aldermen who represent the national feelings of the people. In consequence of this, many streets and public structures, in Dublin and elsewhere, which had formerly borne English names, have been virtually re-christened. Among the thoroughfares so renamed is Sackville street, now O'Connell street, and among the structures O'Connell Bridge, formerly Carlisle Bridge, which is the finest span on the Liffey toward the sea, and connects O'Connell street with Westmoreland and D'Olier streets. This bridge has been greatly improved within the last twenty years. It commands a superb view of the main artery of Dublin's commercial life. At its southern end rises Farrell's masterly statue of William Smith O'Brien, the Young Ireland leader and "rebel" of 1848; and at its northern line the fine monument to O'Connell, after the model of the famed sculptor, J. H. Foley, who died before its completion. Hogan's striking statue of the Catholic Liberator, said to be the best extant, is placed in the City Hall, formerly the Royal Exchange. This is the statue that called forth Thomas Davis' matchless apostrophe, "Chisel the Likeness of 'Our Chief.'"



ACHILL ISLAND, COUNTY MAYO.—Achill, situated at the northern entrance to picturesque Clew Bay, in the county Mayo, is conceded to be the most considerable island off the shore line of Ireland. It is some sixteen miles in length by seven in width, and is as rugged a spot of ground as Europe can boast of. The channel that separates it from the mainland is a mile or more in breadth, and is noticeable for the fury of its current in stormy weather. Two magnificent mountains—Slievemore and Slieve-Croghan—each over 2,000 feet in height, tower to the clouds from its rocky surface. Slieve-Croghan is renowned for the grandeur and abruptness of its precipices, which beetle above the wild waves of the sea. Heather, wild grass and stunted juniper trees constitute the vegetation, such as it is, of Achill. Its 4,500 people live mainly by fishing and dwell, for the most part, in huts of the most primitive form of construction. The sketch shows the handsome modern village of Dugort—called by the rural folks “the settlement,”—situated at the foot, and sheltered by the gigantic cone, of Slievemore. It is a sea-bathing resort, made up of pretty cottages, hotels, a police barrack and a coastguard station. An Episcopalian church, built in 1855, occupies the foreground of the picture.



"LORD ANTRIM'S PARLOR," GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—This massive natural apartment, in which "once upon a time," the Antrim peasantry assert, the "lord" of that title gave "a great feast," is situated on the west side of the grand Causeway, and is a place of special attraction for curious visitors. In looking at the basaltic pillars, which appear to the uninitiated as if they had been carved by human hands, and fitted with the nicest care of true workmanship, it would seem, at first glance, difficult to believe that they are entirely the work of that greatest of architects, Nature, guided by the almighty hand. Travellers of extensive experience have compared the columnar formations of the Causeway, including Lord Antrim's Parlor, to the mighty temples of ancient Greece and Italy, excavated by antiquaries, after the lapse of ages, at Athens and Pompeii. But this great natural edifice is older than Athens, than Pompeii, than Nineveh or Nippur—it dates from the foundation of the world. The flooring of the "parlor," as shown in the picture, is rather irregular, for seats and "standing room only" seem to be about equally divided; but the walls are grand in their titanic strength, and seem proof against destruction from any force less than that of an earthquake.



CARRYING HOME "TURF."—The foregoing picture represents an everyday incident of rural life in the more remote parts of Ireland. The "peat bogs," or "moors," as they are called in Scotland, are peculiar formations of fibrous vegetable matter, generally of a dark brown color, but often approaching red or black. When cut with a "slane"—a kind of spade, with a sharp, upright blade on one side, which forms "the sod of turf"—thrown on the bank of the pit, or "bog hole," as it is commonly termed, and spread out to dry in long rows by the attendant women, the material, if the weather is fine and the wind high, soon becomes thoroughly dry and fit for fuel. Then it is stacked, or "clamped" in large quantities, and carted off according to the public need. This is the ordinary "turf," which is only fit for heating and cooking purposes, in a mild climate. There is also a kind called "stone turf," which is pressed hard by muscular hands, and, when thoroughly seasoned, makes almost as hot a fire as anthracite coal. Most of the Irish bogs are in the low country, but, occasionally, they are found in mountainous regions. The scene shows a "jaunting car" being driven over a "bog road" and a group of peasantry carrying home their "firin'" from a neighboring moor.

SECTION III.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Boyle Abbey, County Roscommon. | 17. Parnell Memorial Procession, Dublin. |
| 2. Inishannon, County Cork. | 18. Town of Donegal. |
| 3. Railroad Bridge, City of Galway, Ireland. | 19. Muckcross Abbey, Killarney. |
| 4. Phoenix Park Lakes, Dublin. | 20. Scene in Mayo. |
| 5. The Treaty Stone, Limerick. | 21. Kingstown Harbor, Dublin. |
| 6. Town of Bray, County Wicklow. | 22. Water Works, City of Cork. |
| 7. Rear View of Clonmaenois, King's County. | 23. Village of Maynooth, County Kildare. |
| 8. Kilybegs, County Donegal. | 24. Salmon Weir, Galway. |
| 9. Blarney Lake, County Cork. | 25. Monea Castle, County Fermanagh. |
| 10. Royal Avenue, Belfast. | 26. Castle Connell Rapids, County Limerick. |
| 11. Town of New Ross, County Wexford. | 27. Rathdrum, County Wicklow. |
| 12. Downpatrick Cathedral, County Down. | 28. Section of Ruins of Mellifont, County Louth. |
| 13. Interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. | 29. Captured Cannon, Dublin Museum. |
| 14. The Quay, Bangor, County Down. | 30. Bantry, Showing Head of Bay, County Cork. |
| 15. Queenstown Harbor, County Cork. | 31. Secluded Spot in Phoenix Park. |
| 16. Lieut. Hamilton's Statue, Dublin Museum. | 32. Horse Show, Ball's Bridge, Dublin. |

SECTION III.



BOYLE ABBEY, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.—These venerable monastic remains stand on the banks of the river Boyle, close to the important town of that name, in the county of Roscommon. The abbey was built by one of the princes of Connought early in the Twelfth century, and remained intact until the terrible Elizabethan wars, called by the English, “the Great Rebellion of Tyrone and Tyrconnell,” led to its destruction about the year 1601. Even at this day, the ruins are beautiful and imposing, showing many graces of architecture, and deeply bearded with the venerable Irish ivy. In the grass-grown aisle are still to be seen the tombs of many Irish bishops and chiefs, but the epitaphs on nearly all the tablets are so worn as to be illegible, except in a few unimportant cases. The English army, under General Clifford—one of the stoutest Englishmen that ever fought in Ireland—camped around the abbey on the night of August 12, 1599. Thence it marched northward and encountered the Irish of Tyrconnell, under their redoubtable leader, Red Hugh O’Donnell, in the passes of the Corslibh (Curlew) mountains, on Lady Day, August 15. A bloody battle resulted. Clifford, his second in command, and fifteen hundred English soldiers were slain; and the rest retreated in terrible disorder. The action is known in history as the Battle of the Curlew Mountains.



INISHANNON, COUNTY CORK.—The small but picturesque village of Inishannon—Gaelic *Inis-Eoganain*, Owenan's or Little Owen's Island—is situated on the left bank of the sparkling river Bandon, below where it receives the joint tribute of the Ballymahane and Brinny rivers, before it opens on the deep inlet of Kinsale Harbor, so famous in Irish history. It is only a few miles from the old Head of Kinsale, and has in its neighborhood many interesting ruins, including those of Ship-pool castle, erected ages ago by the Anglo-Norman family of the Roches; and Dundaneere castle, near the junction of the Bandon and Brinny rivers. Inishannon itself is a modest, quiet Irish hamlet, neatly kept and well arboresced, as may be observed in the sketch. In the main street appears the inevitable Irish jaunting car, the driver of which appears to be "asking his way" of the ladies on the sidewalk. He is, probably, driving some English tourist to see the ruins of the old castles referred to, and is not quite sure of his "bearins." Every person he meets, however, will be glad to set him right, without "a tip" or the hope of being tipped; for, in Ireland, except in a few overdone districts, the people are still hospitable, "and 'stranger' is a holy name."



RAILROAD BRIDGE, CITY OF GALWAY, IRELAND.—The sketch shows the splendid bridge of the Midland and Great Western railway where it crosses the Corib river near the ancient and renowned city of Galway. On the right of the picture may be caught a glimpse of a venerable suburb—a round tower standing up from the ruins of an old abbey, where the “monks are now at rest” forever. Fishermen and members of their families are scattered along the river bank, and fishing smacks are moored, or sailing, in the rapid stream. On the left are some small sail and row boats, rocking idly on the billows. The bare-footed colleen—she wears a red petticoat, if you could only see the color in the sketch—walking along the beach toward us, is a type of her class; of good stature, lithe and graceful, and, ten to one, with flashing blue eyes, black hair and Spanish contour, if you were only near enough to observe those perfections. Owing to Galway’s ancient trade with Spain—a trade that was maintained for centuries in spite of many pains and penalties—many of the inhabitants, whose forefathers, or mothers, intermarried with “the dark-eyed Iberians”—have decidedly Spanish characteristics of form and feature. The Midland and Great Western is Ireland’s greatest railroad, and is constructed on first-class ideals. It is the main artery of trade between Dublin and the West coast.



PHENIX PARK LAKES, DUBLIN.—The Phoenix, with its luxuriance of sylvan variety, boasts several lakes—all picturesquely situated. Those most accessible are near the People's Garden and flank on both sides a lovely little valley, which is, in itself, a picture. These lakes are reached most conveniently by the North Circular Road gate, which leads in by the Royal Irish Constabulary training depot, where young Irishmen are drilled into the finest appearing, and least popular, semi-military force in Europe. It is undeniable that the Irish "constable"—a palpable misnomer—is the finest specimen of symmetrical manhood to be found anywhere in the world. And yet, because of his peculiar calling—half detective, half soldier—he is both distrusted and disliked, unless in exceptional cases, by the masses of his countrymen. On nearly any day in the year, squads of this force can be seen in the Peoples' Garden and along the banks of the lakes. But the recumbent figure shown in the foreground, on the right of the picture, is not one of them. It is that of a young gentleman who has had a "tiff," most likely, with his "best girl," and who is dreaming away his melancholy amid pleasant surroundings. Another lake, said to be the most charming of all, is situated in the "furze glen"—the wildest portion of the Park.



THE TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.—Whosoever visits “Limerick of the Battles” will observe the large stone, elevated on a pedestal, near the foot of Thomond Bridge. It is the “Treaty Stone,” on which Major-General Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, on the part of the Irish, and Lieutenant-General Baron de Ginkel, on the part of William III., of England, signed the celebrated capitulation of Oct. 3, 1691, when the Irish army, that had made so gallant a resistance, marched out with all the honors of war, “drums beating, colors flying and matches lighted” to take service in the armies of France. These brave men preferred exile and the constant danger of the battlefield to a life of slavery in Ireland, where, for a hundred years after their departure, the terrible penal laws enacted against the Catholics remained in full force. This, too, in flagrant violation of the solemn treaty which guaranteed to them civil and religious liberty. Hence Limerick is also called “The City of the Violated Treaty.”

The Treaty Stone of Limerick that oft with magic charm
Lit up in wrath the Irish heart and nerv'd the Irish arm.

What hewed, in scores, at Fontenoy, King George's cohorts down,
But burning thoughts of thee and home—the treaty-riven town?

Owing to the Vandalish propensities of the relic demons, the municipal authorities of Limerick were compelled to protect the Treaty Stone, as shown in the sketch.



TOWN OF BRAY, COUNTY WICKLOW.—This old burgh, which may be called the gateway between the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, takes its name, according to Professor Joyce, M. R. I. A., from the Gaelic word Bri (bree) a hill, kindred to the Scotch word “brae,” and was so named from the lofty promontory, or “head,” which rises over the sea in its neighborhood. In times long past, Bray witnessed many a fierce conflict between the O’Byrnes of Glenmalure and Glendalough and the English of the Pale, who sought vainly, for centuries, to dispossess them of their mountain fastnesses. These O’Byrnes, who were among the boldest of the Irish tribes, continued formidable to the English power down to the end of Elizabeth’s reign, and some of their descendants, notably Garret and Miles Byrne—the latter afterward a colonel in the French army—were active leaders in the great rebellion of 1798. Bray is one of the most interesting of Irish towns, whether considered from a scenic or hygienic standpoint. It is almost within view of Dublin, and rests upon the southern expanse of its splendid bay. Although of great antiquity, the town has achieved its greatest popularity within this century, and has scarcely a rival in Ireland as a sea-bathing resort. The view of the rich and fashionable of the Irish capital and the surrounding country crown the hills which form its background. Its population is now estimated at 8,000 souls.



REAR VIEW OF CLONMACNOIS, KING'S COUNTY.—The interesting ruins of Clonmacnois, or “the Seven Churches,” founded by St. Kieran, A. D. 548, are situated in the King’s county, on the left bank of the Shannon, a few miles above its confluence with the Suck. Irish antiquaries differ as to the Gaelic original of the name—some holding that it was written Cluain-mac-nois, meaning the “Secluded Recess of the Sons of Nobles;” while Professor Joyce scouts both orthography and interpretation, holding that it was written Cluain-maccu-Nois—meaning the “Meadow of the Sons of Nos.” The first interpretation is the more romantic, and it is certain that Clonmacnois was, for ages, the Alma Mater of the native nobility of Ireland. Remains of the seven churches, some of them in a fairly good state of preservation, are still to be seen. There are, beside, two round towers and some exquisitely carved Celtic crosses, some of which will be shown in future pictures. The accompanying view is taken from the rear of the ruins, and shows the walls of some of the old churches. The round tower, roofless and leaning from the perpendicular, is called “O’Ruarc’s.” Tradition says that the relics of Roderick O’Conor, last native King of Ireland, repose within the precincts of the Great Church. The ancient graveyard contains the dust of many a prince and chief, and it is popularly believed that the souls of persons buried there go straight to Paradise.



KILLYBEGS, COUNTY DONEGAL.—This pretty little seaport is situated on a land-locked inlet of Donegal Bay, fourteen miles west of the town of Donegal. It has MacSwyne's Bay on the east and the Bay of Fintragh on the west, as this portion of the Donegal coast is one picturesque succession of arms of the sea, under different designations—some romantic and fanciful, others matter-of-fact and commonplace in the extreme. Killybegs—more properly Killybegs—derives its name, according to the annals of the Four Masters, from the Gaelic, *cealla-beaga*, signifying "little churches." Some monastic ruins within its precincts indicate that it was once a resort for the pious, who sought to avoid religious persecution in that quaint and remote retreat. The village has a fine mountain background, and is well sheltered from the rude blasts of the Ulster winter, which is often quite severe. The houses, as a rule, are old-fashioned and of humble aspect, and, like all places of its kind in Ireland, Killybegs has retrograded rather than advanced in prosperity and population during the last half century. Many foreign tourists frequent the hamlet during the summer season.



BLARNEY LAKE, COUNTY CORK.—Everybody has heard of “the Groves of Blarney that are so charming,” and most people are familiar with the air of that name, immortalized by Father Prout in his “Reliques.” It is half wild, half tender, and has been tamed and sweetened into “The Last Rose of Summer” by Moore and Stevenson. Flotow, the great German composer, adapted it to his charming opera of “Martha,” through which it ripples like a sparkling streamlet through a pleasure ground. The accompanying sketch shows a sylvan landscape typically Irish. The crystal lake shimmers and sparkles in the midst of the deep, umbrageous woods, and, peeping through the tall trees, the old and new castles of Blarney are plainly visible. A flock of white sheep grazes peacefully on the broad field shown in the foreground. The sky, for a wonder, is perfectly cloudless—something unusual in Ireland, whose cloud scenery is one of her greatest charms, while “sunshine and shadow are chasing each other.” This changefulness of the Irish sky may have had some effect on the character of the Irish people, with its rapid changes and strongly dramatic tendency. How charmingly Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, pictures this interesting variability of Ireland’s skies and Ireland’s daughters—shall we not also include her sons?—when he sings—

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet, with love’s own changeful hue —

Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best,
Oh, what is the South to the beautiful West?



ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST.—The above thoroughfare is one of the brightest and busiest in Ireland's Northern Commercial Metropolis, which, by the way, is the most modern of all the important cities of the Emerald Isle, and has much that is strikingly American in its architecture, "institutions" and business methods. As will be seen by reference to the sketch, Royal Avenue is traversed by a street car line, called in Anglo-Irish parlance a "tramway," and this enables the traveller to observe the fine thoroughfare rapidly, and, at the same time, comfortably and completely. The handsome stone building on the left is the Provincial Bank of Ireland, which does an enormous business, and is regarded as being as safe and solid as the "Rock of Cashel" or the foundations of Belfast's time-honored mountain sentinel, Cave Hill. The Ulster Reform Club and General Post Office buildings are also situated on Royal Avenue. We may say, in passing, that while Chicago is noted for its "whiskey sours," New York for its "Manhattan cocktails," London for its "h'English h'ale," and Dublin for its "Double X," Belfast is famous for its "Presbyterian cocktail," compounded of equal portions of "Bushmills' best" and native "ginger ale."



TOWN OF NEW ROSS, COUNTY WEXFORD.—Although the town sketched above bears the adjective “new,” it is one of the most ancient of Irish burghs, and was once the chosen seat of the Kings of Leinster. But it derives its greatest celebrity from the obstinate and bloody battle fought there on June 5, 1798, between the United Irish army, under General Bagenal Harvey, and the British troops commanded by Major-General Johnson. The engagement was brought on, soon after daylight, by the murder of Mr. Furlong, aide-de-camp to General Harvey, who was treacherously shot, while bearing a flag of truce to General Johnson, by the British soldiery. The Irish pikemen, led by Colonel John Kelly, of Killan, rushed down from the heights, entered Ross by the “Three Bullet” gate, routed the infantry, captured the artillery and turned the guns upon the British, whom they drove over the Bridge of the Barrow into the County Kilkenny. Then they scattered for rest and refreshment. The enemy came back upon them and regained the ground they had lost. The Irish again rallied and defeated them, and this occurred four times, amid frightful carnage on both sides. The tragedy is best told in the words of an Irish poet—

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross and Wexford Town,

And if we failed to keep them
’Twas drink that brought us down!

Had the Irish army at New Ross been under strict discipline, Ireland would be to-day an independent nation. The battle lasted thirteen hours.



DOWNPATRICK CATHEDRAL, COUNTY DOWN.—The Cathedral or Downpatrick is built, according to tradition, on the site of the ancient church in which were deposited the remains of St. Patrick—McGee, in his History of Ireland, says he was buried at Armagh—St. Bridget and St. Columbkille. It was destroyed by fire during the wars of Edward Bruce against the English, in the early part of the Fourteenth century; was restored in 1412 and again burned by Lord Deputy De Grey in 1538. Its final restoration was begun in 1790. The edifice is an imposing and massive one—the chief material being “rock-faced” stone. The building is strongly buttressed and comprises a nave, choir and aisles. The tower, embattled and pinnacled, can be seen from a great distance, as the structure stands on an elevation. Interiorally, it is magnificently finished. The windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion, and the splendid east window, divided into twelve compartments, is said to be all of the original church that remains. Near the Cathedral is situated the gigantic rath, called in Gaelic Dunlethglas—Dun of the Broken Fetters—vulgarized to “Down,” with the name of Patrick added, to show the connection of the Saint with the locality. The “dun” is 60 feet high and three-fourths of a mile in circumference, including outworks.



INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—St. Patrick's disputes with Christ Church the distinction of being Dublin's most venerable cathedral. The present edifice was founded by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, in 1190, on the ruins of a church said to have been built by St. Patrick himself. The Catholics possessed it until the period of the Reformation, when it passed into Protestant hands. It became once more a Catholic church when James II. ascended the throne, and Te Deum was chanted there in his honor, when he made his formal entry of Dublin in 1689. After his flight, it became again a Protestant temple, and such it still remains. The sketch represents the interior of the edifice, which is of cruciform design, 300 feet long, including a Lady Chapel, and proportionately wide. The architecture is solid and gloomy, but impressive. Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the Dublin brewer whose family has since been advanced to the peerage, had the entire structure renovated, at enormous cost to himself, in 1864-65. This venerable pile holds the dust, or contains the monuments, of many distinguished people, chief among whom are Marshal Schomberg, killed at the Boyne; Dean Swift, the immortal author of "Gulliver;" Esther Johnson, embalmed in poetry by the eccentric Dean, as "Stella;" Richard Boyle, "the great Earl" of Cork, and several members of his family. There are also memorials of Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and of John Philipot Curran.



THE QUAY, BANGOR, COUNTY DOWN.—The accompanying view shows a portion of the Quay at Bangor, County Down, situated on the south side of the entrance to Belfast Lough and about twelve miles east-north-east of the City of Belfast, with which it has connection by railroad and steamer. Scotch authorities claim that it derives its name from the Celtic Ban-choir—White Choir—but Irish antiquarians assert that it obtains its title from a hill which rises near the town. We are historically informed, however, that St. Comgall founded there an abbey in A. D. 555, which became so eminent a seat of learning that its fame spread throughout Europe, and it was resorted to by scholars from all parts of the known world. Historians assert that it was the model on which Oxford University was subsequently established, and that when King Alfred the Great, some of whose ancestors were educated in Ireland, founded, or restored, Oxford, he sent to the Bangor College for professors to complete the faculty. That was during Ireland's golden age, when she was the land of scholars, as well as saints, whose fame has outlived the devastation of barbarians and the rage of ruthless conquerors. In A. D. 818, the pagan Northmen descended on Bangor in their war galleys and slew the abbot and nine hundred of his learned monks. The remains of an old castle are still shown to the tourist. Bangor is now noted as a favorite sea-bathing resort.



QUEENSTOWN HARBOR, COUNTY CORK.—The superb harbor shown in the sketch was, according to Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, and other distinguished Irish scholars, formerly called Lough Mahon, as the place now senselessly called Queenstown, after a sovereign who systematically avoids Ireland, was, less than fifty years ago, called "the Cove of Cork." The harbor is approached from the ocean by a deep-water channel two miles long and one broad. The haven itself has an area of three miles by two, and is quite capable of holding in safety the combined squadrons of Great Britain. It is completely land-locked and strongly fortified. The defenses were begun in 1791, under the direction of the talented engineer officer, Major-General Vallancey—an Englishman who, in addition to his military duties, took a singular delight in studying the ancient literature and archaeological remains of Ireland. Spike Island, the famous spot of land on which stands the convict prison, received John Mitchel, as a prisoner, in 1848, before he was transported to the antipodes, for having attempted the liberation of Ireland. Close to it is Haulbowline, the depot for naval supplies; and both islands protect the harbor from the flood and ebb tides, which run with a strong current.



LEUT. HAMILTON'S STATUE, DUBLIN MUSEUM.—The accompanying sketch is a striking reproduction of the statue which commemorates the heroic prowess of Lieutenant W. R. Pollock Hamilton—an Irish officer in the British army—who died defending the English embassy at Cabul, Afghanistan, in September, 1879. It is the work of C. B. Birch, A. R. A., and is claimed to be his masterpiece. Nothing could be finer than the attitude of the martial figure, with the wild foeman prostrate beneath the flashing sword. The left hand of the effigy grasps a revolver, while the countenance is expressive of the most exalted courage and resolution. The massacre at the embassy resulted in the death of Sir Louis Cavagnar, the British resident, the officers of his staff, and the main portion of the native guard, who sought to protect the embassy from the fury of the Ameer's revolted soldiery. While all the victims resisted gallantly, the defense of Lieut. Hamilton was most conspicuous, and the Afghans, to this day, remember the daring soldier with the respect which dauntless bravery begets in the savage breast.



PARNELL MEMORIAL PROCESSION, DUBLIN.—It has been the custom of the political followers of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, headed by John E. Redmond, M. P., to organize a memorial procession on each anniversary of his death, which occurred on October 7, 1891. The sketch shows the head of the column proceeding to Glasnevin Cemetery, where the remains of the great Irish leader are interred, over the superb O'Connell bridge, while throngs of people stand respectfully on each side of the paraders, as they slowly march on their mournful pilgrimage to the flower-covered grave of the immortal patriot. Behind the carriages tramp in solid array the National Societies and Organized Trades of Dublin, who always present a fine appearance. Following these come the various delegations from the country, rank on rank. Every organization is preceded by a band, playing airs appropriate to the occasion. Dublin has always been famous for its funeral parades—the most notable having been those of O'Connell, Terence Bellew MacManus, the Manchester Martyrs—a mock funeral, because they were buried in quicklime in Salford prison, England—and that of Parnell himself. At the MacManus funeral, in November, 1861, several Irish soldiers of the Dublin garrison joined in the procession, and uncovered their heads, like the rest, when they passed the theatre of Robert Emmet's execution. These men were sent immediately "on foreign service."



TOWN OF DONEGAL.—The above renowned stronghold of the ancient Irish princes of Tyrconnell—the warlike house of O'Donnell—takes its name from a dun, or fort, supposed to have been built by the Danish invaders, and called in Gaelic Dun-na-n Gall—the Fort of the Strangers. It is situated in the northwestern portion of the picturesque county of the same name, eleven miles north-northeast, of Ballyshannon, on the shallow river Eske, which falls into Donegal Bay. On three sides the town is bounded by lofty hills, and in its front is the ocean. The ruins of a Franciscan monastery, built by Hugh O'Donnell, in 1474, and destroyed during the Ulster wars of a hundred and twenty years later, crown one of the heights, while the remains of the once splendid castle of the O'Donnells—still imposing—look down upon the river Eske. This castle is now owned by the Earl of Cavan, who has partially restored it. In the abbey were compiled the famous “Annals of the Four Masters,” covering a period of 4,500 years! Within the castle, Hugh Roe O'Donnell—the victor of the Battle of the Curlew Mountains, in 1599, and the noblest and bravest of his race—gave many a splendid banquet. Of him, who had won forty battles against the English while still a youth, was written—

Many a heart shall quail, under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,

When on his ear shall ring, borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war-cry: “O'Donnell aboo!”



MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.—The ruins of this renowned abbey, reproduced with fidelity in the sketch, are situated on Castlough Bay—one of the arms of the Lower Lake of Killarney, and contiguous to the pretty little hamlet of Clogheen. Muckross Hotel, built by the Herbert family for the accommodation of tourists, is in the immediate neighborhood. Our erudite friend, Professor Joyce, of Dublin, gives romance a slap in the face when he declares that Muc-ros—the Gaelic spelling of the name—means, in Irish, “the peninsula of the pigs!” “Muc” standing for “pig” and “ros” for “peninsula.” Other savants claim that the original name was “Irelough”—Anglicé “Westlake”—but, in either case, the old monks, who had a great eye for scenic beauty, chose the beautiful spot for the founding of the abbey, under the patronage of one of the princely McCarthys, while they yet ruled over “deep-valley’d Desmond.” It is said that the original church was burned in 1192. The Four Masters mention the foundation of the structure, whose remains are shown above, in 1340, while some say it was established for the Franciscans in the middle of the Fifteenth century. The ruins comprise those of the convent and the church, and present many beauties of ecclesiastical architecture. The chief entrance is through a superb Gothic doorway, deeply bearded in ivy, through which is seen the great eastern window, as in a picture.



SCENE IN MAYO.—The County Mayo, although not the most fertile, is one of the largest and most picturesque of the Irish “shires,” and has more representatives in America than, perhaps, any other county, excepting Cork and Limerick. In no district of Ireland has the hand of the evictor been more heavily against the people, and the ring of the despoiler’s crow-bar and pickax is even yet heard in the land. Mayo is the birth place of two of the greatest Irishmen of modern days—John MacHale, “Lion of the Fold of Judah,” the great Archbishop of Tuam and the greatest conservator of the Gaelic language, who died in the fulness of years and honors about the time Parnell came into power; and Michael Davitt, the founder of the Irish Land League, who still lives to do good battle for his native land. The accompanying sketch shows a country road, passing over a solid bridge in a strikingly scenic portion of Mayo—the sparkling waters stretching on either hand far and wide; the craggy rocks above, and the misty mountains in the distance.

There lake and plain smile fair and free,
 'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry—
 Sing oh! let man learn liberty
 From crashing wind and lashing sea!

That chainless wave and lovely land
 Freedom and nationhood demand—
 Be sure, the great God never plann'd
 For slumbering slaves a home so grand!



KINGSTOWN HARBOR, DUBLIN.—This spacious and handsome seaport is really a portion of the harbor of Dublin, but is generally held to be distinct from it. Until 1821, Kingstown bore the name of Dunleary, and was a mere fishing village. It obtained its present name because it was selected by George IV. as the point of embarkation, when he was leaving Ireland in the year above mentioned. On that occasion, the aristocratic classes, led by the Earl of Fingal and Daniel O'Connell, made themselves so needlessly obsequious, that they were severely satirized by Lord Byron in his "Irish Avatar." Notwithstanding his "graciousness" and fine promises, King George shed tears of rage when he was compelled to sign the bill emancipating the Irish Catholics in 1829. Kingstown is the station for the Liverpool and Dublin and Dublin and Hollyhead steamers, which carry the mail; and it has also a large Anglo-Irish passenger traffic. The western pier of this harbor is 4,950 feet long and the eastern pier 3,500 feet, having an entrance 850 feet in width. The depth of water varies from 15 to 27 feet, and the total area is 250 acres. The town, in its esplanade and outskirts, is beautified by the handsome residences of many wealthy Dublin citizens. The sketch shows a mail steamer entering the harbor.



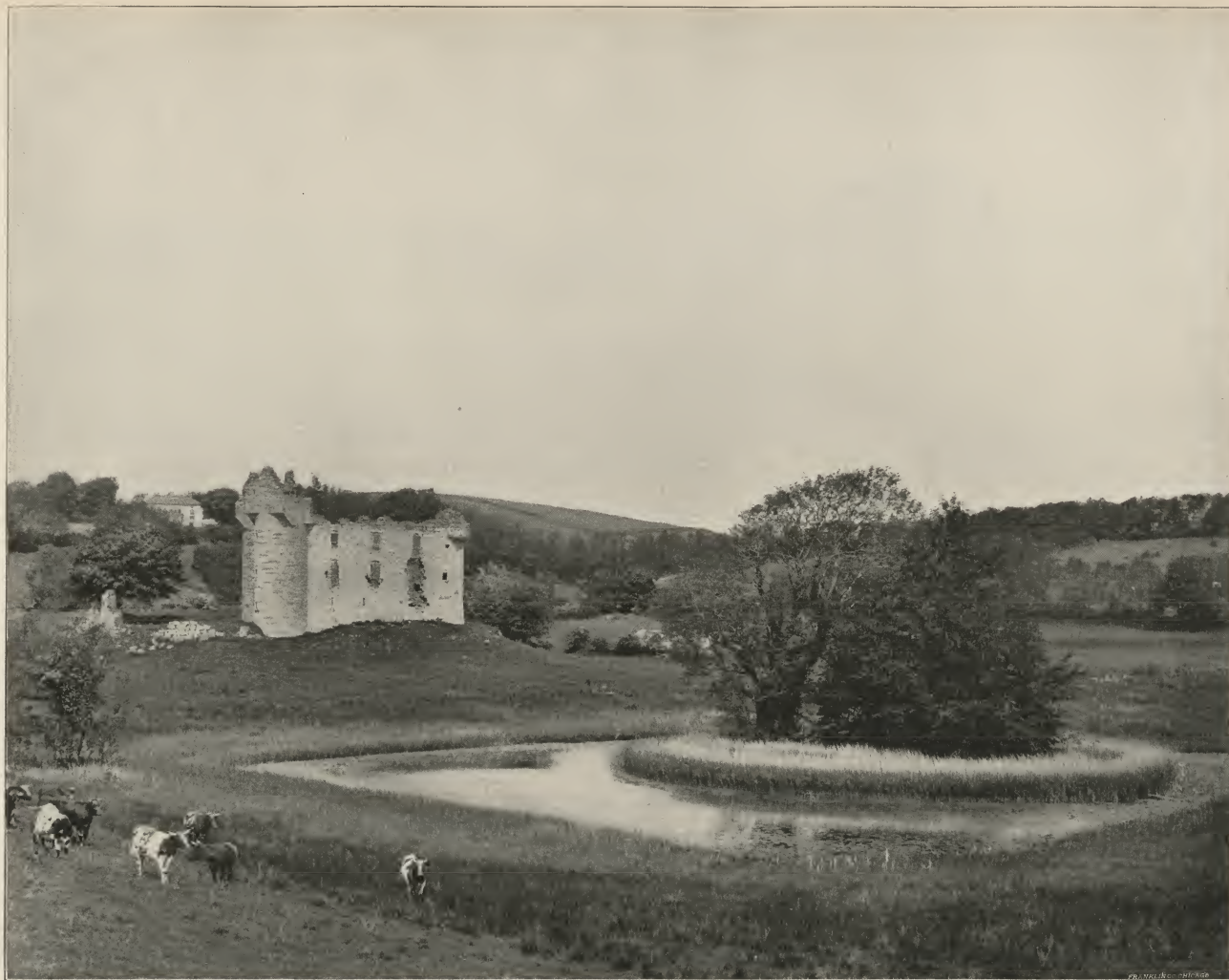
WATER WORKS, CITY OF CORK.—This sketch shows the hill above the river Lee, on and along which are situated the excellent water works' buildings of the City of Cork. If, in many respects, Ireland, chiefly because of political excitement and social disasters, is backward of other countries less richly endowed by nature, she is wealthy, indeed, in her deep, clear and rapid rivers, her crystal lakes and her pellucid springs and streamlets. "The best watered country in Europe," was the verdict of Arthur Young, the eminent English traveller and writer, on Ireland in the last century. Cork, which has two fine streams, and numerous gushing springs, is particularly blessed in this regard, especially since her modern water works, in everyway abreast of the times, were constructed. The water supply is copious and the cost is reasonable. In the matter of municipal government, Ireland has proved herself, in all her great cities, fully equal in ability to richer, and freer, Albion—thus practically disposing of the old time slander, invented and propagated for political effect, that Irishmen have not the governing faculty. In the cities of Ireland, they have certainly shown themselves not inferior in governmental capacity to any other race.



VILLAGE OF MAYNOOTH, COUNTY KILDARE.—The village of Maynooth, although not imposing in size, containing, inclusive of the Catholic ecclesiastical students at the college, little more than 2,000 people, is always interesting, on account of its historical and religious associations. It is in the county Kildare, fifteen miles northwest of Dublin, on the Midland and Great Western railroad. The Royal Canal—the deepest waterway of its kind in Ireland—runs through it. On the left of the picture may be observed the ruined castle of the Kildare branch of the Geraldine family, fully dealt with elsewhere. The college is hidden behind the woods, and the main village stretches away to the right on the opposite bank of the canal. Maynooth derives its principal retail trade, of which it has a great deal, from the faculty and students of the college, and also from the patronage of the Duke of Leinster, who resides for part of each year at Carton House, the country seat of the ducal family. Owing to the recent death of the late Duke, Gerald FitzGerald—who had sufficient of the old blood in him to present the original oil painting of his collateral ancestor, Lord Edward FitzGerald, who died for Ireland in 1798, to the Dublin National Gallery—the title is now borne by a boy of ten, Maurice FitzGerald, who was also deprived by death of his surpassingly beautiful mother a few years ago.



SALMON WEIR, GALWAY.—Salmon fishing is, in the season, one of the great attractions of the City of Galway, which, unlike most cities, possesses a fishery “within its very gates.” The sketch shows the salmon weir on the splendid Corrib river, connecting Lough Corrib with Galway Bay, which flows through the ancient town. While the fishing “stretch” is not very extensive—only a few hundred yards—the immense number of the royal fish frequenting the range makes the sport unusually lively and attractive. The Irish salmon is a “gamey” fish, and gives the angler all he can do, with rod and gaff, to conquer his efforts to get rid of the irritating, and generally fatal, hook. The enterprising sea trout—a relative of the salmon—also frequents the Corrib, and offers, in general, quite as much attraction to the genuine sportsman as its more celebrated cousin. Not much physical hardship is entailed on the Galway salmon fisher, but he has to pay about \$5.00 per diem for the privilege, unless he is fortunate enough to make weekly or monthly rates. He has the advantage of fishing from a gravelled walk, which is buttressed by a strong wall, and has only to drop into the water his hook and line, properly baited, and enjoy his sport.



MONEA CASTLE, COUNTY FERMANAGH.—The sketch presents a view of the ruined Castle of Monea, with “Crannoge”—a circular island, which formerly contained the habitations of primitive people, known as “Lake Dwellers”—in the County Fermanagh. The castle itself is not of great antiquity, being one of those built by the Anglo-Scotch “Colonists,” popularly called “transplanters,” who usurped, by favor of James I., the “confiscated” lands of the native Irish, defeated, after a long and heroic struggle, by the Earl of Mountjoy in the preceding reign. It was stipulated in the royal grant “that every undertaker of the greatest proportion of two thousand acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court, or bawn, about it; and every undertaker of the second, or middle, proportion of fifteen hundred acres, shall, within the same time, build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawn about it,” and so on, “in proportion.” The “crannoges” were constructed by the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, partly for purposes of seclusion and partly for defense against the sudden attack of fierce enemies. Some still exist in many parts of the island, and many romantic traditions cluster around them. The “crannoges” are all artificial islands, formed generally on piles, and had a superstructure of timber.



CASTLE-CONNELL RAPIDS, CO. LIMERICK.—These rapids of the Shannon are popularly called “the Falls of Doonass,” and are the most picturesque of that series of cascades which mark the course of the river from Killaloe to Limerick—a distance of 12 miles. They recall, particularly at Castle-Connell—so-called from an ancient castle of the O’Briens of Thomond, now in ruins—the rapids of the Niagara near the Falls, and those of the St. Lawrence in the region of the Thousand Islands. Although the falls add to the beauty, they detract from the utility of the Shannon, over the entire distance they occupy, and a lateral canal, broad and deep, constructed at great expense, enables steamers, and other vessels of good size, to ascend the river, and returning, reach navigable water, near the City of Limerick. Many travellers have asserted that the Falls of Doonass are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in Europe. In summer, the citizens of Limerick throng to them in great numbers. General Ginkel, irritated by the stout defense made by the Irish garrison in 1691, caused the old castle, from which the town derives its name, to be blown up, and this was done so effectively that only a gateway and some ruined walls remain.



RATHDRUM, COUNTY WICKLOW.—This handsome village stands on an elevation which overlooks the silvery Avonmore river, at some distance above its confluence with the Avonbeg, in the Vale of Avoca. It is situated within the boundaries of the Earl Fitzwilliam's estate, and is one of the most noted stations on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railway. It is a favorite abiding place of the numerous summer tourists, attracted to the Avonmore by the magic of Moore's deathless melody. Notwithstanding adverse criticism of this poet, in the matter of his alleged lack of virile descriptiveness, his songs have done more to celebrate the varied scenery of Ireland than all those of his, perhaps, more vigorous rivals combined; and County Wicklow, in particular, should remember him with gratitude for what he has done for Avoca and Glendalough. Rathdrum can hardly be called a melodious or, at least, euphonious name. It is derived from "rath," a Gaelic form of fort, usually applied to so-called Danish fortifications, and "drum," a long hill. Avoca—more properly Ovoca—is from the Greek Oboka, which, according to Joyce, appears in Ptolemy's work on European names of places, with map—Mercator's edition, 1605. The Irish form is Avonmore, which means "great river."



SECTION OF RUINS OF MELLIFONT, COUNTY LOUTH.—The tourist in Ireland always says farewell to the ruins of Mellifont with regret. There is a fascination about the place that it is difficult to resist. Although nearly all that was graceful and beautiful within its boundaries has been disfigured or destroyed, the very relics, bare and dismal as they appear, appeal powerfully to the imagination, and fill the mind with melancholy reflections. Nowhere in the world does the nothingness of this life strike the mind of the thoughtful man so profoundly as amid the shadows of monastic ruins. Every foot of ground beneath his feet contains the dust of saint and sage and scholar. The dismantled dormitories and cells, choked up with weeds and stones, tell, with touching eloquence, the tragical story of the past.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,

And the mitre, shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the priest.

The traveller we see half recumbent through the archway, and the other who stands in the gloom of the ruined cell, appear to be filled with such reflections, as they tread on "the dust of ages."



CAPTURED CANNON, DUBLIN MUSEUM.—The foregoing picture shows a section of the graceful rotunda of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin, sentinelled by classic statuary and guarded, as it were, by the captured cannon of that rugged Anglo-Irish warrior, Hugh, Lord Gough, who, like too many of his countrymen, powerfully assisted in building up the empire that has shown no consideration for the political or social interests of Ireland. However, Gough was simply a soldier, and, as such, he is entitled to the respect of all who admire ability and valor in the field. In a preceding sketch, we showed the fine equestrian statue of this general, executed by the sculptor, Foley. The cannon shown above are pieces captured by Gough in the Gwalior campaign, 1843, and in the Punjab campaign, at Sohraon, in 1846. They were presented to Lord Gough by the East India Company, when he was leaving Hindostan, and were deposited, on loan, in the Museum by his son and heir, also Lord Gough, who greatly distinguished himself as a General during the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and “died in harness” as a Lieutenant-General, quite recently. We may say, en passant, that the long six-pounder, which killed General St. Ruth at Aughrim, in 1691, is still preserved in the armory at Dublin Castle.



BANTRY, SHOWING HEAD OF BAY, COUNTY CORK.—Every Irishman, and nearly every American, has heard the old '98 "rebel" ballad of the "Shan Van Vocht" ("poor old woman") allegorical of Ireland. It refers to the attempted French landing in Bantry Bay, December, 1796, and one verse—the opening one—runs thus:

Oh the Frinch are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!
Sure the Frinch are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

The Frinch are in the Bay,
They'll land without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

The "Orange," at that time, represented the English-Tory interest in Ireland, and against it the Irish Catholics and Presbyterians were almost unanimously arrayed. The attempted French invasion—under Generals Hoche and Grouchy—the latter the same who failed Napoleon at Waterloo—sailed from Brest with 43 battle ships and 13,500 men. They were under the guidance of Theobald Wolfe Tone—the organizer of the United Irishmen. When almost within sight of Ireland, a violent storm arose and scattered the fleet. Hoche and the Admiral were separated from the main body. Grouchy, with 6,000 men, reached Bantry Bay, but declined to land, and the expedition failed. The sketch shows the olden fishing town of Bantry, seated at the head of its noble Bay—one of the finest in the world. It is situated in the County Cork.



SECLUDED SPOT IN PHENIX PARK.—Nothing so enchants the traveller who visits Dublin as the infinite variety of beauty spots in its majestic public pleasure ground, the Phoenix Park. He can find there a thousand places in which the work of Dame Nature has been improved upon—as regards discipline and grouping—by the cunning hand of the landscape gardener; but he can also find hundreds of shady retreats, where he can be, to all intents and purposes, alone with her works, as much as if he were in the heart of some semi-tropical wilderness. God has been very bounteous to Ireland as regards her natural gifts, but man, in the words of Edmund Burke, one of her greatest sons, has been, for ages, conspiring to counteract, in her case, the beneficent intention of the great creator, when the Almighty breath first quickened her into life. The beauties of Phoenix Park are exclusively the production of God, in the first place, and Irishmen in the next. The tourist shown in the picture sees nothing but the charms of the Phoenix in his surroundings, where he stands. There is a rural stillness and restfulness in the scene; but, a few hundred yards in any direction, will bring him upon scenes and groups full of wakefulness and animation, and the sight of many scarlet uniforms will show him “red specks of British power in Ireland.”



HORSE SHOW, BALL'S BRIDGE, DUBLIN.—The annual Horse Show held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, is one of the greatest attractions of the Irish metropolis. It occurs in the summer season, when everything beautiful in Ireland is at its best, and when even things not beautiful cease to be repellent. All Europe knows the value of the Irish horse. The racer, the hunter and the charger are all renowned in cavalier circles, and have been bestridden by Emperors, Kings, Princes, Marshals, Generals, and other grantees, to no end. The once beautiful Empress of Austria used to delight in clearing "double quick-set hedges" and stone walls six feet high and upwards, on the back of her noble Irish mare. Dragoon officers and other experts, from all over the world, frequent the Dublin Horse Show every year, and buy there liberally, but chiefly "mounts" for the officers of "crack regiments," who love the high mettle of the "clean timbered," short-coupled Irish saddle horse, whose only rival is our own Kentucky thoroughbred. The show is attended by the elite of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as by enterprising "foreigners," and the sketch fully shows the quality of the patrons of the equine exposition. The premises are owned by the Royal Dublin Society, and there is accommodation for about 2,000 animals. The society has, up to date, expended \$325,000 on improvements at Ball's Bridge.

SECTION IV.

1. City of Cork.
2. O'Connell Memorial Church, Cahireiveen, County Kerry.
3. Viaduct, Dalkey, County Dublin.
4. A View of Ballina, County Mayo.
5. Pleaskin Head, County Antrim.
6. King John's Castle, Thomond Bridge, Limerick.
7. Along the Quays, Dublin.
8. The Potato Market, Drogheda.
9. "First Day" Kingstown Regatta, County Dublin.
10. A View in Phoenix Park.
11. Nenagh Town Hall and Castle, County Tipperary.
12. The Custom House, Dublin.
13. "Ino and Bacehus," Dublin Museum.
14. Street in Ballinasloe, County Galway.
15. Ballyshannon, County Donegal.
16. St. Lawrence Gate, Drogheda.
17. West Passage, County Cork.
18. Larne, County Antrim.
19. Ancient Castles, Dalkey.
20. Church and Convent, Kenmare, County Kerry.
21. Grattan Bridge, Dublin.
22. Askeaton, County Limerick.
23. Marching to Eviet, County Clare.
24. Westport, County Mayo.
25. Market Place, Navan, County Meath.
26. Shandon Church, Cork City.
27. St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, County Galway.
28. Howth Abbey, County Dublin.
29. Waterford City.
30. Athlone Castle, County Rosecommon.
31. Where Robt. Emmet Died, Dublin.
32. Stairway, National Gallery, Dublin.

SECTION IV

1. The first of the two main groups of the ...
2. The second of the two main groups of the ...
3. The third of the two main groups of the ...
4. The fourth of the two main groups of the ...
5. The fifth of the two main groups of the ...
6. The sixth of the two main groups of the ...
7. The seventh of the two main groups of the ...
8. The eighth of the two main groups of the ...
9. The ninth of the two main groups of the ...
10. The tenth of the two main groups of the ...
11. The eleventh of the two main groups of the ...
12. The twelfth of the two main groups of the ...
13. The thirteenth of the two main groups of the ...
14. The fourteenth of the two main groups of the ...
15. The fifteenth of the two main groups of the ...
16. The sixteenth of the two main groups of the ...
17. The seventeenth of the two main groups of the ...
18. The eighteenth of the two main groups of the ...
19. The nineteenth of the two main groups of the ...
20. The twentieth of the two main groups of the ...

The following is a list of the names of the ...



CITY OF CORK.—The sketch gives a general view of the world-famed City of Cork, taken from one of the surrounding vantage points. Modern enterprise and progress have swept away many of the old landmarks. Narrow streets and dingy lanes have been widened and otherwise improved, but many are still contracted and gloomy, and present a very decided contrast to the fine thoroughfares that traverse the better portion of the city built on "the Island," formed by the two branches of the river Lee. We have dealt in another sketch with the merits of Patrick Street, the South Mall and the Grand Parade. There is also Great George Street and its extension, known as the Western Road and the old promenade, known as the Mardyke, running parallel to the Road, nearly two miles in extent and beautifully shaded by lofty elms, which interlace their umbrageous boughs, and form, in summer, a most agreeable arbor. The Queen's College, the Cathedral of St. Finn Barr and the Church of St. Anne of Shandon are objects of interest to the traveller. Of the latter, Rev. Francis Mahony, "Father Prout," wrote the celebrated ballad, a quotation from which will be given in a more elaborate sketch of the church.



O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH, CAHIRCIVEEN, CO. KERRY.—This artistic memorial church, erected in honor of Daniel O'Connell, within a short distance of the place of his birth, is mainly the result of arduous and unselfish labor on the part of the Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, parish priest of Cahirciveen. Although far advanced exteriorly, it is not yet completed, chiefly owing to lack of funds, but, when it is entirely finished, it will be one of the most classic memorial structures in Europe. The edifice is situated in a highly romantic country, and every spot of the ground in its neighborhood is connected with some tradition of the Irish Liberator, as he was somewhat grandiosely styled by his admirers. He deserved the title of Emancipator of the Catholics, but he utterly failed in his effort to liberate Ireland from the British connection, as established by the "Union" act of A. D. 1800. O'Connell, when residing at Derrynane abbey—his Kerry home—frequently attended mass at Cahirciveen chapel. In the words of Richard Lalor Shiel, he loved, in his mountain retreat, "to listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; to inhale the freshness of the morning air, and, encompassed by the loftiest images of liberty on every side, look out from some high place far and wide into the island, whose greatness and glory shall ever be associated with his name."



VIADUCT, DALKEY, CO. DUBLIN.—The Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railroad runs along the shore of Dublin bay in the direction of Shankill, and touches the picturesque village of Dalkey, eight miles from the metropolis. The sketch shows one of its viaducts, and reveals the varied features of sylvan landscape that beautify the route. Opposite Sorrento Point—only a short distance from the shore—lies Dalkey Island, which contains the ruins of an ancient oratory, dedicated to St. Benedict. From this Island a splendid view of Dalkey village and the mainland can be obtained. The panorama extends from the capital to Bray Head, and is one grand succession of ravishing scenic pictures. It is from this point that many fastidious travellers have compared Dublin Bay favorably with that of Naples. Up to 1797, Dalkey Island elected a “King” of its own, and in that year 20,000 persons participated in the election of the mock monarch, whose reign terminated forever in the year of the great rebellion, 1798. The last “King” of Dalkey Island was one Stephen Armytage, a popular book seller of Dublin, who reigned over his 25 acres of land with satisfaction to his subjects, and whose titles ran thus: “His Facetious Majesty, Stephen I., King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of Lamb Island, Duke of Lambay, Elector of Ireland’s Eye, Protector of the Maiden Rock, Stadtholder of the Hen and Chickens, Respector of All Men’s Faith and Defender of his Own.”



A VIEW OF BALLINA, COUNTY MAYO.—The thriving town of Ballina is very pleasantly situated on the fish-full river Moy, where it widens into almost an estuary about five miles above its entrance into the bay. The stream is spanned by two handsome bridges, which connect the counties of Mayo and Sligo, divided here by the river. Ballina has a population of about 5,000 souls, most of whom live on the Mayo bank of the Moy. The smaller section of the town, on the Sligo side, is called Ardnaree—Gaelic *Ard-na-riaghadh*—the Hill of the Executions, because a foul murder was once avenged by the hanging of the murderers, in days long vanished, on an adjoining hill. Ballina itself is commonly written in Gaelic *Bel-en-atha*—Mouth of the Ford—but Prof. Joyce claims that the original Irish name was *Bel-atha-an-fheadha* (*Bellahanna*) the Ford-mouth of the Wood. The Moy forms pretty rapids as it dashes through the town, and it feels the influence of the tide up to the bridges, but it is not navigable above the Quay. Ballina is the residence of the Catholic bishop of Killala, and the cathedral shown in the sketch is built on the Sligo side of the river. There is a remnant of the abbey founded by St. Bolcan near the town. The salmon fishery is very important and nowhere can “the complete angler” find better sport. Splendid views of Mount Nephin and other peaks, rising westward of Lough Conn, can be had from the village. Ballina was occupied by the French, under Humbert, in 1798.



PLEASKIN HEAD, COUNTY ANTRIM.—This superb sentinel of the majestic coast of Antrim rises above the foaming billows of the sea some two miles to the eastward of the Giant's Causeway, and is one of the most imposing natural objects to be found in even that region of geological wonders. Antiquaries claim that the name of the grand promontory is obtained from the Gaelic Plaisgeian, which signifies "dry head." "Here," says Professor Addey, "the natural basaltic rock lies immediately under the surface. About twelve feet below the summit, the rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and is formed into ranges of rudely columnar basalt, in a vertical position, exhibiting the appearance of a grand gallery, whose columns measure sixty feet in height. This basaltic colonnade rests upon a bed of coarse, black, irregular rock, sixty feet thick, abounding in air holes. Below this coarse stratum is a second range of pillars, forty-five to fifty feet high, more accurately columnar, and nearly as perfectly formed as the Causeway itself." The entire mass of the cliff, from the sea-base to the summit, is about four hundred feet high, and the surface presented to the beholder is so varied in rich coloring that he might imagine himself viewing the finest portions of the Yellowstone Cañon. Many tourists prefer Pleaskin Head to the Causeway itself.



KING JOHN'S CASTLE, THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.—John Plantagenet, nicknamed "Lackland," King of England, is noted in history for cruelty and castle building. His father, Henry II., created him "Lord of Ireland," a title which remained with the Kings of England, whose authority was limited to "the Pale," until the advent of Henry VIII., who was the first English monarch to assume the title—confirmed by some recreant Irish princes, who had no authority from the people—of King of Ireland. John visited his new "Lordship" twice—the first time when he was merely Prince and the second when he was King of England. On the first occasion, he insultingly plucked the beards of the foolish old Irish chiefs who came to do him "homage" and give him "the kiss of peace." They rose against him and wrested the greater part of their country from him and his Norman followers. Eventually a peace was patched up, and then John proceeded to build many castles to cement his ill-gotten power in the island. King John's Castle, partially shown above, and old Thomond Bridge, were built about the year 1205. The original bridge, which had a stormy history, was taken down in 1838, and was replaced by the structure pictured in the sketch. The castle is a fine remnant of Norman military construction. Seven towers of it—all connected by massive walls—still remain almost intact, except for the scars left by numerous bombardments. The quadrangle which they encompass is now used for an English infantry barrack and parade ground.



ALONG THE QUAYS, DUBLIN.—No Dubliner will fail to recognize the above sketch of the noble Quays along the lower course of the river Liffey, with distant views of the "Metal" and O'Connell bridges, and the splendid dome of the Custom House towering proudly above the adjoining structures. Usually a line of white letters, follows the arch of the Metal bridge and is an advertisement, a la R. J. Gunning & Co., of "Halloway's Pills and Ointment," which have done duty for all Irish ailments beyond "the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The "ads" of the time-honored firm can, it is said, be found in the caves of the Antrim coast and on the peak of Mangerton, just as those of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" are to be found in the caverns of the Garden of the Gods and on the summit of Pike's Peak. But our artist has omitted the "ad." Down by O'Connell bridge, on Aston Quay, may be observed the western gable of the old Hibernian House, controlled by McBirney & Co.—formerly McBirney, Collis & Co.—a Marshall Field wholesale establishment of the Irish capital. The dear, familiar old Quays of Dublin! In looking upon them, the true Irishman feels himself borne back on the wings of love to the fair, but widowed, city, which of old possessed a national senate house—at once the cradle of genius and the tomb of liberty! Freedom, in Ireland, smiles at the name of Grattan and frowns at that of Castlereagh. Burgh Quay, on which stood O'Connell's "Conciliation Hall," lies on the right bank of the Liffey, just beyond O'Connell bridge.



THE POTATO MARKET, DROGHEDA.—The foregoing characteristic sketch gives a faithful idea of the Potato Market at Drogheda, where the country people and town dealers meet to buy and sell the omnipresent “spuds” of Ireland. Some patriots claim that the Irish have had no luck since Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of Elizabeth, introduced the potato from the Colony of Virginia into Ireland. It has become so far naturalized in the Green Isle that Americans call the esculent “the Irish potato,” so as to distinguish it from the sweet bulb so common in this country. If the “pratle” were a reliable vegetable it would be much more popular in Ireland than it is at present. But it has “gone back on” the Irish rural population several times—notably in “the Black ’47” of fifty years since, when, “aided” by the neglect of the British government a million and a half of them died, because of the universal potato rot. This reads “awfully” but it is strictly true. Does Ireland raise nothing but potatoes? Yes, the finest beef, mutton, pork and poultry in Christendom, but the landlords, supported by the English government, take almost all worth eating and sell it beyond the seas for their “rent.” Hence the people either starve or go on short rations. Observe in the picture, the potatoes heaped on the ground, the bags half open, for convenience sake, the rude scales, and the animated groups making their bargains. In Ireland, the “new potatoes” come in season on “Garlic Sunday,” the last Sunday in July.



"FIRST DAY" KINGSTOWN REGATTA, CO. DUBLIN.—"Old Dunleary," Gaelic, Dun-Laeghaire, "Leary's Fort," was so-called after that pagan King of Ireland, who, although himself a Druid and firm in his pagan belief, gave the apostle St. Patrick a hearing at the royal hill of Tara, and protected him in his sacred mission against the fury of the Druid priests. A huge, and ugly, obelisk covers the spot where George IV. of unblest memory, left his last footprint, when leaving Ireland forever, in 1821—an occasion on which the Irish flunkies, who expected royal favors, made a disgraceful exhibition of their slavishness—

Shout, drink, feast and flatter! O, Erin! how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and misery till

This worship of tyrants hath sunk thee below,
The depths of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

So wrote Liberty's noble friend and brave champion, Lord Byron, when he read of Dublin, misrepresenting Ireland at the time, crawling on "all fours" to honor "the fourth of the fools and oppressors, called George." To-day, however, Kingstown is Dublin's most important suburb, and never appears to such good advantage as during Regatta Week, when the metropolis and the surrounding rural districts turn out en masse to witness the yachting in the splendid harbor. The picture represents a regatta crowd, on the "first day," taking chances "along shore" and on the stony upland, that overlooks the water on which the graceful craft strive for the championship pennant.



A VIEW IN PHOENIX PARK.—When we consider that the renowned “Phoenix” is seven miles in circumference, and has a corresponding number of gates, it is not wonderful that it should possess so many, and such beautiful, points of attraction. Dublin is indebted to Charles II., England’s “Merry Monarch,” for the foundation of this noble pleasure ground. If he did nothing else for Ireland, he, at least, gave her capital one of the grandest popular resorts in the world, when, in 1662, he formed a deer park, “partly out of the lands of Kilmainham, which had been surrendered to the crown on the suppression of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and partly from the purchase of neighboring townlands.” The Lodge in the park, occupied by the Lord Lieutenant, when he does not reside in the Castle of Dublin, was built in 1751, by the Hon. Nathaniel Clements, ancestor of the notorious Earl of Leitrim, whose tragical death at the hands of unknown persons some years ago will be remembered; and was purchased from him by the Irish government in 1784. This, however, must not be confounded with the building shown in the background of the sketch, which is devoted to an entirely different purpose. In the picture we see happy groups of children—some accompanied by their parents—at the water’s edge, and the graceful figures of ladies promenading in the leafy shade. Near the group in the foreground may be observed a flock of ducks making bids for a banquet, and recalling the pet water fowl in our own beautiful public parks.



NENAGH TOWN HALL AND CASTLE, CO. TIPPERARY.—This enterprising town, situated on the small but rapid river of the same name—a tributary of the Shannon—derives its name from the Gaelic word N'Aenach (the Fair) and has been, for ages, a place of commercial importance, especially in the sense of inland trade. Its November Cattle Fair is celebrated all over Ireland, and buyers from Great Britain attend it in great numbers. The objects shown in the sketch are the portico of the Court House on the left, the Town Hall in the middle ground, and "Nenagh Round"—the Keep of the strong castle of the Bulters, Earls of Ormond, built in the time of King John—on the right. This fortress was battered by Cromwell's son-in-law, General Ireton, in 1650-51; and, in 1691, after a vigorous and gallant defense by General Anthony O'Carroll, commonly called "Long Anthony," who partially blew up the outer works, was abandoned to General Ginkel, on his memorable march from Aughrim and Galway to the final siege of Limerick. The Keep was "restored" by public spirited citizens in 1860-61, and the improvement can be readily noted in the picture. Nov. 1, 1861, an Irish-American sailor nailed the Stripes and Stars to the topmost point of the scaffolding, and the English garrison—not a man of whom could climb the dizzy height—were obliged to shoot it down by breaking the staff with their bullets.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.—Nothing so fills an Irishman of spirit with indignation, on visiting the widowed capital of his country, as to behold her grand public buildings almost deserted, and in some instances, falling into decay. One of the finest monuments of Irish architectural genius in the last century, is the Custom House, situated on Eden Quay, on the north bank of the Liffey. It was begun, after the design of James Gandon, in 1781 and was completed ten years later. The structure forms a quadrangle of 375 by 209 feet. It has four fronts of different design, and is “composed of pavilions at each end, joined by arcades and united in the centre.” The pavilions terminate with the arms of Ireland and the facades are embellished with exquisite taste. Many fine allegorical figures add to the beauty of the design. The dome, which is of majestic appearance, rises to a height of 125 feet, while a statue of Hope, 16 feet high, placed on a massive pedestal, and resting on an anchor, gives dramatic effect to the whole. Since the fatal “Union,” only a portion of the building is used for customs purposes. The remainder is devoted to the use of public departments, such as the Board of Works and the Poor Law Commission.



"INO AND BACCHUS," DUBLIN MUSEUM.—One of the many fine creations of the gifted Irish sculptor, the late J. H. Foley, is the ideal group of "Ino and Bacchus" placed in the central court of the Dublin Science and Art Museum. The mythological story, briefly told, will enable the reader to comprehend the action of the characters represented in the model: Bacchus, the God of wine, was the son of Zeus, the Greek God of thunder and lightning, by Semele. The jealousy of the Goddess Hera, or Here—the Greek Juno—impelled her to counsel Semele to ask Zeus to visit her in his proper form. Zeus consented, and Semele was destroyed by the lightning which accompanied him. The child, Bacchus, was preserved by Zeus, who hid him on his person until he was properly matured, when he was consigned to the care of Ino, sister of Semele and wife of Athamas. The beautiful aunt cared for the helpless infant until, again, the fierce jealousy of Hera made both Ino and her husband insane. Zeus, in order to save Bacchus from his amiable spouse's fury, sent him into Thrace, where he was placed under charge of the Nymphs, and subsequently developed into the "Rosy God." In the group, the fair aunt holds a bunch of grapes between her right hand thumb and forefinger, and the baby opens his mouth and holds up his little hands in anticipation of a luscious treat, where the bunch of fruit beside him seems about to be crushed by his chubby limbs. The full and lovely figure of the benevolent Ino is the ideal of perfect womanhood.

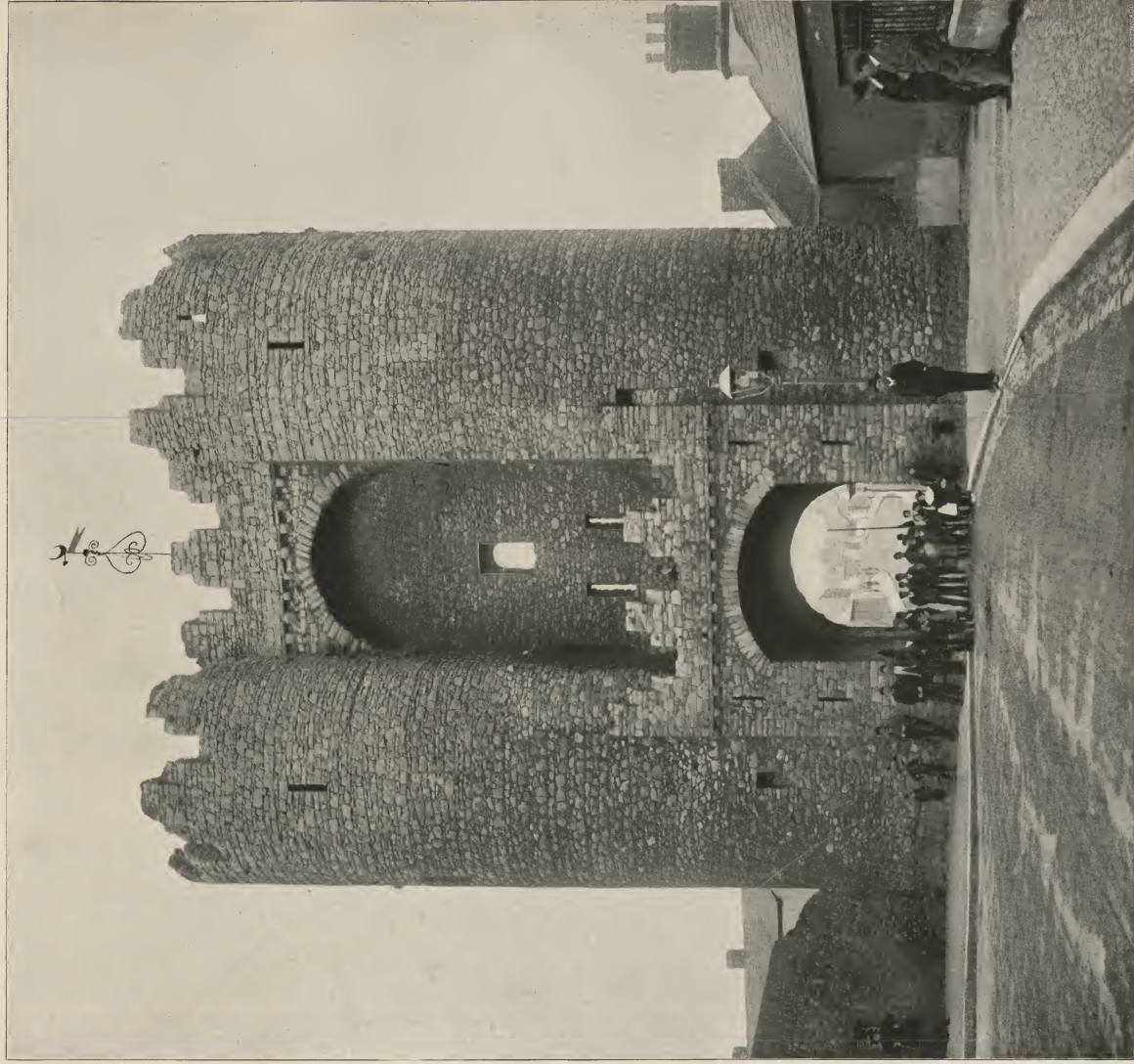


STREET IN BALLINASLOE, COUNTY GALWAY.—The sketch shows one of the chief streets of the pleasant and prosperous town of Ballinasloe, mainly situated on the county Galway bank of the river Suck, but with a handsome suburb on the Roscommon side of the stream. The Suck at this point divides itself into several branches, so that the highroad from Athlone to Galway City passes over a series of bridges and causeways for a distance of 500 yards. The magnificent demesne of Garbally—the seat of the Earl of Clancarty—is in the neighborhood of the town. This Earl's family name is Trench, and he is said to be lineally descended from the artillery officer who shot down the Franco-Irish commander-in-chief, St. Ruth, at the battle of Aughrim. That famous field is only about four miles distant from Ballinasloe. After the fall of Athlone, through the over-confidence of St. Ruth, the Irish army retreated to Ballinasloe, and many of the officers proposed to defend the fords of the Suck against the Anglo-German-Dutch army, under De Ginkel. St. Ruth, however, told them he "had found a better place," and so marched off his men to the hill of Kilcommodan, above Aughrim village, where he bravely fought and fell on Sunday, July 12. As he left no order of battle, having quarreled with Sarsfield, second in command, his death turned what would have been a splendid victory into a terrible defeat. Ballinasloe is celebrated for its great November fair. In Gaelic, it is called Bel-atha-na-sluaightheadh—the Mouth of the Ford of Hosts—indicating that it must have been a great muster-place from the earliest times.



BALLYSHANNON, COUNTY DONEGAL.—The historic town of Ballyshannon lies on the river Erne, which flows between Donegal and Fermanagh. In Gaelic it is called Bel-atha-Seanaigh—the Mouth of Seanach's Ford. The inhabitants call it, in general, Ballyshanny, and Professor Joyce claims that the "on," tacked to it in place of the "y," is a comparatively modern innovation. In Elizabethan days, it was the scene of frequent bloody conflicts between Red Hugh O'Donnell and Sir Conyers Clifford, in which the latter finally got worsted. The sketch shows the celebrated fall, called "the Salmon Leap," on the Erne river, which has a width of nearly 500 feet, and, at high water, a fall of more than twenty. This fall is over perpendicular cliffs and the body of the stream below the cataract, unbroken by rocks, is clear, deep and extraordinarily rapid. Tradition says that the gallant Hugh Roe O'Donnell once swam this dangerous current to attack the English garrison. The event is thus commemorated in the allegorical poem, "Dark Rosaleen" (Ireland) by James Clarence Mangan:

Over hills and through dales have I roamed for your sake,
 All yesterday I sailed with sails on river and on lake!
 The Erne, at its highest flood, I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood, my Dark Rosaleen!
 Red lightning lightened through my blood, my Dark Rosaleen!



ST. LAWRENCE GATE, DROGHEDA.—The massive gate shown in the picture—the best preserved of the many ancient gates of Drogheda—connects with the remnants of the old wall, originally twenty feet in height, and from four to six feet in thickness, which runs from the above gate to the quay, forming the boundary of Dominic Lane, on the west side, and of Scarlet and Patrick Streets on the south. Another part of the wall runs from the west gate to the Boyne. These remains are on the Louth side of the river. On the Meath side, the line of the ancient works may still be followed from the Butter Tower to the base of the Millmount, and from Blackbut to Priest's Lane. St. Mary's parish graveyard is enclosed by it on the south and east. When complete the fortifications bounded an area of about sixty-five Irish acres, and were considered very formidable even to cannon of the largest calibre. The famous priory of St. Lawrence once stood near this gate, and from it the latter, no doubt, derived its title. The dining of cannon halls, resulting from numerous sieges, may be observed in the venerable structure. It was not on the side of the town that bore the brunt of Cromwell's desperate and successful assault in September, 1649, and thus escaped the destruction visited on other portions of the fortifications. This gate is considered by antiquarians one of the most interesting ruins in Europe.



WEST PASSAGE, CO. CORK.—The place shown in the above sketch is situated on the west shore of the estuary of the river Lee, six miles from the City of Cork, and is a sea-port town of some importance. It is generally called West Passage, to distinguish it from the other town of Passage, near the mouth of the river Suir in the county of Waterford. Of late years West Passage has attained prominence as an agreeable watering place, and is much frequented by invalids in search of quiet sea-bathing. Many foreign tourists also visit it in the summer months. It is now recognized as an indispensable marine station and shipping point for Cork city. Ship building is one of the local industries. No boats of over 500 tons burden can pass up the river beyond Passage, and vessels of heavier tonnage are compelled to discharge their cargoes there for reshipment. Therefore, there is a lively business in "lighters" and this circumstance adds to the prosperity of the place. Carroll Mahone's ballad of the "Croppy Boy" had reference to old Geneva Barracks and East Passage on the Suir—

"Upon yon river three tenders float;
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot!
We hold this house for our Lord, the King
And Amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barracks that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people, who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer, drop a tear for the Croppy Boy.



LARNE, COUNTY ANTRIM.—The above handsome town stands on the Inver river, near the mouth of Larnie Lough, and is the pleasant little capital of a prosperous district of the county Antrim. Behind it, in the sketch, may be observed the well-cultivated fields, divided off into numerous squares, as is the custom throughout Ireland, by quick-set, thorn hedges, which occupy a great deal of valuable ground, but add much to the picturesqueness of the country, which would be, otherwise, rather destitute of arborage. The long wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did much to destroy the Irish forests, and they are only now beginning to recuperate, having increased four-fold since 1845. The town was called, in old times, Inver-an-Laharna; and the river that flows through it the Ollarbha, or Larnie Water. Olderfleet Castle, some remains of which still exist, and which is said to have been built by the Danes, and rebuilt by a Scotch family, named Byset, stood on what is called “the Curran” by the harbor. It was here that Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert of Scotland, landed in 1315, with 6,000 men, to fight for the crown and independence of Ireland, of which he was chosen king by the Irish chiefs and people. The castle was destroyed during the Elizabethan wars. In 1798, the Presbyterian insurgents made a bold attack on the town but were bloodily repulsed by the English garrison. Of late years, Larnie has been chosen as a port for the Royal Mail steam packet service between Ireland and Great Britain.



ANCIENT CASTLES, DALKEY.—The ruins of curious old castellated dwellings, of which the place once possessed seven, constitute one of the favorite “sights” of the town of Dalkey, near Dublin. The burgh takes its name from the island which lies near it in the Bay, and which, in Gaelic, bore the name of Delginis, or Thorn Island. Professor Joyce says the Danes called it Dalk-ei, which has the same signification, “dalk” being Norse for “thorn.” Only one of the small “castles” in the village seems comparatively perfect, because it was “restored.” It is used as a Town Hall, and may be identified by the flagstaff on the left of the sketch. The structure in the foreground, partially ivy-covered, is only a fragment. Antiquaries say that these architectural remains are the finest specimens of their kind to be found in Great Britain and Ireland. Although strongly and massively constructed, it is believed they never were used as fortresses, but were the residences of the merchant princes of Dublin, of Danish origin, in the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries. Some authorities claim that they did not exist earlier than the close of the latter century. In any case, they are interesting reminders of a rude and forceful age, but survive to prove that even the fierce and warlike Northmen, of the early middle ages, had a good eye for “the sublime and the beautiful” in nature.



CHURCH AND CONVENT, KENMARE, CO. KERRY.—Less than a dozen years ago Mary Frances Cusack—known in religion as Sister Mary Frances Clare—was beloved by millions of the Irish race who used to call her “The Nun of Kenmare.” Since then circumstances the most unfortunate have sent the once popular idol into obscurity, but the church and convent of the Holy Cross and St. Clare, shown in the picture, will at once recall the name of that brilliant, but eccentric and unhappy lady. Miss Cusack was a convert, and, for years, was one of the boldest and most eloquent advocates of the rights of the Irish people. In this country, to which she came on a mission, she got into quite an unnecessary conflict with the church authority in the East and hence the change in her condition. The town of Kenmare is a small, but clean and delightful place, situated at the head of the bay of the same name, in the county Kerry. It is approached from the Cork shore of the harbor by a superb suspension bridge. Kenmare was founded in 1670 by an ancestor of the Landsdowne family, Sir William Petty. Eighteen years later it was captured by a detachment of James II’s Irish army. As the inhabitants were Williamites, they elected to emigrate to Bristol, in England, but most of them came back to Kenmare after the capitulation of Limerick. The Gaelic form of the name Kenmare is Ceann-mara—the “Head of the Sea.”



GRATTAN BRIDGE, DUBLIN.—Since the extension of the Irish voting power, under the Gladstone regime, the chief municipalities of Ireland, by their Aldermen, or Councilors, have asserted the national sentiment by substituting Irish for English names of streets and structures, whenever opportunity offers. Henry Grattan, the most gifted of Irish orators, and the founder of the “Constitution of 1782,” which gave Ireland parliamentary independence for eighteen years, has given name to the bridge shown in the picture, which formerly bore the title of Essex bridge. The latter was first constructed in 1696, while Arthur, Earl of Essex, was viceroy, but a new bridge, modeled on that of Westminster, was built in 1756, and remained in position until 1874, when the existing structure was put up by the Dublin Port and Docks Board. It connects Capel and Parliament streets—respectively on the north and south banks of the river Liffey, which almost divides Dublin in two. It is the direct route to the Royal Exchange and Dublin Castle—the seat of English government in Ireland. The bridge is fifty feet in width at the driveway and pathways for pedestrians, twelve feet wide, on each side, make it sufficiently capacious for traffic and travel. The Corporation of Dublin named it Grattan bridge on January 1, 1875.



ASKEATON, CO. LIMERICK.—The above historic town is situated on the lovely river Deel, near the point where it falls into the Shannon, and is about sixteen miles westward from the city of Limerick. There is some dispute as to the Gaelic form and interpretation of the name. The Halls call it As-ceed-tinne, more properly Eas-ceed-tinne—"the Cascade of the Hundred Fires," from the falls of the Deel near the town, where, it is supposed, the Druidic Fire-worshippers had their heathen rites. Dr. Joyce has found the place alluded to as Eas-Gephtine, meaning the Cataract of Gephtine—"some old pagan chief." The ruins on the right of the picture are those of the Castle of the Earl of Desmond, which was blown up by his soldiers in 1574, in order that it might not fall into the hands of the English army, under Sir George Carew. The banquet hall is still preserved, and proves by its extent that Desmond, in the zenith of his power, fed there "five hundred men a day." The ruins shown in the left foreground, near the river, are those of the Franciscan abbey, described in a former number. Askeaton was formerly a walled town of considerable strength, and has honorably won its battle-scars. In the eleventh year of the reign of James I., it was incorporated as a town. During the Cromwellian wars it was alternately occupied by the Parliamentary and Confederate armies. The two sections of the place are connected by a solid bridge of five arches across the Deel, which, by the way, affords good sport for anglers.



MARCHING TO EVICT, CO. CLARE.—The scene of the foregoing sketch is in the county Clare. The armed men, on foot and horseback, in the highroad are “Royal Irish” constables and English infantry and hussars. Are they going to fight some foreign invader? No—not at all; but they are going to put some of their “fellow subjects” out on the roadside by force of arms, if necessary, at the behest of the sheriff, who is the tool of the evicting landlord. The people crowded on the banks by the road, and in the road itself, are unarmed. It is a penal offense in Ireland to possess arms or ammunition, of any kind, without a government license. Neither are the people permitted to drill or be drilled, unless they are in the British service. Nevertheless, some bloody fights have occurred at evictions in this county—notably at Bodyke early in the 80’s. What a noble occupation evicting the helpless people is for British soldiers! How proud they must be of their fine uniforms and their “humane” and “enlightened” government! “But the people should pay their rents.” Even so, but how can they pay more rent than the product of their land warrants? The landlord will make no reasonable reduction. The tenant cannot pay what he hasn’t got, and, therefore, the battering apparatus, ready mounted on the cart, will be applied to his door. It may rain or snow. What matter? British “law” in Ireland must be upheld, even if the evicted creatures should starve or freeze to death. “Forward the Light Brigade!” The Irish have no batteries and must get out.



WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO.—This pretty sea-bathing resort is the most important town on the charming shores of picturesque Clew Bay—in whose waters Ireland's noble apostle, St. Patrick, often bathed, fourteen centuries ago. Everything around Clew Bay seems to recall the great Gallic missionary, who accomplished in his lifetime the conversion of an entire nation from paganism to Christianity. Above Westport, like a giant guardian, towers Croagh Patrick, which has been depicted in another sketch, and thousands of Mayo and Galway people still make yearly pilgrimages to the summit of that grand mountain, where, it is said, the prints of St. Patrick's knees are still visible in the rock. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of this tradition, but the Irish are, naturally, both spiritual and romantic and love to cherish every natural, and supernatural, circumstance that forms a link with the stormy past. The town of Westport nestles in a lovely glen, and is situated near the mouth of the Bay, about thirty-five miles north-northwest of the city of Galway. Not many years ago, it was the local centre of the flax industry, and did a lively business in the line of fine linens; but outside competition, low prices and general depression discouraged the manufacturers, and Westport's main traffic to-day is in agricultural and piscatory products. It is also a favorite resort for tourists from all parts of the world, as it is, truly, one of the most desirable summer resorts in Europe.



MARKET PLACE, NAVAN, CO. MEATH.—Navan has the queer distinction of being about the only important place in Ireland whose name, in English, spells the same “backward and forward.” It is one of the most ancient towns of the royal county of Meath, which, with more territory, long since incorporated with other counties of Leinster, once formed a province in itself. The name of Navan would seem to be derived from the Gaelic Eamhuin—pronounced Aven—a great rath, with, according to Professor Joyce, the Irish article “an,” contracted as usual to “n,” placed before the Gaelic name thus: n Eamhuin—the pronunciation of which is exactly represented by Navan. The gigantic rath, a mile and a half west of Armagh, originally spelled in the same manner, is called by the English speaking people of Ulster “Navan Fort,” thus establishing the logical relationship of the names. The town is situated at the junction of the Boyne and Blackwater rivers, about 28 miles northwest of Dublin, and has a fine inland trade. It contains flour, flax and paper mills, a tannery and other comparatively prosperous local industries. The Catholic Seminary, established after the abolition of the penal laws, is one of the best in Ireland. There are also four national schools, a convent school and other educational establishments. A ruin called “St. Kevin’s house” is pointed out in the old part of the town, and there are many relics of antiquity in the neighborhood. The sketch shows the market square of the town.



SHANDON CHURCH, CORK CITY.—Although not particularly ancient, the Church of St. Anne Shandon, has, because of that sweet singer, the Rev. Francis Mahony, much more widely known as “Father Prout,” acquired a popularity equal to that of any sacred edifice in Ireland. The original structure was destroyed by fire and the building of that shown in the sketch was begun in 1722. The steeple, one hundred and twenty feet high, is out of all proportion to the size of the church, but possesses a magnificent peal of bells. The name Shandon—in Gaelic written Seandun—means “old fort.” Father Mahony thought it the brightest spot on earth, and when he died in Paris, in 1866, friends conveyed his remains to Cork, where they were buried in Shandon churchyard. He had heard

—Bells tolling old “Adrian’s Mole” in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican
And cymbals glorious swinging uporiorous
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Fling’s o’er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh, the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee!



ST. JARLATH'S COLLEGE, TUAM, CO. GALWAY.—The above is a view of one of the most celebrated Catholic colleges in Ireland, which was the pride of the great Archbishop McHale and of his able spiritual lieutenant, the Very Rev. Ulick Bourke. Both have passed to their reward, but St. Jarlath's will ever remember them with gratitude and pride. The Archbishop and the learned Doctor were the preservers of the Gaelic tongue in Connaught, and their splendid example had a happy effect on the cause of Gaelic revival in other parts of Ireland. Archbishop McHale translated Moore's Melodies into Irish, preserving the rhythm, and thus making the songs of the Irish bard familiar by the hearthstones of the Connaught peasantry. He also composed a Catechism in Gaelic, and even made Homeric classics familiar to the people in the same manner. The college is named after St. Jarlath, who founded the diocese at Cluain Fois, near the city, in A. D. 501. The see was made archiepiscopal under the learned and pious Most Rev. Edan O'Hoisin in, 1152. Mayo was added to the archdiocese in 1559 and Annaghdown in 1573. The college of St. Jarlath's is not exclusively for ecclesiastical students, but a large proportion of the scholars enter holy orders—generally finishing their course at Maynooth. Both the Catholic and Protestant archbishops have their residences in Tuam. The name, according to the Four Masters, is derived from the Gaelic Tuaim-da-ghualann—the "Tumulus of the Two Shoulders," from an ancient burial mound in the district. The new building here shown was erected about 1871.



HOWTH ABBEY, COUNTY DUBLIN.—The Abbey of Howth, situated close to the historic castle of the same name, was, in former days, one of the most artistic of the many temples of religion constructed in Ireland by either Celtic or Norman piety. It has been suffered to fall into decay, and the battlemented wall, which once surrounded the church, has now lost many of its picturesque features. This abbey is said to have been founded early in the thirteenth century by St. Lawrence, ancestor of the present Earl of Howth, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, "with many a knightly vow," according to the chivalric fashion of the ancient days. The constructors evidently had an eye to fighting, as well as prayer, for, on one side, the remnants of the battlemented wall already referred to, virtually hang over the surging sea, and on the other side look down on a deep and formidable fosse. The St. Lawrences, although an eminently pious, were also a phenomenally warlike family, and were ever foremost in the long and bloody wars waged between the gallant native Clans, and the Norman and Saxon "Palesmen." The abbey was never, so far as the record shows, used as a monastery. It is the family burial place of the Earls of Howth.



WATERFORD CITY.—This fine old Irish city—ranking fifth in the island—is situated on the southern bank of “the gentle Suir that, making way by sweet Clonmel adorns rich Waterford.” Edmund Spenser, one of England’s greatest bards, wrote as quoted more than three hundred years ago, and, even then, “rich Waterford”—one of the first places in Ireland that succumbed to the Anglo-Normans—was four hundred years under the English sway! Because of its fidelity to the English connection, and its resistance to Perkin Warbeck, in the reign of Henry VII., it won for its motto “Urbs Intacta Manet.” Its ancient cathedral witnessed the ill-starred marriage of Strongbow and Eva McMurrough—daughter of the infamous royal traitor of Leinster—and from this union the present ruler of England derives the only drop of Irish blood in her veins. The harbor, which opens on the sea four miles below the city, has sheltered many a hostile English fleet, and on its waves have rocked the war galleys of Henry and Richard II. and the battle-ships of Cromwell. The wooden and iron bridge, shown in the sketch, which connects the city with the suburb on the Kilkenny side of the Suir, is 832 feet in length, 40 in width, has thirty-nine arches, forty oaken piers and a capacious “draw” for the passage of vessels. It was built a century ago, and is still well preserved. On the Quay stands Reginald’s Tower—a relic of the Danes. Waterford gave to Ireland one of her greatest orators—General Thomas Francis Meagher.



ATHLONE CASTLE, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.—When Irish military heroism is mentioned, two names ever stand out most prominently—those of Athlone and Limerick. Both are associated with the most desperate and heroic defenses recorded in the stormy history of Ireland. The sketch given above shows a portion of the ancient castle of Athlone, situated on the Roscommon side of the River Shannon, and now occupied, with other buildings, as a barracks for the English garrison. It was successfully defended by Col. Richard Grace, fighting for James II., against General Douglas, commanding for William III., in the summer of 1690. In June of the succeeding year, it was attacked by the entire British army and its foreign allies, under Baron de Ginkell. Lieut.-Gen. St. Ruth, King James' commander-in-chief, sent from France to supersede the gallant Sarsfield, lay, with the main Irish army, within two miles of the town, while the siege was in progress. The English, in attempting to force the bridge, were again and again repulsed. Once they laid planks over the broken arches, but Sergeant Custume and eleven private soldiers of the Irish army hurled them into the stream and saved the day. All twelve of these humble heroes perished. Finally, the river being low, the British found a ford, and, while the Irish garrison was "off guard" effected the surprise and capture of the town. St. Ruth is said to have been dining, in sight of the castle, when news of the disaster reached him.



WHERE ROBERT EMMET DIED, DUBLIN.—It was on Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1803, about noon, that Robert Emmet, the young, gallant and unselfish Irish patriot was executed for the “rising” of July 23, in the same year, “in Thomas street, at the end of Bridgefoot street, and nearly opposite St. Catherine’s church”—the edifice shown in the sketch. Dr. R. R. Madden, M. R. I. A., author of the *Lives of Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet*, and of the *United Irishmen*, is our authority. Emmet was only twenty-five years old when he perished on this fatal spot, and his execution is thus described by the historian: “The scaffold was a temporary one, formed by laying boards across a number of empty barrels that were placed, for this purpose, nearly in the middle of the street. Through this platform rose two posts, 12 feet high, and a transverse beam was placed across them. Underneath this beam, about three feet from the platform, was a single narrow plank, supported on two slight ledges, on which the prisoner was to stand at the moment of execution.” The platform was reached by a ladder. Emmet mounted the scaffold quickly, and said in a sonorous voice: “My friends! I die in peace and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men.” In a moment the rope was adjusted, the cap drawn down, the plank tilted and brave Robert Emmet, Catholic Ireland’s Protestant patriot-hero, was a corpse! The hangman immediately severed the head from the body and, holding it up before the horrified people, shouted: “This is the head of a traitor!” Ireland’s worship of the martyr’s memory gives the lie to the official butcher.



STAIRWAY NATIONAL GALLERY, DUBLIN.—The foregoing sketch shows the main stairway of the National Gallery of Art, Dublin, and is made here displayed by the fine collection of sculpture and painting on the pedestals and walls that flank it on each side. One of the most striking pieces of statuary is the figure of "Venus Crouching," which was presented by Mr. Carmichael—a public-spirited Irishman—several years ago. Ireland, owing to dispiriting and unsettled conditions, has not developed art in proportion to her native capacity during the last fifty years. When Thomas Davis—who was the life and soul of modern Irish nationalism—died, in 1845, he had great hopes that a demand for Irish art—the work of native sculptors and painters dealing with native subjects, of which there is an unlimited number—would grow apace. Unfortunately, the disappointment, exodus and poverty following immediately in the track of O'Connell's defeat in the Repeal of the Union movement, took the heart out of Ireland, and with it, for the time being, most of the genius. Were Davis to revisit the earth to-day, he would find that Irish sculpture, at least, has not advanced since the days of Hogan and Foley.

SECTION V.

1. Malahide Castle, County Dublin.
2. Kinsale, County Cork.
3. Kilkenny and Ballybrack, County Dublin.
4. Fermoy, County Cork.
5. Roundstone, County Galway.
6. Corraclie on River Boyne.
7. Clew Bay, County Mayo.
8. Deer in Phoenix Park.
9. Moville, County Donegal.
10. View of Athenry, County Galway.
11. Ardara, County Donegal.
12. Bray Head, County Wicklow.
13. Cave Hill, County Antrim.
14. Altar, Catholic Cathedral, Dublin.
15. Interior Sacred Heart Church, Limerick.
16. O'Connell Monument, Dublin.
17. Parnell's Memorial Car.
18. A Glimpse of Clonmaenois, King's County.
19. Town of Sligo.
20. Chapel-Izod, County Dublin.
21. A Street in Queenstown, County Cork.
22. Scene on the River Lee, County Cork.
23. A Section of Eyre Square, Galway.
24. Portlaw, County Waterford.
25. Dunluce Castle, County Antrim.
26. Turlough Round Tower, County Mayo.
27. Gap of Dunloe, County Kerry.
28. The Library, Maynooth College.
29. Bank of Ireland, formerly Parliament House, Dublin.
30. A View of Dalkey Harbor, County Dublin.
31. Railroad Bridge, Drogheda.
32. Cathedral of Monaghan.



MALAHIDE CASTLE, COUNTY DUBLIN.—This fine castle of the Talbots stands near the village of Malahide, and commands a fine view of the picturesque island of Lambay, which rises some four hundred feet above the restless Irish sea, about three miles from shore. The Talbots, like their neighbors, the St. Lawrences of Howth, have managed to hold on to their possessions around Dublin since A. D. 1172, when Henry II. of England “granted,” by right of the strong hand, the lordship of Malahide to one Richard Talbot, brother of Sir Geoffrey, of that ilk, who had performed important service in England for Henry’s mother, the remorseless Empress Maud. The castle, shown in the picture, preserves the characteristics of the Plantagenet period, although it has been many times added to and otherwise “improved.” The front, with its castellated towers and ivy-clad buttresses, is of imposing character, and strongly recalls to the beholder the splendid days of chivalry, when the Talbots, especially during the long minority of Henry VI., distinguished themselves in the great French wars. Thomas Talbot took the side of Charles I. in 1642, and Cromwell proclaimed him an outlaw. The castle was bestowed by the great usurper on Myles Corbett, the regicide, but Charles II. subsequently restored it to the Talbot family.



KINSALE, CO. CORK.—There are few places in Ireland associated with more mournful memories than the above olden town, situated at the head of its land-locked harbor, where the Bandon river expands to an estuary. It is connected by rail with Cork, which is only fourteen miles distant. The harbor is two miles long by half a mile wide and is capable of accommodating about 300 ships. The name is derived from the Gaelic Ceannsaile—signifying the “Head of the Tide,” or brine. It is a fishing station of considerable importance and has a population estimated at 5,000 souls. Sir John de Courcy founded a castle at the old Head of Kinsale—a short distance from the town—in the twelfth century. Several naval battles, between the English and French or Spaniards, have been fought in the bay. It is memorable, also, as the landing place of the Spaniards, under Don Juan Aquila, in 1601. On Christmas eve of that year the combined forces of Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell, while endeavoring to surprise the English beleaguering force, under the Earl of Mountjoy, were themselves surprised and disastrously routed—the first great battle lost by the Irish army in the nine years' war following “the rebellion of the Earls.” It was the most complete of Ireland's defeats in the field, and led to her final subjugation by Elizabeth. In 1689 Kinsale was seized and garrisoned by French and Irish troops, and James II. landed there when he came from France to Ireland. It was besieged and taken in the following year by Gen. John Churchill, subsequently the Great Duke of Marlborough.



KILLINEY AND BALLYBRACK, CO. DUBLIN.—Killiney and Ballybrack are suburbs of Dublin and lie along its noble bay at the feet of picturesque eminences. The former town takes its name from an ancient church, called in Gaelic Cill-Inghen-Leinin (the church of Leinin's daughters) while Ballybrack, derived from the Gaelic also, means "speckled town." Although the church at Killiney lacks a roof, it is otherwise in a good state of preservation. The village itself has nothing of a particularly striking character to recommend it, but the slopes above it are crowded with pretty villas, from which the grand sweep of "the Bay" can be clearly seen. Ballybrack adjoins Killiney, and nestles at the foot of the third summit of Killiney Hill. Michael Davitt, the celebrated Irish Land League leader and agitator, was a resident of Ballybrack for several years, and dispensed true Irish hospitality to all comers at "Home Rule Cottage," as his house was designated by the Dublin friends and admirers who presented it to him after his release from a long term of imprisonment, incurred because of his devotion to the cause of the people. Professional obligations compel Mr. Davitt to reside mostly in London, with his wife and children, but he still loves Ballybrack "and the sky over it."



FERMOY, COUNTY CORK.—The fine town of Fermoy, in the eastern portion of the county Cork, stands chiefly on the right bank of the Munster Blackwater, nineteen miles north-east from Cork city. In the Gaelic tongue, according to Professor Joyce, it is called *Feara-muighe-Feime*, shortened, according to O'Heevin, to *Feara-Mueghe*—"the Men of the Plain," and anglicized "Fermoy." Its most conspicuous relic of the past is the Cistercian Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, and now a ruin. In this town Sir John Anderson first introduced mail coaches, about a hundred years ago. They proved a great success and "made his fortune." These coaches found popular rivals subsequently in "Bianconi's Cars," which flourished in the palmy days of O'Connell, before the railroads made, practically, an end of coaches and "long cars." A fine mountain chain rises from the river bank on the south side of Fermoy, the highest peak being that of Knock-an-sceach—"Whitethorn Hill." It has an elevation of nearly 1,400 feet. The town is handsomely built and well laid out. The solid stone bridge, shown in the picture, has thirteen arches, and was built in 1689—the year before the battle of the Boyne. It is still in an excellent state of preservation, having been, of course, frequently repaired. Fermoy contains a Catholic episcopal residence, a Catholic College, two Convents and Christian Brothers' and National Schools. The population is estimated at 6,500. The military barracks accommodate an English garrison of 3,000 men, horse and foot.



ROUNDSTONE, CO. GALWAY.—The above modern town, founded about the beginning of this century by the Martins of Ballinahinch—so noted in the late Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families"—is situated in far famed Connemara—Gaelic, according to Dugan, Connmcine-mara, the Sea Side—almost at the foot of the mountain of Errisbeg, and on the coast road leading from Ballinahinch to Clifden. It is an inconsiderable village of less than five hundred inhabitants, but possesses a pier and quay, generally devoted to the fishing industry. It has hotel accommodations for tourists, and is noted for its excellent sea-bathing facilities. Many people claim that it is the most beneficial resort for invalids on the Connemara shore line, because it is well sheltered by the hills which rise behind it. Of these the most considerable is Errisbeg, which has an altitude of nearly a thousand feet and gives a commanding view to the mountain-climber of the surrounding land and sea. Roundstone gives its name to the small bay which opens up to it from the ocean. The hills in the vicinity are renowned for the production of rare plants, and, on this account, they are much frequented by botanists. At no point in Connemara is the coast line more indented than in the vicinity of Roundstone, and the little bays due to this peculiar formation are almost countless. It is a kind of a wonder land, having something of the rugged wilderness of Norway in its outline.



CORACLE ON RIVER BOYNE.—The coracle, or corach, shown in the picture, is a reproduction of the ancient form of horse-skin boat—the hide stretched over a wicker-work frame—used by the Irish people for several thousand years, and useful in crossing rapid streams. It contains a single seat and is “worked” with a paddle. Larger, and safer, corachs are used by the hardy fishermen of the Aran and other islands on the Irish coast. The vessel shown above is still used at the crossing of the Boyne near Slane Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, in the county Meath. But, in general, the modern Irish are as unfamiliar with the coracle as with the Indian “dug-out,” and prefer a good, safe row, or sail, boat in making their necessary voyages. It is a singular fact that the Sioux, Cheyenne, and other warlike Indians, use skin boats very much like the corach. The latter is also known in the Basque country of Spain, in Brittany, and in other territories occupied by the Celts. When the brave Irish chieftain, O’Sullivan Beare, made his heroic march, at the head of his clan, from Glengariff to Breffni, in 1602, and found himself stopped by the Shannon at Carrigahorig, he caused his followers to kill their horses and construct corachs from the hides. Tó this incident Thomas Davis alluded when he sang—

Then my mind went along with O’Sullivan marching
Over Musk’ry’s moors and Ormond’s plain,

His corachs the waves of the Shannon o’erarching,
And his pathway mile-marked with the slain!



CLEW BAY, CO. MAYO.—The above beautiful expanse of water is an inlet of the Atlantic ocean on the matchless Mayo coast, and is fifteen miles long by eight broad. The mountains on its northern boundary have an altitude from 1,250 to 2,500 feet, culminating in the stately peak of Croagh Patrick, generally called “the Reek,” and said to be one of the banished snakes and toads, and all other venomous reptiles from Ireland. In any case, none are to be found in the Emerald Isle—nor will they live there, it is commonly asserted, even in captivity. The coast of the bay is deeply indented, bold and rocky, and contains numerous inlets and pretty harbors. In the upper portion there is an archipelago of some three hundred islets, all well cultivated and remarkably fertile. At the entrance of the harbor is situated lofty Clare Island, four and a half by two miles in extent. Its highest point rises above the water more than fifteen hundred feet. Pretty cottages and hamlets stud the pleasant shores of Clew Bay throughout their extent, and sea-bathing attracts a large number of tourists, who are also fascinated by the enchanting scenery, every season. The Reek, which is shown in the background of the picture, is visible far and wide, and is a great landmark for sailors on that wild ocean.



DEER IN PHENIX PARK.—One of the most charming sights in the Phoenix is the fine herd of deer, descended from the antlered pioneers placed there in 1662 through the whimsical benevolence of Charles II. Although much accustomed to the sight of man, many of them are as wild and timid as the famous red deer that once formed the favorite beasts of chase of the gallant and stalwart Irish chieftains. But many of them are also gentle pets, who will accept bon-bons from the hands of children, and gaze dreamily, with large and lustrous eyes, at every passer-by. At certain periods of the year, not a few of the “bucks” become belligerent, and it is then prudent to keep out of their path and allow the keepers to deal with them. On the first show of viciousness, the stags are placed in durance vile until good will toward mankind again makes itself manifest. Ireland is a country in which deer thrive wondrously. The earliest Celtic immigrants found them there in abundance, and also a gigantic species of elk—the noblest animal the world has seen—which is now, unfortunately, extinct. Many of the Irish “noblemen” have large herds of deer in their home parks, and the animals, sometimes, multiply so excessively that they have to be “thinned out” by the rifle of the game-keeper. Stag hunts are not infrequent in Ireland, but the national equestrian sport is, indisputably, the chasing of “the little red fox.”



MOVILLE, COUNTY DONEGAL.—This favorite watering place is situated some nineteen miles from Londonderry, on the Donegal shore of magnificent Lough Foyle, in the ancient peninsula of Innishowen—the country of the Clan O'Dogherty. Moville is also a calling station for the steam-packets from Glasgow, Montreal, New York and Liverpool, which here receive their telegraphic instructions, and take on additional passengers. The town is very beautifully placed, and, from the heights above it, a grand view of the diversified highland, forest and ocean scenery, peculiar to this portion of Ireland, can be obtained. Almost in the centre of the peninsula rises the imposing Slieve Snacht (Snow Mountain) over 2,000 feet in height, and five miles from the City of Derry, stands the royal hill of Aileach, crowned by what has been described as “a cyclopean fort,” supposed to have been once a temple of the Sun, and, later, down to about the twelfth century, the palace of the Kings of Ulster. It has a circular wall over eighty feet in diameter and sixteen feet thick. Most of the walls are over a dozen feet in height, indicating that they were, in ancient times, of majestic altitude. Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, Chief of Innishowen, rebelled against James I., and was killed by a chance shot, after a brilliant but brief career, in 1608.



VIEW OF ATHENRY, CO. GALWAY.—The above picture gives a partial view of the venerable ruins and modern structures of the ancient town of Athenry—Gaelic Ath-na-riogh, “Ford of the Kings,” in the county Galway. Ages ago, it was the most important place in Connaught. At one time, it contained a royal residence. The Anglo-Normans gained possession of it early in the thirteenth century, and, in the beginning of the fourteenth, it was strongly fortified by the invaders. Some of the massive walls still remain. When Edward Bruce became King of Ireland, by election, young Phelim O’Conor—head of the royal house of Connaught—forsook his enforced ally, De Burgh, and marched, with a large army, to reduce Athenry. The Anglo-Normans, under William De Burgh and John De Bermingham—two of the ablest generals of that age—sallied forth to meet O’Conor. The two armies encountered each other near the town, and then was fought one of the bloodiest of battles. Phelim, twenty-eight princes of his house and 10,000 clansmen died upon the field. The Anglo-Normans, who, unlike the Irish, were clad in armor, also suffered severely. This great conflict occurred on Aug. 10, 1316. Aubrey De Vere regarded “Athunree” as Ireland’s most fatal defeat—it virtually destroyed the hopes of Bruce—and laments it thus:

Athunree! Athunree! the heart of Erin burst on thee!
 Since that hour some unseen hand on her forehead stamps the brand:

Her children ate that hour the fruit that slays manhood at the root;
 Our warriors are not what they were, our maids no longer blithe and fair;

Truth and honor died with thee, Athunree!



ARDARA, COUNTY DONEGAL.—The village represented above is situated in the southwestern portion of county Donegal, on the northern bank of the Owenocker river, near where it falls into Loughrossmore Bay. It obtains its name from a rath which stands on an eminence in the neighborhood of the village. This elevation was called in Gaelic *Ard-a-raith*—the Height of the Rath. The peninsula of Loughross, near the base of which stands Ardara, is bounded north and south by the bays of its own name, called respectively “more” or “big” and “beg” or “small.” On this peninsula stands the little town of Cloughboy, which means, in Irish, “Yellowstone”—the accepted Gaelic orthography being *Cloch-buidhe* (bwee). Thus it will be seen that the Yellowstone park and river, like Baltimore, had namesakes in the Green Isle long before Columbus landed at San Salvador. Ardara is an inconsiderable village, devoted mainly to fishing, farming and attending to the wants of tourists, who frequently visit that remote coast in search of novelty and retirement. From a hygienic standpoint, few places are superior to Ardara, and the scenery, in clear weather, is varied and delightful. The place has 500 people, all of whom, whether rich, poor or “betwixt and between,” seem happy and, consequently, contented. Ardara will never become a great seaport, or “entrepot of the world’s commerce,” but, no doubt possesses lighter hearts than cities whose harbors “float the ships of all nations.”



BRAY HEAD, COUNTY WICKLOW.—The striking headland shown in the foregoing picture, is one of the most prominent natural objects on the eastern coast of Ireland, and rises 800 feet above the waves of the Irish sea, which roar at its base with thunderous voice. The summit is approached by a driveway, shady and winding, and, when the apex is reached, the traveller is amply rewarded for his pains. Not alone is the splendidly varied mountain scenery of Wicklow and Dublin counties plainly visible, but, on a clear day, the rugged peaks of Wales can be discerned, rising like dark blue clouds on the eastern horizon. It was from those peaks that Fitzstephen and Strongbow first beheld Irish soil and were tempted to its conquest. The magnificent Elizabethan residence of Lord Meath is situated near the base of the Head, and shows to advantage along the slope of the lower Sugar Loaf mountain, which, in Gaelic parlance, now almost forgotten in Wicklow, anciently bore a much more heroic and romantic name. One of the main charms of the view from the summit of Bray Head is the constant change of shapes and coloring, as the observer turns his eye toward the different points of the compass. In this effect, the changeful Irish sky greatly aids the tourist.



CAVE HILL, CO. ANTRIM.—The above noted eminence, anciently called in Gaelic, Ben Madaghan—by some translated “the Dog’s Head mountain”—derives its more modern description from three caves formed by the hand of nature in the face of the almost vertical cliff. The two lowest down are of small extent, but are easy of access, while that highest up is only to be reached at great peril of life and limb. This one is of imposing dimensions. The hill rises into air some 1200 feet, about two miles northwest of Belfast, overlooking the sea. McArt’s Fort—once held against Elizabeth’s generals by one of the bravest of the brave O’Neills—now in ruins, crowns the apex of the mountain, and from it can be obtained a splendid view of the adjacent headlands of Down and Antrim, with distant visions of Scotland and the Isle of Man in clear weather. If the observer turns for a moment from the fascinating sea view, the interior of picturesque Ulster lies, virtually, beneath his gaze. It was in McArt’s Fort, June 11, 1795, that the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, in company with his friends Russell, Neilson, Simms and McCracken—all Protestant Irishmen—“took a solemn obligation never to desist in their efforts until they had subverted the authority of England over their country, and asserted her independence.” Of this brave band, Tone and McCracken died for Ireland in 1798 and Russell in 1803. The others were exiled by the British government.



ALTAR, CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—The superb altar of the Cathedral of St. Mary, or the Conception, generally called the pro-Cathedral, situated in Marlborough street, is depicted in this sketch. It stands somewhat distant from the wall of the edifice, is constructed of dazzling white marble, and is the production of the great Italian artist, Turnerelli, by some said to have been a Dublin man who took up his residence in Italy and, for the sake of euphony, had “elli” attached to his original patronymic. This story, however, is open to considerable doubt. The grand altar is situated in the apse at the western end of the cathedral. It is enclosed by a handsome circular railing. Excellent statues of Archbishop Murray and Cardinal Cullen, by Farrell, further beautify the vicinity of the altar. Several interesting monuments are to be seen in the side aisles, and there are sub-altars in the ambulatory of the edifice. The cathedral dates from 1816–25, and was built on the site of Annesley House. Strangely enough, the design of an amateur and, until then, unknown artist, residing in Paris, was accepted by the projectors of the structure, who, in their appeal to the people for funds, said: “There will soon be presented to the traveller’s eye a specimen of architectural elegance that will illustrate the artistic taste of the Irish people.” And they were right.



INTERIOR SACRED HEART CHURCH, LIMERICK.—This view shows the interior of the Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart in Limerick city. It is a comparatively modern structure but is very handsomely designed and elaborately finished. The frescoing is particularly artistic, and many of the sacred pictures show traces of the Latin master hands. It is doubtful if even Spain has been, or is, more devoted to church building than Ireland. From the earliest ages the Island of Saints has held her own in the matter of erecting splendid temples for divine worship. Even in the black pagan times, when only the beacons of the Fire-worshippers made visible the darkness of her spiritual understanding, Ireland, by forest, rock and river, erected her cromleachs, or Druid altars, under the blue canopy of the sky, for her rites and her sacrifices. It needed only the magical voice of St. Patrick to change this pagan faith to Christian devotion, and now, for fourteen centuries, Ireland has been a land of churches. When the cruel penal laws deprived Catholics of the holy edifices erected by their pious forefathers, they rushed to the mountain summit, or descended into the ocean cave, attended by their faithful clergy, to assist at the sacrifice of the mass. This, too, in defiance of death and danger, for often, in those bloody days, priest and people perished beneath the sabres of the foreign soldiery. Because the English stole so many of their old churches, the Irish have been obliged to build new ones.



O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN.—This splendid national tribute to the Emancipator of the Irish Catholics, stands at the northern end of O'Connell (formerly Carisle) bridge, and is after the design of the late J. H. Foley, the most widely known, perhaps, of modern Irish sculptors. Mr. Foley died before the work was completed, but his model has been faithfully followed. The statue represents the Irish Demosthenes, pleading for the liberty of his country, before a "monster meeting" of the Irish people. The capacious chest is expanded; the cloak, or mantle—as well remembered in Ireland as Napoleon's gray overcoat in France—thrown back from the broad shoulders, and the handsome, massive head proudly raised in haughty defiance of the national enemy. It, in short, pictures O'Connell as he appeared in the zenith of his power and fame, "when sitting sole on Tara's hill there hung a million on his will!" The back of the effigy is turned, as if in aversion, upon the Nelson monument, which stands near the opposite end of O'Connell (formerly Sackville) street, while the steady gaze is directed toward the point where stand the aneient Irish houses of parliament, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, on historic College Green. The mobile lips of the majestic figure seem to say, as once said the orator himself—"I am now an old man, and may go to the grave leaving my dearest hope—the independence of Ireland—unfulfilled, but, when I am dead, another generation, with redder blood in its veins, will arise to burst the chains of my country."



PARNELL'S MEMORIAL CAR.—The Irish are not by nature a gloomy, misanthropic or grief-borrowing people. Indeed, their natural disposition is gay and lively. They sorrow profoundly, but they recover their cheerfulness rapidly, and in no race is the bump of hopefulness, both as regards this world and the one to come, more generously developed. A solemn, "lonesome," grewsome person, be the same male or female, is not popular in Ireland, or with the Irish anywhere. They have no use for "walking funerals." But, in the case of Parnell everything contributed to make the hapless nation morbidly sad. His brief, bright and phenomenally successful political career; his sturdy patriotism, organizing genius and dauntless courage in the face of the hereditary enemy; his fatal mis-step and sudden, tragical fall—all these circumstances combined to cast a gloom on the spirits of his people, when death smote him down, and they felt that they had, as a majority, judged him too harshly, and by abandoning their gallant chief to "the Saxon wolves howling for his destruction," unwittingly played into the hands of crafty England, with her "non-conformist conscience." The memorial car shown above blossoms with woe. Every flower that adorns it springs from a thorn in Ireland's heart. Over Parnell's bier the tears of his country are congealed to mourning wreaths:

And there is trophy, banner and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!

And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.



A GLIMPSE OF CLONMACNOIS, KING'S CO.—In this sketch is given the latest view taken of what remains of the Seven Churches and round towers of Clonmacnois, in King's county, on the river Shannon. The picture was taken at some distance from the ruins, in order to convey an idea of the surrounding landscape, which seems flat and dreary enough—not unlike a prairie, with a big river flowing through it, in Illinois or in Kansas. Beyond the ruin, on the left, may be observed the windings of the “lordly Shannon,” which receives tribute from the unromantically named Suck, or Suca, not far from this point. In a preceding notice of Clonmacnois, we have given some account of the origin of its name and the history of its ecclesiastical remains, so that there is no need to further dilate upon them in this sketch. The people of King's county possess a lion's share of the great Bog of Allen—the king, in fact, of Irish bogs. But it is not called King's county on this account, but after Philip II. of Spain, who married Mary I. of England. Its ancient name was Offaly, and that of its neighbor, Queen's county, Leix, before they became the prey of the English land grabbers. Philipstown and Tullamore are situated in the Bog of Allen, and were, formerly, so swampy that a sarcastic Irish poet wrote the following for their benefit:

Great Bog of Allen! swallow down
That spongy heap, called Philipstown,

And if thy maw can swallow more
Pray take—and welcome—Tullamore!



TOWN OF SLIGO.—The name of this well known place is said to have originated from the stream which flows through it, now called the Garroque, but in old Gaelic the Sligeach, or “Shelly,” river. It would seem to have been an obscure place until the thirteenth century, when the warlike and pious Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, erected there a castle and a monastery around which a considerable city arose. An irruption of the fierce O’Donnells, of Tyrconnell, destroyed both castle and monastery in A. D. 1270. They were rebuilt by the Earl of Ulster, only to be again destroyed by MacWilliam Burgh—one of his turbulent kinsmen. The castle has entirely disappeared, but a noble mass of ruins occupies the ground where once stood the majestic Abbey of Sligo, which was last restored in the reign of Pope John XXII., about the year 1320. It is said that indulgences were granted by the Pontiff to the devout who assisted in erecting the splendid structure. Sligo is the terminus of a branch of the Midland and Great Western railroad and distant from Dublin 131 miles northwestward. The population is now estimated at about 10,000. The town is, for the most part, well built, and has a thriving commerce, chiefly in agricultural products. It possesses an excellent harbor, and lines of steamers ply regularly between it and Londonderry, Glasgow and Liverpool. The river and lake scenery in the immediate neighborhood of Sligo is enchanting. Sligo’s municipal charter dates from 1613.



CHAPEL-IZOD, COUNTY DUBLIN.—The above romantically situated suburb of Dublin stands on the river Liffey, westward of the Irish capital, in a small but picturesque vale, which combines many features of truly sylvan beauty. Chapel-Izod is reputed to take its name from the pious daughter of an Irish monarch, who, on account of her wondrous loveliness, was called by the Norman Knights, La Belle Isode. She built a chapel within the precincts of the town, and the fame of her devotion and comeliness, coming down through ages, has preserved her name in the handsome town represented in the sketch. King Brian Boru is said to have encamped a powerful army where the burgh now stands in A. D. 989—just a quarter of a century before the battle of Clontarf. William III. also bivouacked his army here after the Boyne, and caused an intrenched camp to be constructed, for fear of sudden attack. In its immediate neighborhood are Palmerstown, or Palmerston, which gave title to one of England's ablest prime ministers; and the village of Lucan, from which General Patrick Sarsfield, who is said to have been born there, took the title of Earl, conferred on him by King James II. The earldom has now passed to the Bingham family.



A STREET IN QUEENSTOWN, CO. CORK.—When the flunkey corporation of the Cove of Cork changed the ancient designation of that picturesque place to Queenstown, in 1849, merely because the female ruler of England paid it a passing visit, the deposed officers proved the truth of the Prisoner of Chillon's statement: "My very chains and I grew friends; to such a long communion tends." Queen Victoria carried nothing of value into the picturesque Cove but took away its good name, which did not enrich her, but made the despoiled town poor indeed. It was many years before Ireland got accustomed to the new-fangled title of her favorite seaport. The town is situated on the south side of Great Island, in the magnificent harbor, and, owing to the character of the high ground, is built, amphitheatrical fashion, in tiers of streets, which gives it an odd and interesting appearance, from certain points of view. The sketch shows one of the chief thoroughfares fronting on the harbor. Queenstown is fourteen miles from the City of Cork, and is an admiral's station for a British squadron. During the Napoleonic wars, thousands of troops embarked from the historic "Cove" for "the Peninsula" and Belgium. The climate is very mild and equable, and this makes Queenstown a paradise for invalids. Most of the great American ocean liners stop at this port, which is the most prosperous in Ireland, except, perhaps, Belfast. Many fine buildings adorn the town, and the new Catholic Cathedral is generally conceded to be the "finest of them all."



SCENE ON THE RIVER LEE, COUNTY CORK.—There are hundreds of delightful sylvan spots along the course of the river Lee, in the county Cork, and our artist presents one of them in the foregoing picture. It is a beautiful summer scene—the trees bearing witness to the advent of “leafy June” and the sparkling water laughing in the sunshine “on its clear winding way to the sea.” The almost forgotten poet of the “Mohawk Vale,” in the picturesque state of New York, might have seen occasion to moderate his transports over the perfections of his native valley, had he ever visited the emerald banks of the sweet and pastoral river Lee. Fifty years ago, a poetess of “Young Ireland,” whose hopes were exiled with her lover, “Mary of the Nation,” wrote of her natal river, with plaintive melody, thus:

The summer-time is breathing, when thy waters glance along,
Full many a bird salutes thee, with bright and cheering song,
Full many a sunbeam falleth upon thy bosom fair
And every nook thou seekest hath welcome smiling there.
Glide on thou blessed river! nor pause to think of me,
Who only in my longing heart can tread that track with thee.

Yet, when thy waters wander, where, haughty in decay,
Some proud old Irish castle looks frowning on thy way;
Oh, speak aloud, bold river! how I have wept with pride
To read of those past ages, ere all our glory died,
And wish for one short moment I had been there to see
Some relic of the by-gone day, upon thy banks, fair Lee!



SECTION OF EYRE SQUARE, GALWAY.—The accompanying picture shows a modern section of ancient Eyre Square in Galway Town. It is adorned by statues of Viscount Dunkellin and John Orrell Lever, former members of parliament, who did all that in them lay to make Galway one of the greatest seaports in the world. In this good work they had the active assistance of the fearless and energetic Father Peter Daly, whose great heart fairly broke when, after splendid effort and heroic self-sacrifice, the grand project, chiefly because of England's commercial jealousy, finally came to naught. Galway directly faces America, and her great bay, protected by the rugged and indestructible breakwater of the Arran islands, can shelter the ships of all nations, no matter how great their tonnage. It is fully five hundred miles nearer to New York than is Liverpool, and, did Ireland possess a native parliament, Galway would soon be a formidable rival of the famous English seaport. Only a rear view of one of the statues is shown in the picture, because the artist wished to sketch the happy little children mounted on the old cannon or playing on the grass beneath and around it. They are rosy, healthy little ones, if we could only see them nearer, invigorated by the breath of liberty wafted to them from Columbia across the salt waves of the broad Atlantic. Some day they may be strong men and fair women, but when that day comes, they will, most likely, be in America or Australia. Alas, poor Ireland!



PORTLAW, COUNTY WATERFORD.—The above village, situated near the baronial demesne of Curraghmore—the county seat of the Marquis of Waterford in the county of that name—is one of the few manufacturing towns of Ireland in which the production of cotton fabrics has been successfully undertaken. Although the volume of trade is not great, still the town itself, and the country in its neighborhood, show evidences of more than ordinary thrift and prosperity—another argument in favor of encouraging home industries in Ireland. The first cotton mills were erected in Portlaw in 1818 by the Messrs. Malcolmson, of Clonmel, energetic and philanthropic members of the Society of Friends, otherwise Quakers. They were determined, in spite of public apathy and previous unfavorable legislation, to find out for themselves whether the Irish people could or could not conquer unfortunate circumstances and surroundings in the matter of making native manufacturing a success. Had not the great famine of 1847 intervened, their example would, no doubt, have been imitated by other Irish capitalists. As it turned out, the Malcolmsons, first in the field, achieved a respectable measure of success, and Portlaw has to thank them, mainly, for such limited prosperity as it still enjoys.



DUNLUCE CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM.—The above storied fortress—now a roofless ruin—is situated on a high point of the coast of Antrim, within a few miles of the town of Portrush. In Gaelic its name is Dun-lios, which is interpreted “the strong fort,” and, indeed, in the days of its prime, this was no misnomer. It is built on an isolated rock, fully a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the waves that foam at its base; and the walls of the old castle rise sheer from the precipitous height, which gives the place a most formidable aspect. In the period of its prime, it must have been impregnable, except to treachery or starvation. The remains indicate a Norman origin, and tradition says that it was one of the castles erected by the brave and adventurous Sir John de Courcy, in the twelfth century, to protect his interests in Ulster. It was once connected with the mainland by a sort of draw bridge, but this has disappeared, and communication is now kept up by means of long planks, laid over an old viaduct. The structure on the land side of the awful chasm is believed to be of comparatively modern origin. Dunluce has, of course, its “Baashee,” or wailing ghost, which regularly gives warning of the approaching death of some member of the family that originally occupied the castle. The McQuillans wrested the fortress from the English in the fourteenth century. In the reign of James I. they were cozened out of their possessions by one Chichester, whose descendant bears the title of Marquis of Donegal.



TURLOUGH ROUND TOWER, COUNTY MAYO.—In Gaelic, the name Turlough, very common in the west of Ireland, is written Turlach, and means a lake, or “slough,” that dries up in summer, and is somewhat of a marsh, clothed in coarse grass or luxuriant weeds. The round tower and other ruins at Turlough, in Mayo, as shown above, are in a good state of preservation, although they date from remote times—probably the sixth or seventh century. Turlough Castle, in the vicinity of the ruins, was once the property of that branch of the Bourke family, which adhered to James II. After their exile, in 1691, it passed into the possession of the Mayo Fitzgeralds, who came originally from Munster. George Robert, commonly known as “Fighting Fitzgerald,” who was hanged at Castlebar toward the end of the last century, is buried in Turlough churchyard. Col. Walter Bourke, of this place, who represented Mayo in King James’ Irish parliament, 1689, and who fought at the Boyne and Aughrim, was the head of that “Regiment of Bourke” alluded to in the song recently published, in connection with a martial story, by Harper’s Magazine. It sums up, practically, the history of the famous Irish Brigades of Europe thus:

Would you read your name on Honor’s roll?
Look not for royal grant;
It is written in Cassano, Alcoy and Alicante!

Saragossa, Barcelona, wherever dangers lurk,
You will find in the van the blue and the buff
Of the Regiment of Bourke!



GAP OF DUNLOE, CO. KERRY.—In the splendid scenic region which enfames the matchless Lakes of Killarney, there is no more striking feature than the awe-inspiring Gap of Dunloe—a wild mountain pass, lying between the McGillicuddy Reeks and the Tomies Range, and having an extent of four miles, passing through some of the weirdest highland country on the planet. Precipices, almost covered, in summer, by heather, furze and other flowering shrubs, threateningly overhang the pass; and a rapid mountain torrent, the Loe, which gives name to the defile, thunders along the rocky bed beneath. A difficult path, which the natives dignify by the title of “the Pike,” follows the verge of the abyss above the dangerous creek, and great care has to be observed by adventurous travellers in order to avoid serious accidents, particularly when the boisterous “river” is at full flood. The pass is approached from the town of Killarney, and the journey is generally made on the back of a donkey or small, sure-footed pony. It is the home of the echo, and uncanny sounds are produced there by “the beautiful human voice,” the hunter’s bugle or the hoarse braying of an impatient, perhaps hungry, jackass.



THE LIBRARY, MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—The grand library of Maynooth Catholic ecclesiastical college is situated in the new building designed by the noted architect, Pugin, who delighted in the Gothic style, and carried his ideas into execution in the construction of the commodious quadrangular structure which has taken the place of the old, rather ramshackle, collection of “edifices,” familiar to Irish clergymen of the old school, who studied at Maynooth long anterior to the era of disendowment. In the month of November, 1878, a fire, due to overheating, caused the destruction of the southern and western sides of the new college, but, most fortunately, the priceless library—one of the best in the world—escaped, owing to heroic exertions on the part of the professors and students, with scarcely any damage. This library has no rival in Ireland except that of Trinity College, and, of course, in the matter of theological works, the Dublin University’s collection is greatly inferior to it. The sketch shows the main hall of the institution, and conveys, comprehensive as it is, but a faint idea of the extent of the library. Here the five hundred students of old Maynooth find all the works necessary in the pursuit of their studies; and others that serve to relax the mind, and amuse while they instruct.



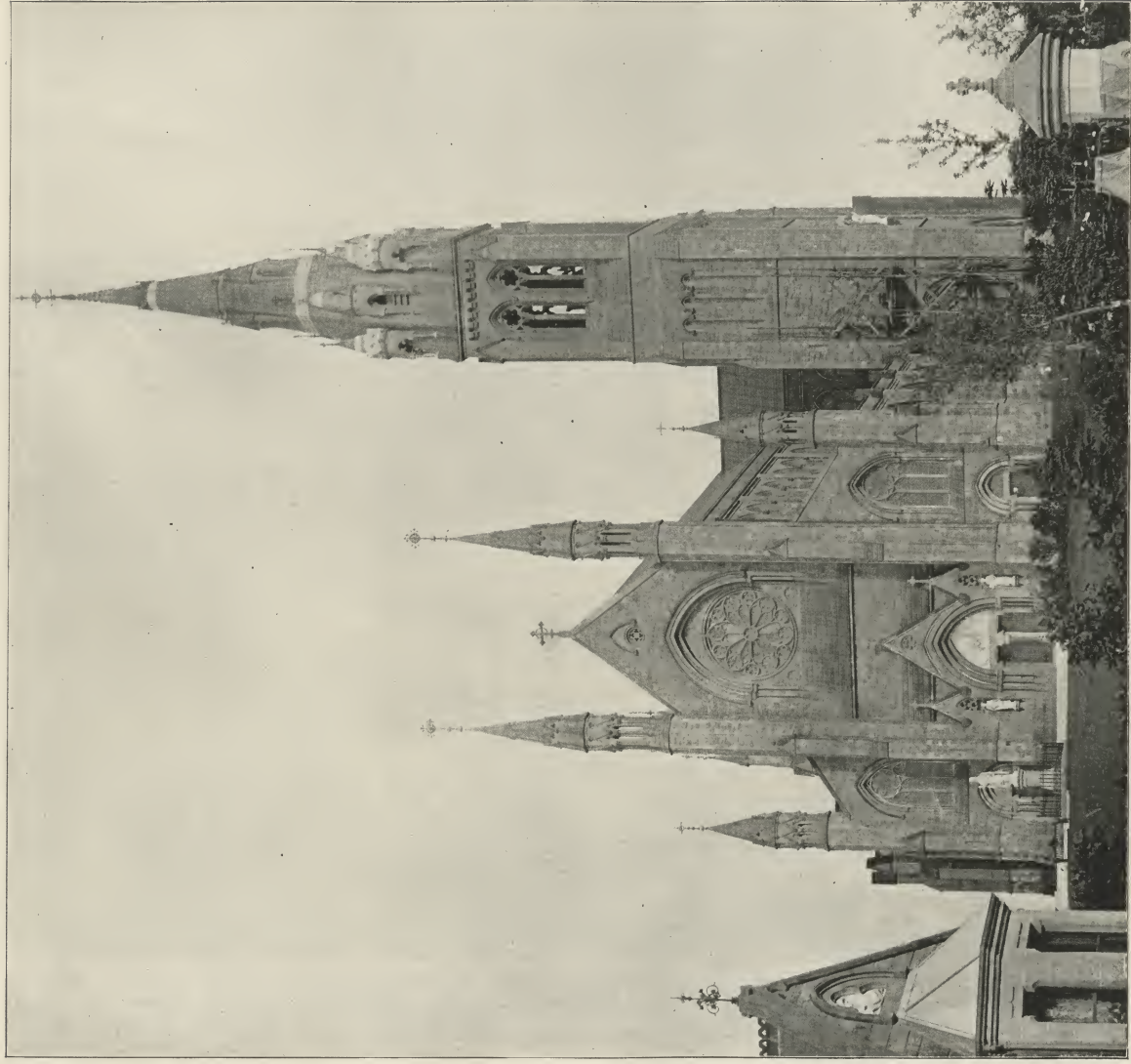
BANK OF IRELAND, FORMERLY PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.—No person of Irish race can look upon the splendid structure shown in the sketch, and which stands on the north side of College Green, without a mingled feeling of pride and sorrow—pride in the glory of its architecture and sorrow for the national tragedy which, in 1801, degraded the Irish Houses of Parliament from their high estate, and subsequently made them the offices of the National Bank of Ireland. “Did public virtue cease to animate the people,” exclaimed Thomas Francis Meagher, the great Irish orator and subsequent American general, in 1847, “the Senate House, which, even in its desecrated state, lends an Italian glory to this metropolis, would forbid it to expire!” Although the most classical public building in Europe, without any exception, nobody knows who was the original architect, and, in fact, the history of its construction is wrapped in more or less mystery. It was begun under the administration of Lord Carteret in 1729, and, in 1785, a portico, with Corinthian columns, was added to the entrance of the House of Lords. As the other columns are of the Ionic order, the effect is incongruous, but the noble facade on College Green, having an extent of 147 feet, redeems every defect of detail. In the days of Ireland’s independence, the eloquence of Grattan, Flood, Carran and Hussey Burgh, poured forth in the Irish House of Commons, rivalled that of the Greek and Roman masters. Although used solely for banking purposes, the building has been but little altered since 1802, when the Directors of the Bank of Ireland purchased it from the government for \$200,000 and a nominal yearly rental.



A VIEW OF DALKEY HARBOR, CO. DUBLIN.—The above is another view taken between Kingstown and Dalkey, at a point facing Dalkey island, on the highest point of which stands the Martello tower shown in the picture. There is deep water in Dalkey harbor, at this point, and, at one time, it was thought likely to outrival its larger neighbor of Kingstown. It is said that here the great Earl of Shrewsbury, then Sir John Talbot, and afterward so celebrated in the French wars of Henry V. and John of Bedford, landed the year before the battle of Agincourt, 1414, to act as viceroy for the young King of England. He found Ireland almost entirely wrested out of the hands of the English, chiefly through the military genius of Art McMurrrough, hereditary King of Leinster, who defeated, in rapid succession, every English king, prince and general who marched against him. Talbot fared no better than the rest, and, in fact, he made so little impression in Ireland that his military progress is very slightly alluded to by McGeoghegan and other Irish chroniclers. Accordingly he sailed back from Dalkey to England a much sadder, if not wiser, man, carrying with him a full appreciation, as a good soldier should, of Irish military prowess. As for King Art McMurrrough, who had beaten Richard II. twice at the end of the 14th century, he died in possession of his crown at his palace in New Ross, a year or so after Talbot quitted Ireland.



RAILROAD BRIDGE, DROGHEDA.—This massive structure, looking sufficiently solid to last for centuries, spans the Boyne at Drogheda, connecting the counties of Meath and Louth, on the Great Northern Railway line, which traverses most of the neighboring provinces of Leinster and Ulster. Ireland has greatly improved her railroad facilities in recent years, and now the "light railroad" system enables the people to travel cheaply and rapidly in even the remote portions of the country. On this account, tourist traffic has greatly increased, and the hotels, many of which were old-fashioned and uncomfortable until quite lately, have been compelled to keep pace with the forward movement of the times. Mr. A. J. Balfour, although a Tory and a Coercionist, who obtained an unenviable nickname during his incumbency of the office of Secretary for Ireland, did much for the "light railway" project, displaying the shrewdness and practicality of his Scottish origin. In Ireland, the main railroads are very solidly built, thoroughly fenced in, so that cattle cannot stray on the tracks, and unsafe bridges and trestles are unknown. The bridge shown in the picture gives a good idea of the strength of Irish railway architecture.



CATHEDRAL OF MONAGHAN.—The town of Monaghan is the principal burgh of the county of that name; and the Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Clogher has his residence there. The sketch given above is a true picture of the magnificent new cathedral, completed during the long regime of the late Right Rev. Bishop Donnelly—one of the most patriotic of the Irish hierarchy—and dedicated only a few years ago—a short time before the lamented prelate's death. The cathedral is one of the most artistic of the modern ecclesiastical edifices of Ireland, and its interior finish is in all respects equal to its imposing exterior. Monaghan county was the patrimonial territory of the brave McMahons of Ulster, one of whose principal chiefs, Hugh Roe McMahon, was basely murdered by order of the English Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, who wished to gain possession of his lands, A. D. 1590. The name Monaghan comes from the Gaelic Muineach-an—Place of the Little Hills, which exactly describes the configuration of the country. Sir Charles Gavan Duffey, late premier of the colony of Victoria, and one of the most renowned of the Young Ireland poets and prose writers, and Terence Bellew MacManus—one of the leaders of the '48 "rising," in Ireland—were both born in Monaghan.

SECTION VI.

1. George Street, Limerick.
2. View in Mitchelstown, County Cork.
3. Ruins of Ancient Lodge. County Galway.
4. Rossbeg, County Mayo.
5. The People's Garden, Phoenix Park, Dublin.
6. Gateway Col. Torrington's Residence, on the Boyne.
7. Laide Graveyard, County Antrim.
8. Killorglin, County Kerry.
9. Cahir Castle, County Tipperary.
10. Lower Point, Howth, County Dublin.
11. Donkey and Block-wheeled Cart, Carrickfergus.
12. The Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin.
13. New Catholic Cathedral, Kilkenny.
14. Donegal Abbey, County Donegal.
15. Parish Church, Enniskillen, County Fermanagh.
16. Section of the Museum of Science and Art, Dublin.
17. Blarney Castle, County Cork.
18. Gowran Abbey, County Kilkenny.
19. Hotel Park, Queenstown, County Cork.
20. The Wellington Testimonial, Phoenix Park.
21. Returning from Games, Ballinasloe, County Galway.
22. View of Belleek, County Fermanagh.
23. Howth Village and Ireland's Eye, County Dublin.
24. Glenmalur, County Wicklow.
25. Ballycastle (Upper Town), County Antrim.
26. St. Alphonsus' Church, Limerick.
27. The Portlester Tomb, Dublin.
28. Leenane, County Galway.
29. Bridge of Buncrana, County Donegal.
30. Greco-Roman Statuary, Dublin.
31. "Love's Young Dream," in Phoenix Park.
32. Gateway, Mellifont Abbey, County Louth.

SECTION VI

92. Garry, Melmont Abbey, County Louth
91. Lower Young Bawn, in Fingis Park
90. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
89. Bridget's Burial, County Down
88. Leenane, County Galway
87. The Portlister Torii, Dublin
86. St. Alphonsus Church, Limerick
85. Ballyvaughan Upper Torii, County Antrim
84. Glenties, County Wicklow
83. Howth Village and Island, Co. Dub.
82. View of Ballinacorney, County Wicklow
81. Return from Games, Ballinacorney County
80. The Wellington Testimonial, Phoenix Park
79. The Green-Roman Statue, County Down
78. Lower Castle, County Galway

10. Section of the Museum of Science and Art, Dublin
9. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
8. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
7. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
6. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
5. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
4. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
3. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
2. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin
1. Green-Roman Statue, Dublin



GEORGE STREET, LIMERICK.—Limerick's finest business thoroughfare, over a mile in length, and situated in the modern addition to the city called Newton Pery, is sketched above. There is hardly anything of the antique about it, for, in truth, the first house was built there about the year 1770, and its greatest growth occurred during the first half of the present century. The material used for building purposes is mainly hard, red brick, which is kept scrupulously clean, and, as a result, George Street always presents a bright, cheerful aspect. The fine display of goods in the show windows reminds the American traveller of the elaborate "store" displays of Chicago or New York. It will be observed that the thoroughfare is well peopled, and that the very peculiar two-wheeled Irish "jaunting car" occupies a prominent place in the fore and middle ground of the sketch. Four-wheeled vehicles are in the minority in Ireland—the two-wheelers are so much "handier" to drive and turn with. The Limerick people evidently agree with the author of the street ballad who wrote—

To drive in style through Ireland,
Just call on Mickey Marr,

An' he'll drive ye all to glory,
In his Irish jaunting car!



VIEW IN MITCHELSTOWN, COUNTY CORK.—This well known place is in the northeastern corner of the County Cork, not far from Funcheon river, and near where Limerick and Tipperary approach the Cork boundary line. It is the centre of a fine agricultural district, does a good internal trade, and has about 2,500 inhabitants. This section of Munster has always been intensely patriotic. Only a few miles distant, in Tipperary, is Kilbehenny, where the famous Colonel John O'Mahony, the founder of the Fenian Brotherhood, was born, and whence he "took to the hills," as an armed "rebel," in the fall of 1848—a movement that compelled his departure from Ireland to France, and thence to this country, where he was, for many years, a formidable thorn in the side of the British government. He died in New York, neglected and impoverished, after a life of toil in the cause of Irish independence, about twenty years ago. His pride was such that he would not let those who would have gladly aided him know of his distress. Mitchelstown won a recent celebrity as the focus of the Land League movement in Cork. Only a few years since, at a meeting held in the market place, the police causelessly fired on the people, killing three poor farmers and wounding many others. "Remember Mitchelstown!" is still a rallying cry among the political admirers of Charles Stewart Parnell.



RUINS OF ANCIENT LODGE, CO. GALWAY.—The ruins of the above lodge are situated in the county of Galway, not far from the town of Ballinasloe, and derive a melancholy interest from the fact that, in the grounds surrounding them, a duel to the death was fought in the beginning of this century, by two gentlemen named Lynch and Kelly, in which the latter was killed. Since the sad event, a blight would seem to have fallen upon the place, and it is said among the peasantry that the ghost of the slaughtered man “walks” of nights near the scene of his violent death. And yet death in the duello was not an uncommon thing in the Galway of our grandfathers’ days, for does not Lever sing in “Charles O’Malley,” of that particular period—

To drink a toast, a proctor roast,
Or bailiff, as the case is—
To kiss your wife, or take your life
At ten or fifteen paces.

To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore and fun for more,
Oh, that’s the man for Galway!

Of course Lever’s picture, like most of his sketches of Irish life, is overdrawn, but there is enough truth in it to explain the probable provocation of the Lynch-Kelly tragedy.



ROSSBEG, COUNTY MAYO.—The hamlet of Rossbeg lies upon an inlet of Clew Bay, a few miles from Newport, in Mayo. It means in Gaelic, “the little peninsula,” to distinguish it from many adjacent formations of a kindred character, produced by the workings of the ocean through countless ages. It has a fine beach and is much resorted to by the Mayo people of the inland regions, who like a summer outing “by the sad sea waves.” The scenery, like all that in the vicinity of Clew Bay, is of a most fascinating aspect, showing almost every diversity of land and water. During Land League times, the notorious high-sheriff Stoney lived in Rossbeg and made life miserable for the adherents of Parnell and Davitt. He got mixed up in an emigration scheme and also ran for parliament. At the polls he received 76 votes, and his emigration entanglement was so serious, that he was obliged to leave the country, much to the relief of the people. In the immediate neighborhood of Rossbeg are the ruins of Burrishoole and Murrisk Abbey and also those of Carrigahowley Castle, once the residence of Grace O’Malley (Graina Uaile) who flourished, half princess, half pirate, in the days of Elizabeth. Mayo is a land of romance and its sons still fondly sing—

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—

’Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I’m forced to go,
And must leave my bones in foreign soil, far from my own Mayo!



THE PEOPLE'S GARDEN, PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN.—The Dubliner, although his beautiful city is no longer the capital of an independent nation, is justly proud of the charming surroundings of the Irish metropolis. Nowhere are to be found more attractive pleasure grounds or more delightful suburbs. Phoenix Park is the great breathing place of the masses, and it is maintained faultlessly by the public officials under whose superintendency it is conducted. The sketch shows a section of the People's Garden, graced by statues, rich parterres and luxuriant, almost tropical, vegetation. Many delicate exotics flourish vigorously in the balmy open air of Ireland, during the summer months, and in no country is the odor of flowers so exquisitely pleasing to the olfactory organs. The groups around the flower beds seem to be in the enjoyment of this agreeable experience, as they bend over the flowering plants to inhale the gracious perfume. Although the People's Garden is entirely at the disposal of the public, the rules and regulations in regard to tampering with shrubs or flowers are rigidly enforced, and the legend "Keep off the Grass," so familiar in American parks, is by no means unknown in the Phoenix.



GATEWAY, COL. TORRINGTON'S RESIDENCE, ON THE BOYNE.—The aspect of the country which was the theatre of the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, has greatly changed since the end of the seventeenth century. Then, both banks of the river were somewhat marshy, sedgy and destitute of timber, so that the operations of the contending armies were not screened from the respective commanders as they would be to-day, where the lovely banks of the Boyne are dominated by the splendid seats of the aristocracy and clothed richly with groves of stately trees. One of the finest mansions situated on the famous stream is that of Colonel Torrington, the entrance to whose beautiful grounds is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is situated in the county of Louth, on the northern bank of the river, and in the vicinity of the Boyne obelisk, which can be seen rising imposingly above the stone bridge that occupies the middle ground in the picture. A man driving a horse and cart over the structure seems to be taking the world easily; and the two gentlemen half reclining on the grass in the foreground appear to be going back, in revery, to the day of bloody strife two hundred and more years ago.

Now, musing on these peaceful banks the mind looks back in wonder,
And visions rise of hostile ranks impatient, kept asunder;

From every land, a warrior band, for Europe owns the quarrel,
His hand shall clinch no barren branch who snatches this day's laurel.



LAIDE GRAVEYARD, COUNTY ANTRIM.—This venerable graveyard lies in the midst of a picturesque section of the county Antrim, in the vicinity of the pretty Village of Cushendall—one of the most delightful hamlets on the majestic coast of Ulster. The place is now a favorite resort of tourists, because of the splendor of the neighboring scenery and the increase of accommodation at the hotels and other public places. Basaltic ranges, glittering in the sun, tempt the scientific eye, while the health-giving ocean breeze and the roar of the restless breakers delight the senses. In the vicinity, the imaginative peasantry, who are filled, even yet, with Ossianic tradition, point out the grave of a gigantic Danish buccaneer, who perished while prosecuting one of his ungodly raids on the Island of Saints. Laide churchyard, which is very ancient, is regarded with veneration by the simple people. The ruins which appear in the sketch are said to be those of a convent, founded by some pious person unknown, but generally believed to have been “a princess of some kind.” Many of the grave stones bear olden dates, reaching back to the fifteenth century, but most of their epitaphs are now illegible.



KILLORGLIN, COUNTY KERRY.—The above picturesquely situated village stands on the Laune river, which connects Lough Lene, Killarney, with Castlemaine harbor, an inlet of Dingle Bay. Killorglin has advanced in importance during the last half century, because of the influx of tourists, who obtain from this point one of the finest views of the McGillicuddy Reeks, the King of which is lofty Carrantuohil—the highest mountain in Ireland. Near it is also situated the charming lake of Caragh, which is by many preferred to Lough Lene itself. The Laune river is spanned at Killorglin by a fine bridge, which is strong enough to stand the sudden and violent freshets produced by heavy rains in the adjacent mountains. It is said that “pearls of price” were obtained in great numbers from the Laune in olden times, and that many of them graced the fair necks of the wives and daughters of the gallant Desmond chiefs. A few of these precious gems have been found in the river even within this century. Edward Walsh alludes to the richness of the Laune pearl-fishery in his poem of “Aileen the Huntress,” thus;

A circlet of pearls o’er her white bosom lay
Erst won by thy proud queen, O’Connor the Gay,

And now to the beautiful Aileen come down—
The rarest that ever shed light in the Laune.



CAHIR CASTLE, CO. TIPPERARY.—The above town is as often called Caher as Cahir, and its Gaelic form is Cathair, which, according to Irish savants, originally meant “city,” but, in later times, was applied to a circular stone fort or “dun.” A structure of the kind once stood upon the site of the present castle, and from it, beyond doubt, the town derived its name. The place is situated on the river Suir, in Tipperary, and nestles in a beautiful valley, bounded on one side by the lofty Galtee mountains and on the other by the massive ridge of Knock-mael-down—“the bare, brown hill.” Cahir Castle was built by the Anglo-Normans in the 12th or 13th century, and was a place of great strength. It stood several sieges, the last by Oliver Cromwell, who captured it, in 1649. The Earl of Glengall, who now owns the property, restored the great irregular building, which stands on the left bank of the river, and occupies it as a country residence. It has a magnificent park, which extends for two miles along the stream, and the gardens are models of the landscape artist’s skill in improving on the works of nature. The business of the town is almost exclusively confined to traffic in the usual agricultural produce of the surrounding country. The military barracks at Cahir are quite extensive and commodious. It is a favorite station of British cavalry regiments.



LOWER POINT, HOWTH, COUNTY DUBLIN.—This sketch represents one of the finest views to be obtained from the shores of the far-famed bay of Dublin, compared favorably by many travellers with that of Naples. Certainly, in variety of form and beauty of coloring, it is not inferior to its Italian rival, although the sublimity of Vesuvius in full eruption is lacking. The waters of the bay, looking south by eastward, are majestically framed by the dark, undulating sierra of the Wicklow highlands, within whose picturesque recesses is comprised more beauty, perhaps, than in any other section of Irish ground, except Killarney and Glengariff. The light house and the dwellings of the wealthy show themselves on the cliff overhanging the water on the left of the picture, while a neat farm house, looking clean, comfortable and home-like, occupies the middle ground. No city in Europe has more attractive suburbs than Dublin, and all around the Hill of Howth is a beauty spot. As a health resort the region is unsurpassed, and, in summer, the Hill and its environs are thronged with excursionists from abroad and picnic parties from the metropolis. No tourist of good taste ever says farewell to Dublin without paying a visit to Howth. Most of the land around the eminence is owned by the Earl of Howth, whose family name, obtained by heroism in the ancient Irish wars, is St. Lawrence.



DONKEY AND BLOCK-WHEELED CART, CARRICKFERGUS.—The Irish jackass is an animal that has recently won favor in English eyes, even if the Irishman himself has not. John Bull needs the services of the Hibernian donkey in Afghanistan and Africa, whenever he has trouble with “the tribes.” That pre-eminent judge of horseflesh, General Lord Roberts—“a boy from Waterford,” by the way—thinks that the noble animal so prized by bold dragoons, is too delicate for the fierce climate and rough roads of India and Africa. On the latter continent, particularly, the horse has so generally succumbed to heat and fly torture that he is next to useless, particularly when called upon to do hard work. The Irish donkey is courageous, thick-hided and tractable. Observe the four-footed philosopher, consigned to the tender mercies of two Carrickfergus lads, depicted in the sketch. He seems to be dreaming of the stirring times in store for him at “the Cape,” or in the dominions of “Oom Paul.” The block-wheel cart which he draws is of very ancient pattern—about as primitive as those carts, with the octagonal wooden tires, used by the Red River half-breeds in Manitoba. The block-wheel, although awkward in appearance, is very strong and, in the moist Irish climate, will last for many years—it is, in fact, practically indestructible. But it is gradually disappearing, and is now used by only the poorer classes of the people.



THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN.—The Shelbourne, which stands on Stephens Green, although by no means the oldest, is, perhaps, the best known of the Dublin hotels, ranking with the Fifth Avenue, of New York and the Palmer of Chicago. It is, or at least used to be, the hostelry most affected by the Irish aristocrats, and the English visitors to the Emerald Isle. Men of all parties met there on an equal footing, and, indeed, there was very little clashing in even the most violent eras of political excitement, for the clientele of the Shelbourne was, and is, overwhelmingly in favor of "things as they are." This is only natural, because its habitués generally possess "the fat of the land," while their less fortunate brethren—if, indeed, they admit the relationship of the untitled and unfortunated—have to be content with inferior accommodations. The Shelbourne, although patronized by the aristocracy, treats all comers with courtesy and hospitality. Gresham's, Morrison's, and other old-time hotels divide the public patronage with the Shelbourne, but the latter still holds the premier field in the Irish capital. It is a large and commodious building, modern in appearance and not possessed of any striking architectural features.



NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.—The foregoing sketch pictures not the old St. Canice's Cathedral, of historic fame, but the superb new structure erected on a gentle eminence that commands a fine view of famed Kilkenny Town, the silvery Nore and the luxuriant woods out of which rise haughtily the majestic turrets of Kilkenny Castle, the palatial residence of the Marquis of Ormond—head of that great and anti-national family of “the Butlers of Ormond,” who have played the same part in Irish history that the Campbells of Argyle have played in the history of Scotland. For ages, these warlike Butlers were the sworn enemies of the chivalrous Geraldines of Kildare and Desmond. It is related that, on one occasion, an Earl of Desmond, wounded and a prisoner, was being borne to the Ormond stronghold by a party of the Butlers, who used a “litter” for the purpose. As they neared the place, the leader could not refrain from asking the captive the insulting question: “Where is the great Earl of Desmond now?” The indomitable Geraldine instantly replied: “Where he ought to be—still on the necks of the Butlers!” The Cathedral sketched by our artist is cruciform in shape and has an imposing, pinnacled tower, which is visible from a great distance, owing to the lofty site of the structure. The interior is richly finished, and the edifice is certainly among the finest of Ireland's Catholic cathedrals. The see is known as the Bishopric of Ossory.



DONEGAL ABBEY, CO. DONEGAL.—The ruins of Donegal Abbey, which crown a height above the lovely bay, recall mainly to the Irish mind the inestimable services to Irish history of the “Four Masters”—chief of whom was Brother Michael O’Clery, of Kilbarron—who here compiled the famous “Annals,” familiar to all scholars, and covering a period that reaches from beyond the foundation of the pyramids of the Nile to the year of grace 1616. This great work was accomplished under the patronage of the generous and patriotic Feargal O’Gara, Lord of Moy O’Gara and Coolavin. The abbey was founded late in the fifteenth century by the Prince of Tyrconnell. In 1600, the edifice was fortified by the traitor Niall Garbh O’Donnell and his English allies, but, after a siege of three months, it was finally stormed by the Clan Conal, commanded by the illustrious Hugh Rog O’Donnell, who slew the traitor’s brother, Conn, and put most of the garrison to the sword. In this sanguinary operation, the superb abbey was almost totally destroyed by fire and never restored. Well has it been written of the patient Four Masters—

Brightly on the Abbey gable, shines the full moon through the night
While, far to the northward, glances all the bay in waves of light;

Tufted isle and splintered headland smile and soften in her ray,
Yet, within their dusky chamber, the meek Masters toil away,

Finding all too short the day.



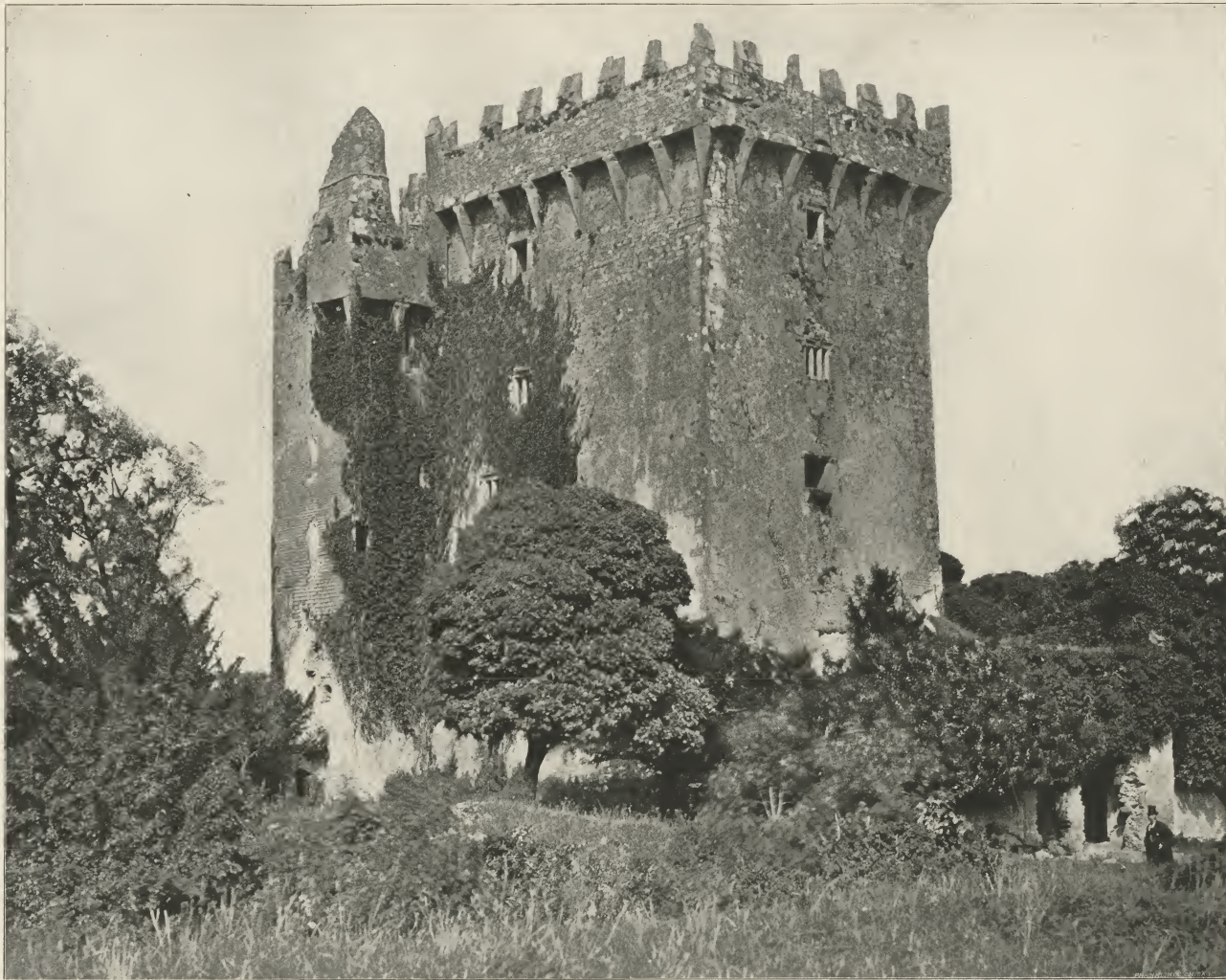
PARISH CHURCH, ENNISKILLEN, CO. FERMANAGH.—The sketch pictures the parish church of this famous Irish town, noted for its Presbyterianism, cutlery and straw plait—a kind of Irish Manila. The name, we are told by the learned Dr. Joyce, comes from Cethlenn, wife of “Balor of the Great Blows,” chief of Tory Island. “She fought at the second battle of Moytura and inflicted a wound on Dagda, King of the Danaans, of which he died.” In the Annals of Clonmacnois, as well as others, the name of Enniskillen is written Inis-Cethlenn, that is “Cethlenn’s Island.” The town lies on the river Erne, and the main portion is built on an island situated between upper and lower Lough Erne. The country around it is undulating in character and admirably cultivated. Many fine mansions crown the adjacent heights. The river is guarded by two forts, which command the only pass leading into Ulster across the Erne for many miles—some say fifty. Near the town, Col. Hamilton defeated a detachment of King James’ army, under Lord Galmoy, in 1689. The Enniskillen cavalry, distinguished at the Boyne, is now represented by the 6th Dragoons of the British army. What Irishman has not heard the old street ballad—

Fare you well, Inniskillen, fare you well for awhile!
And all 'round the borders of Erin's Green Isle;

And when the war is over, I'll return in full bloom
And you'll all welcome home the Inniskillen Dragoon!



SECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, DUBLIN.—The sketch displays another section of the Science and Art Museum, showing in the foreground the sculptured figure of a Knight in half-armor, his gauntlets laid aside and his semi-recumbent attitude suggestive of one who, although still comparatively vigorous, is resigned to lay down the burden of a life of battle, grief and disappointment. "His manly brow consents to death but scorns its agony." Near by, grouped on a pedestal, the beauteous heads of the three graces seem to support an urn of exquisite design and workmanship. An antique sarcophagus—sad reminder of mortality—occupies the niche on the left of the picture. Most of the figures shown in this and other portions of the Museum are casts of works of art completed, or merely designed, by Irish and other artists—for Ireland, unlike other countries, does not insist stringently on confining exhibitions of art and science to the productions of native genius. In this she shows liberality of spirit, which repays her in the beauty and diversity of the works she is enabled to place in her museums and galleries. Irish writers claim that, owing to recent efforts of a non-political character, there is a decided revival of Irish art.



BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK.—This castle, if neither the finest nor the most ancient, is, nevertheless, the most celebrated of ruined Irish fortresses, because of the alleged miraculously persuasive qualities of its world-renowned “stone,” which “whoever kisses, never misses to grow eloquent.” About all that now remains of the once extensive castle, which was built by Cormac McCarthy, Lord of Muskerry, in the middle of the fifteenth century, is the “donjon keep,” which rises to an altitude of one hundred and twenty feet, is of square configuration and has walls of great thickness. In ancient times, before the era of villainous salt-petre and cannon balls, it must have been a hopeless place on which to attempt an assault. Although there has been somewhat serious controversy relative to the identity of the “true Blarney Stone,” it is now generally conceded that it forms part of the face of the tower wall, several feet below the parapet, and bears the date of erection, A. D. 1446, and an almost illegible inscription in Latin. It is now secured in the wall by an iron clamp, as it was knocked out of place by a cannon ball during Lord Broghill’s siege of the castle, in 1643. None but the agile and the reckless can kiss the “true Blarney Stone.” All others satisfy themselves with a substitute placed so conveniently that the osculator’s neck is not imperilled.



OWRAN ABBEY, CO. KILKENNY.—The partially restored ruin which appears in the sketch is that of Gowran Abbey, situated in the town of that name, which lies on a branch of the Great Southern and Western railway, connecting the city of Kilkenny with Bagnallstown in the neighboring county of Kildare. It is a curious, but can hardly be called an imposing specimen of the Norman-Gothic style of church architecture, and its low, square, battlemented tower and massive walls give it a somewhat stunted look. In fact, it has a great deal the appearance of some of those old Spanish “Missions,” to be found in Texas and the two Mexicos—half church, half fortress. Lying within the oft-raided territory of the English Pale, it suffered the vicissitudes of all such edifices during the long and ruthless wars between the Saxon, or, more properly, the Norman, and the Gael. During the “Reformation” period it was subjected to ruin, but again revived under the fostering sway of the Catholic Confederation, which preceded the cyclonic path of the conquering and remorseless Cromwell. After that great scourge of Ireland swept by it, the abbey was again but a remnant and remained so for many weary years. Pious hands, enabled to work for the glory of God under less savage laws, finally renovated and restored it, so that it is once more a place of Catholic worship.



HOTEL PARK, QUEENSTOWN, CO. CORK.—All flunkies are disgusting but none more so than the Irish specimen of that ignoble tribe. He is a living libel on an impetuous and high-spirited race that, whatever its temperamental faults—the common heritage of humanity—has never, as a body, forgotten its self-respect. Were the ruler of Great Britain and Ireland, even ordinarily friendly to the latter country, there might be some weak excuse for outward manifestations of self-interested “loyalty,” but it is notorious that Queen Victoria is positively antagonistic to Ireland and the Irish. Yet, in Dublin and other Irish cities, it is not unusual to see such signs over shops, as “William Jenkins, chiropodist-extraordinary to the Queen;” “John Jones, chimney sweeper, by special appointment, to her Majesty” and other trade legends equally exaggerated and absurd. The Queen of England, in all probability, never “darkened the doors” of the “Queen’s Hotel” at Queenstown—the pretty park of which, overlooking the harbor, is shown in the picture. But the poor old “Cove of Cork” had an epidemic of flunkysm fifty years ago, when it changed its name, not for the better, and its whole career has been colored by Victoria’s flying visit before she became “the widow” of Rudyard Kipling’s barrack room tales and songs. “The Queen’s” is, however, the leading hostelry of Queenstown, and is much patronized by American travellers. Its situation is simply delightful, and it commands a splendid view of Ireland’s most noted seaport.



THE WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL, PHENIX PARK.—This ponderous shaft is the most striking feature among the monuments of Dublin's spacious pleasure ground. The obelisk is constructed of Wicklow granite, and the bronze panels in the column, which is approached by flights of stone steps, are composed of the molten metal of cannon captured during Wellington's immortal campaigns. These bear, besides representations of many famous scenes of conflict, the names of his numerous splendid victories. The total height of the monument is 205 feet, and the general effect is massive and angular—like the character of the "Iron Duke"—rather than symmetrical and graceful. It was built as the result of "popular subscription"—mainly confined to the "nobility and gentry"—in 1817, while yet the glory of Waterloo was fresh in the public mind. Dublin claims the Duke as her son—fixing his birthplace in Upper Merrion Street, instead of at Dangan Castle, county Meath, which long held undivided claim to that distinction. The Duke, whose greatness seemed to terminate with the battlefield, was an inveterate Tory, and never called himself an Irishman, although his family, on both sides, had been settled in Ireland for centuries before his birth, in 1769. Consequently, his memory is not revered by a majority of his fellow-countrymen, who, however, respect his martial record.



RETURNING FROM GAMES, BALLINASLOE, CO. GALWAY.—The artist, in the foregoing picture, has sketched the play ground in the old town of Ballinasloe, where the young men and boys engage in match games of hurling and foot ball once or twice a week in the season of outdoor athletic sports. The people are quitting the field, the games having already terminated. On the right of the picture appear the tower and spire of two churches, the one toward the centre situated on an eminence and visible at a great distance throughout the surrounding country. The long, low structure on the left is the Agricultural building, or hall, well known to all visitors during the stirring period of the annual October fair—one of the greatest in Europe. The play ground is one of the most commodious in the island. Hurling, not foot ball, is Ireland's national game, and has existed from the earliest times. It is a splendid, martial game, dangerous to life and limb, when fiercely, or carelessly, played, but no exercise is better calculated to develop the human frame and make men active and daring. Before the great famine of 1846-50, hurling was passionately pursued by the young men of Ireland, but more particularly by those of Munster and Connaught. It is played with curved sticks, called "hurries," the "boss" of the bat, or "hurly" being flattened at the sides, and the handle reaching to the hip of the player. The ball is of hard leather, and somewhat larger than that used by base ball players. "Twenty-one to a side" was the old number, but now, we believe, the game is generally played with less men.



VIEW OF BELLEEK, CO. FERMANAGH.—The beautiful “Belleek ware,” which charms the eyes and warms the hearts of thousands of American housewives, comes from the charming little town situated in the county Fermanagh, on the lower expanse of Lough Erne, where it forms a fall over a ledge of rock fourteen feet in height. As the fame of Belleek is widely established in this country, it may not be uninteresting to state that the name is derived from the Gaelic Bil-leicé, which signifies “the Ford-mouth of the Flag-stone;” and is so called, says Dr. Joyce, “from the flat surfaced rock in the ford, which, when the water decreases in summer, appears as level as a marble floor.” The famous china factory stands near the picturesque rapids, and a portion of the water power is skillfully utilized for the purposes of manufacture. The people of Fermanagh, and of all Ireland, have a good right to be proud of the place Belleek china has won in the markets of the world. Apart from its commercial importance, Belleek has a most delightful situation on “the Irish Windermere,” and nowhere in all Ireland can better salmon fishing be found. The beauties of Lough Erne have been the theme of many an Irish bard, but it is only of late that English and Scotch tourists have begun to recognize them. Sir Joseph Paxton, an English traveller, pronounced the Falls of Belleek to be “the most picturesque he had ever seen.” But, after all, Belleek is more celebrated for its “crockery ware” than its scenery.



HOWTH VILLAGE AND IRELAND'S EYE, CO. DUBLIN.—The foregoing is a sketch of the small village of Howth, with its rather straggling formation and humble dwellings. Beyond it, rising boldly from the waters of Dublin Bay, on which the hamlet is situated, is the small spot of rocky island known popularly as Ireland's Eye. Howth which, until recently, used to be a mere fisher folks' village is now quite popular as a resort for sea-bathers and other seekers after health or pleasure. The island bore, in ancient times, the name of Innis-mac-Nessan—the Island of the Sons of Nessan. Antiquaries say that the name it now bears comes from the Norse, or Danish, tongue, in which "Ey" means island. Hence, Prof. Addey claims, all places having the termination of "ey" in their names, as Lambey, Anglesey, Jersey, and so on, were once inhabited by the hardy sons of Denmark and Norway, who circled with fire and sword the shores of Britain and Ireland from the eighth to the eleventh century. It was almost under the shadow of the Hill of Howth, and in sight of Ireland's Eye, that they met their final overthrow, at Irish hands, in 1014. It seems a long time ago, and a great many bigger battles have been fought since then, including Hastings, Agincourt and Waterloo, but Clontarf is still as well remembered in Ireland as if it had been fought in our own day.



GLENMALURE, CO. WICKLOW.—In the stormy days of fierce Queen Bess, and long anterior to her reign, Glenmalure, said to mean, but on somewhat doubtful authority, “Glen of Rich Ores,” was part of the patrimony and the chosen residence of the brave Clan O’Byrne, whose chief, Fiach McHugh, inflicted a terrible defeat on the English in the neighboring valley of Glendalough, A. D. 1580. It is the finest of all the Wicklow glens and above it towers the grandest peak in that splendid region, Lugnaquilla, which attains an altitude of 3,039 feet and is the highest mountain in the “shire.” From its summit, in clear weather, most parts of the counties of Wexford, Kilkenny, Kildare, Carlow, Meath, Westmeath and Tipperary can be seen. In 1798, this glen was the chosen fortress of Michael Dwyer, the insurgent “outlaw,” who was a kind of Irish “Rob Roy,” minus the cow-stealing propensities of that famous Scot. Dwyer was really a man of great military talent, and held his own in the Wicklow hills from the “year of the rebellion,” until after Emmet’s “rising” failure and death, in 1803—five long years. In the end, he compelled the government to make terms with him, and he went into exile “beyond the seas.” His adventures were romantically heroic, but cannot be dwelt on here. It was his resistance that compelled the English to build the military road that runs through the glen along the Avonbeg’s winding course. The old barracks at Drumgoff were built to hold him in check, but even the active Scotch Highlanders, employed to hunt him down, were no match for this glorious peasant-soldier.



BALLYCASTLE, (UPPER TOWN), CO. ANTRIM.—Antrim possesses a number of clean, well-built small towns, peculiar to that section of Ulster. They have a modern air, and, were it not for the difference in architecture and building material, might easily pass for hamlets in busy New England. Ballycastle, shown above, is situated on the sea shore, not far from Fair Head. Above it rises the Hill of Knocklayd which has an altitude of about 1,700 feet and commands a noble and extensive view. The sketch, however, deals more with the village itself than with its surroundings. The name signifies the Town of the Castle, so called because a former Earl of Antrim built here a kind of fortress in the early part of the reign of James I. The castle has vanished from human ken, and on its site has been erected a handsome Episcopal church. The place is divided into two parts—the upper and the lower town. These are connected by a finely arboresc avenue. The upper town will be recognized in the picture, but the lower town, or quay, lies chiefly along shore. In the neighborhood of Ballycastle there exists the largest coal bed, perhaps, in the northern province of Ireland. That it is not better worked, and developed, is one of the mysteries of Irish economics. The principal cause of inactivity is said to be that English coal can be imported for less money than it would take to work the Irish fields. It is the result, Irish economists claim, of the absence of an embargo on British products.



ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH, LIMERICK.—The artistic Catholic Church, whose interior is depicted above, was built for the Redemptorist Fathers in 1862, and is one of the largest religious edifices in a city remarkable for the number, beauty and capaciousness of its temples of divine worship. Architectural critics find fault with the rows of pillars which, while they add to the impressiveness, take away much in the way of light and sound from the superb body of the church. There are found architects, however, who maintain the entire correctness of the pillars, because they give more of what a writer has called "the true cathedral gloom" to the fine interior. All students of church building know that the original idea was borrowed from nature. The early Christian worshippers, hunted and persecuted by Pagans all over Europe, sought the depths of the forests for immunity from impious, and murderous, interruption in their devotions. Nothing, as Emerson says, so truly recalls the primeval forest as the dark and solemn arches of a great cathedral, with its lofty apse and windows illuminated, yet shaded, by stained glass, of artistic design. No church in Ireland carries out this fine idea more faithfully than the exquisite edifice whose graceful interior is so strikingly presented in the sketch.



THE PORTLESTER TOMB, DUBLIN.—The crumbling ruins of the venerable St. Audeon's (St. Owen's) Church—the oldest, it is said, of all churches in Dublin—stand on the south side of the Liffey. Parallel to them is situated the Mortuary Chapel of Rowland Fitz-Eustace, Lord Portlester, which is beautiful even in decay. Fitz-Eustace was an off-shoot of the Fitzgeralds. Four branches of his family were ennobled, but all have become extinct, although an humble farmer in Kildare claims direct descent from one of them. Tradition says that the Baron Portlester, who founded this chapel, fought in France under John, Duke of Bedford, brother of King Henry V., the victor of Agincourt. He married the Lady Margaret de Jenico, connected with the ancient House of Artois, and was Lord Chancellor and Treasurer of Ireland in 1452. The sarcophagus, shown in the sketch, is surmounted by two figures in alto-relievo—the effigies of Baron Portlester and his French consort. The Baron is clad in a full suit of armor and the lady in the ancient English garb of the fifteenth century. Both are well preserved, although the inscription on the marble curb of the sarcophagus is rather illegible. The daughter of this couple, Lady Allison, became the wife of Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare, and died of grief because of her husband's imprisonment in London Tower. The other tomb shown in the picture is supposed to be that of a bishop of the church.



LEENANE, CO. GALWAY.—The hamlet of Leenane lies at the head of the Great Killery Harbor, in renowned Connemara, and, although so small a place, is surrounded by some of the most striking scenery on the planet. Dr. Joyce says that the present name of the bay (Killery) is a misnomer, both in English and Irish, and that, according to the Four Masters, its proper designation would be *Caolshaille-ruadh*, meaning “the Reddish Narrow Inlet of the Sea,” which exactly describes the character of the place. At the setting of the sun, in particular, the waters of Killery Bay gleam like ruddy, molten gold in a setting of mammoth mountains, the heather-clad crests of which change from brown to green and from green to richest purple, according to the season. In all of sublime Connemara—a region that will some day rival Switzerland and the Tyrol in point of attraction for tourists—there is not a more delightful resting place than the hamlet of Leenane. It now possesses good hotel accommodation, and most travellers linger in the neighborhood beyond the usual period, powerfully attracted by the splendor and changefulness of the scenery. As a fishing resort the neighborhood has few rivals. The harbor itself and numerous streams and lakelets furnish every variety of “game” fish known to the angler, including the far-famed “Gillaroo trout,” by many sportsmen preferred to the royal salmon itself.



BRIDGE OF BUNCRANA, CO. DONEGAL.—The strong bridge pictured in the sketch spans the river Crana, near the town of Buncrana, which stands on the east shore of Lough Swilly, into which the stream empties. The Crana is dear to all anglers as the home of the very finest species of brook trout. Bun, in Gaelic, means the end, or mouth, of a river, more properly the former, and thus the village gets its name. It has a fine beach, and is a favorite resort of lady "golfers," whose "links" are there situated. Those of the gentlemen are about a mile distant, at a place called Lisannon, which is also well supplied with fish-full streams. Buncrana is a favorite sea-bathing point, and the locality is celebrated for the number, and beauty, of its "pleasure drives." The most noted of these are the drive to the Gap of Mamore, to the loughs and highlands of Mintiagh, to the fort and light house at Dunree Head and to many other places equally attractive. Lough Swilly, which feels the tidal influence strongly, is a large and picturesque sheet of water, and has been the theatre of many naval conflicts. The most famous was that of October 11, 1798, in which the English admiral, Warren, defeated the French admiral, Bompert, after a most gallant resistance. Among the prisoners taken was Theobald Wolfe Tone, whose identity was betrayed by a former college friend, Sir George Hill, then a magistrate and a rank Tory.



GRECO-ROMAN STATUARY, DUBLIN.—The fine array of statuary represented above graces the great hall of the National Gallery of Ireland, and is the most striking in that splendid collection of the classical creations of the Greco-Roman school of sculptors. The group on the left of the picture is modeled after the original in Grechetto marble, discovered in the ruins of the palace of Titus at Rome, A. D. 1506. The legend is that Laocoön, son of Priam, and priest of Apollo, had discovered and denounced the stratagem of the Greeks in inventing the mammoth wooden horse as a means of surreptitiously introducing a body of Grecian soldiers within the well-defended walls of Troy. The gods, it would appear, were resolved that Troy should be taken and, therefore, grew angry at the intervention of Laocoön. Consequently they sent a plague of serpents to destroy him and his house. It will readily be seen by observing the group that the hero and his two sons are having a death struggle with the reptiles. It is believed that the original group was the work of three Rhodian sculptors. That it is genuine is attested by the writings of Pliny, who beheld it in the palace of Titus at the beginning of the Christian era. Apart from a few restorations, the group remains as it was originally formed. The other statues shown in the sketch are a Diana, Jason, a Rondinini Faun, an Apollo and a Mercury. The recognized names of some of the statues vary. Lord Cloncurry presented the Laocoön group to the gallery.



"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM," IN PHOENIX PARK.—In looking at the foregoing sketch, one might easily imagine himself in one of the pleasure grounds of the beautiful City of Mexico. Here we have rocks and tropical vegetation in abundance. The Yucca—a plant common in Aztec land—seems to grow generously in the genial shade of the Irish forest trees. The young man seated on the picturesque pile of rocks in the middle foreground, seems to be of poetical temperament, and sits in an attitude suggestive of the composition of "a ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." It is evidently his first passion, and first passions, when their victims are absent from the objects that create them, demand romantic solitude. Where can the lover more naturally indulge this harmless propensity than in exquisite Phoenix Park, which might well be dedicated to Cupid himself?

New hope may bloom, and days may come
Of milder, calmer beam—
But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As love's young dream!
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!



GATEWAY, MELLIFONT ABBEY, CO. LOUTH.—The view of the crumbling gateway of Mellifont Abbey suggests the lines of Byron: "There a temple in ruin stands, fashioned by long forgotten hands." Can anything be more typical of the fallen fortunes of Ireland than this mutilated remnant of a once splendid sacred edifice? Mellifont, although now inhabited only by the owl, the bat and the chattering daw, was once the chosen seat of piety and learning. Monarchs, prelates, princes, gallant knights and sturdy squires once accepted its hospitality or worshipped beneath its roof-tree. Now few, beside the scholar and the antiquary, are so poor as to do it passing reverence, and, stone by stone, it is passing into the nothingness of oblivion. How strange it is that the Irish patriots have done so little that is practical to preserve what remains of these, from a historic standpoint, priceless ruins! The venerable place where "the Irish Helen"—the false wife of O'Ruarc—sighed out her heart in belated repentance, and where the sword that so long blazed in the Red Right Hand of Hugh O'Neill on the hills of Ulster was sheathed forever, should not be permitted to perish from the earth.

SECTION VII.

1. Glendalough, County Galway.
2. The Market Donkey, Drogheda, County Louth.
3. The Scots Guards, Dublin.
4. St. Luke's Church, Cork.
5. Ruins of Mellifont Abbey, County Louth.
6. A Walk in Phoenix Park, Dublin.
7. St. Kevin's Cross, County Wicklow.
8. Central Court, Dublin Museum of Science and Art.
9. The City Hall, Dublin.
10. King William's Landing, Carrickfergus.
11. View in Queenstown, County Cork.
12. Coleraine, County Derry.
13. Dingle, County Kerry.
14. Clonmany, County Donegal.
15. Chapel Abbey, Dungarvan, County Waterford.
16. Grand Altar, Maynooth Chapel.
17. The Grattan Statue, College Green.
18. Monkstown, County Cork.
19. Gougane Barra, County Cork.
20. Sculpture Hall, Irish National Gallery.
21. Captain Boyd's Statue, St. Patrick's, Dublin.
22. St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny.
23. Omagh, County Tyrone.
24. Bermingham Tower, Dublin Castle.
25. Derrybeg Chapel, County Donegal.
26. An Athlone Street, Rosecommon.
27. Mt. St. Joseph's Abbey, Roserea, Tipperary.
28. View in Castle-Connell, County Limerick.
29. Castledermot Abbey, County Kildare.
30. Portlester Chapel, Dublin, No. 2.
31. The Upper Lake, Killarney.
32. The Magdalene Steeple, Drogheda.



GLENDALOUGH, CO. GALWAY.—It is doubtful whether in the matter of natural features the Glendalough of the county Wicklow excels its Connemara namesake, a view of which is presented above. Of course the Glendalough of St. Kevin has the advantage of romantic tradition, and the ruins of its seven churches attest its monastic magnificence in early times. The Glendalough now under notice is renowned for the sublimity of its mountain scenery, the clearness and depth of the waters of its lakes and rivers, and the richness of its unrivalled fisheries. It is one grand link in a chain of tourists' resorts, and is comprehended in the Ballinahinch system, including the lake and river of that name, Lough Inagh and Derryclare. Salmon and Gillaroo trout are found in abundance in all these teeming waters. Spurs of the majestic Twelve Pins, the Mamturk range and Lissoughter hill give the lover of the picturesque in nature full opportunity to indulge his enthusiasm. It is questionable whether the Scottish highlands—magnificent as they are—equal this portion of the wonderland of Connemara—Ireland's Tyrol. Bencorr, the loftiest mountain in the neighborhood, has an altitude of 2,336 feet, and rises sheer from the plain, only 70 feet above sea level, so that little of its true height is lost to the admiring beholder. Its cliffs and crags, where the golden eagle dwells among the clouds, are not unworthy of the Tyrolean Alps.



THE MARKET DONKEY, DROGHEDA, CO. LOUTH.—The Irish housewife, of thrifty habit, by no means disdains the humble donkey, which can live and thrive where a horse might starve, or at least become an eligible candidate for the bone yard or glue factory. Market day in an Irish town is a period of shrewd bargains. Nobody ever knew an Irish marketer, male or female, to have a single price. The policy is to put everything up as high as possible, and gradually come down in demand until a compromise, followed by a sale, is effected. On market day, then, the cart, hauled by a donkey, is loaded by the Vanithee—woman of the house—with butter, eggs, bacon, potatoes and, occasionally, poultry. When she enters the market place, the good woman is immediately surrounded by eager customers, who want everything at the lowest possible figure. She is equally determined to keep the price up. Finally, the haggling resolves itself into “splitting the difference;” that is to say, if a shilling is in dispute, the seller will take sixpence, and so on, according to the amount. When the bargain is finally struck, the seller is always expected to give “luck penny,” which may range anywhere from half a crown to a “four penny bit”—seldom lower than the latter coin. This money, when the sale is between men, is generally expended on “treats” at the bar of some convenient “public.” Women are not held to this rule stringently, and, no doubt, the buxom lady in the picture holds on to her “luck penny” with the tenacity of her sex.



THE SCOTS GUARDS, DUBLIN.—The sketch represents a “relief” of the Scots Fusilier Guards, commonly called the 3d Foot Guards of the British army, marching to their post in the Irish capital. At the head march three stalwart Highland pipers, who make the ancient streets ring with the weird music of “the plaided Gael.” The Scots Guards have not been much in Ireland, but they are more popular in Dublin than either the Grenadiers or the Coldstreams. The latter, in particular, made themselves obnoxious to the people, and several bloody fights marked their stay in the metropolis. The Scotch troops, in general, are well conducted, and, as they are mainly Celts, they readily fraternize with the impulsive and good natured Dubliners, who, however, regard all British troops with very natural distrust. These Guards are a striking body of men, tall and stalwart, with flaming scarlet coats and immense bear-skin caps. They have a good record as fighters, particularly in the Waterloo and Crimean campaigns. At Hougoumont, they aided in repelling the fierce attack of the corps of Prince Jerome Bonaparte on the chateau, which was the key to the British position. They lost heavily in officers and enlisted men. At the Alma, in 1854, they were particularly distinguished. Like the other Household regiments, they are always liable to be sent on foreign service, but are rarely called upon, unless in cases of grave emergency.



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, CORK.—The foregoing sketch represents St. Luke's Episcopal Church, situated on an elevation of the city called by some Napoleonic worshippers, "Montenotte." The site overlooks the northern end of the southern capital and the sylvan valley of the Lee. It is not a very large edifice and is designed in the perpendicular Gothic style, often called the Scholastic Gothic, of the 15th century, but is a very handsome specimen of that school of architecture. The material used in its exterior construction is a soft, grey limestone, quarried in the neighborhood. It has a pinnacled tower and a spire of cut stone. St. Luke's is not an ancient edifice. It was built during the first quarter of this century, after the design of George Richard Paine, the same architect who made the plans of Blackrock Castle, a picturesque land mark on the west bank of the fine river. Mr. Paine was also the architect of the handsome Cork branch of the Bank of Ireland, and of many of the stately mansions that are reflected in the clear waters of the Lee. One of the most noted residences designed by him is the mansion of Woodville, the seat of the Penrose family, in which Washington Irving laid the scene in the life of Sarah Curran, the fiancée of Robert Emmet, sketched in "The Broken Heart." It is one of the most delightful spots in Ireland.



RUINS OF MELLIFONT ABBEY, CO. LOUTH.—These highly interesting ruins lie in the midst of a beautiful lowland vale, rather than deep valley—a feature of scenery peculiar to the more fertile portions of Ireland. Mellifont is not a Gaelic name, and bears a Latin stamp upon it. The abbey was founded and endowed by O'Carroll, Prince of Orriel, in 1142, and was the first establishment of the Cistercian Order of monks in Ireland. Although it was originally a vast structure, or combination of structures, time, war and vandalism have reduced the ruins to their present scanty proportions. Apart from its interest, as a relic of Ireland's epoch of scholastic and ecclesiastical glory, Mellifont is famous as the place in which Deavorgil, the faithless wife of O'Ruarc, whose fall from grace with McMurrough led to the Anglo Norman invasion, died in 1193. This is the woman of whom Moore has written—

Now, Oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame;

And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame!

Mellifont also witnessed, on March 30, 1603, the saddest day that ever dawned on Ireland, the surrender of Hugh O'Neill, the victor of the Yellow Ford and Drumfuich, to Lord Deputy Mountjoy, after a bloody struggle of eight long years, in which the great Earl of Tyrone, as the English called O'Neill, won imperishable renown.



A WALK IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.—Dublin and its environs, according to most writers who have visited them, fairly blaze with flowers in the pleasant summer time, and flowers, too, of the most exquisite coloring, shape and odor. These are framed by shrubs, plants and trees of most luxuriant foliage—one species succeeding another in almost constant rotation. Through such a scene, the charming walk shown in the sketch gently winds, luring the visitor step by step to visit scenes ever growing in beauty. A stroll in Phoenix Park in the summer weather is not taken under a burning sun. The walks do not burn the feet of the pedestrian, as if they were laid in ashes, hot from a volcanic crater, nor is there risk of sunstroke—a malady practically unknown in the equable, gracious climate of “the fairest isle of the ocean”—a title bestowed upon Ireland by the eminent Scotch poet, Thomas Campbell, in his immortal song of “The Exile of Erin.” The gentleman standing in contemplative attitude on the walk near the edge of the parterre is seemingly enjoying the bloom and the fragrance of the clustering blossoms, overhung by umbrageous troughs. The effect would be better if he had a lady with him to sympathize with his pleasurable emotions.



ST. KEVIN'S CROSS, CO. WICKLOW.—St. Kevin must have been a man of marvelous energy, like his great predecessor, St. Patrick, if he originated even a moiety of the churches, caves and crosses with which tradition credits him. His great cross at the Wicklow Glendalough, where are the ruins of his famous seven churches, has been an object of veneration to devout visitors for many ages. It stands in the midst of the dwellings of the dead—a rugged, stern reminder of the story of the stormy past. The cross is hewn out of granite, with slight segments of the circle nearly encompassing the arms, and is 11 feet high and 3 feet and 8 inches in width. Its origin is lost in antiquity, but it was doubtless erected when Kevin began his holy mission about the middle of the sixth century. In Gaelic the saint's name is rendered Coemghen, which signifies “the fair born,” and he is reputed to have been a scion of the royal house of Leinster, who, tired even in his youth of the vanities of this existence, resolved on devoting himself to the salvation of his soul and the souls of his fellow creatures. He loved the hermit's cell much better than the kingly halls of his fathers, and, while their very names are, for the most part, forgotten, his fame will endure while men and women revere piety, learning and unselfishness. St. Kevin's Cross, massive as it is, will finally resolve itself into nothingness, but the name of St. Kevin will, like his glorious spirit, live forever.



CENTRAL COURT, DUBLIN MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART.—The accompanying sketch shows a portion of the Central Court, with statuary and archæological specimens, of the Museum of Science and Art, situated on Kildare street. This very useful institution was built in 1885, and has a main facade 200 feet in extent, facing the National Library, which was built about the same time. Both structures are from the plans of T. N. Deane & Sons, native architects. The Museum consists of a central building and two wings—the former crowned by a dome. Many statues, and casts of statues, ancient and modern, beautify the court. One of the most striking of the figures is that representing Lieutenant W. R. Pollock Hamilton, who is shown gallantly defending the British embassy at Cabul, in 1879. Many of the classical figures which appear in the sketch are models from the collection of the late gifted and prolific, J. H. Foley, whose genius, by the way, is scarcely recognized in America, although his reputation is well established in England. Among the many historical treasures here preserved is a collection of musical instruments used by Thomas Moore, when the poet was engaged on his "Irish Melodies." The relief map of Ireland, having a scale of 11 inches to the mile, and colored so as to display the geological formation of the island at a glance, gives an object lesson in Irish geography that every visitor will appreciate. The Hamilton statue is the design of C. B. Birch, A. R. A.



THE CITY HALL, DUBLIN.—The above splendid public building was erected after the design of the great Dublin architect of the last century, Thomas Cooley, in 1769. Dr. Charles Lucas, the famous Irish patriot, who preceded Flood and Grattan in public favor, secured the purchase money for the site from the Irish parliament. The money for the structure was raised under the lottery system and by subscription. The edifice was originally called the Royal Exchange, but seems to have been very little used for purposes of trade and finance. It became, however, a favorite meeting place for the people of Dublin, and in its fine hall, Daniel O'Connell, in the year 1800, made his first speech in public on the Irish question. In 1852 the Royal Exchange became the City Hall of Dublin. Here the mayor has his office and the aldermen their place of assembly. The principal front, on Parliament street, consists of an imposing portico, with pediment supported on six Corinthian columns. The western front, on Castle street, has a portico of four Corinthian pillars, but without a pediment. The entablature around the structure is continuous, and there is also an artistic balustrade around the top, except where the pediment interrupts its course. The hall contains statues of O'Connell and Drummond by Hogan—the former a remarkably fine work of art. The statue of Grattan, by Chantrey, is considered excellent of that patriot, and there are many other effigies of historical interest.



KING WILLIAM'S LANDING, CARRICKFERGUS.—The picture shows the historic cove in which the war ship that bore King William III. to Ireland dropped anchor on June 14, 1690. Among those who accompanied him were Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, Major General Mackay—the famous Scotch Puritan defeated by Dundee the day he fell at Killecrankie; the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Earls of Oxford, Portland, Scarborough and Manchester; General Douglas and many other well known military chiefs, who came to take their respective commands in the army of 40,000 men, drawn from nearly every country in Europe, then assembled under the orders of Marshal Schomberg in the neighborhood of Newry, county Down. Schomberg, before William's arrival, had shown his appreciation of Irish valor by granting to Sir Teague O'Regan and the Jacobite garrison that had so valiantly defended the Fort of Charlemont, the honors of war. Very soon, William got ready to give battle to King James on the banks of the Boyne, and the rest is known. The cliffs around Carrickfergus bay are bold and precipitous, and on the right of the picture is shown a means of ascent and descent which only the strongest and most daring of sea-faring men may attempt. The chain depending from the rocks vividly recalls the adventure of "Tom Burke of Ours," when escaping from the coast of France, so thrillingly described by Charles Lever in one of his most stirring novels.



VIEW IN QUEENSTOWN, CO. CORK.—The foregoing is a view of one of the principal streets in the Irish Liverpool, and affords a good idea of the nature of the ground on which the city stands, looking down on its magnificent harbor. The buildings in this section of Queenstown are handsome and solid—very much resembling those of American cities, before the “sky-scraping” period, which has come to show that mankind have not yet repudiated the desire to build towers like unto that of Babel. From the eminence in the background of the sketch, a castellated church tower looks proudly down on the structures that have arisen on the terraced streets below. On the right is a public pleasure ground—a favorite breathing spot of the populace. The handsome building in the foreground on the left, with its black veranda, recalls the better portion of the French Quarter at New Orleans. Queenstown, during half a century, has been the sad witness of more than a million partings of its people from Ireland, because it has been a favorite point of embarkation for America. Nothing can be more melancholy than the spectacle of the aged father and mother bidding farewell at the gang plank to the hope and light of the humble household, wrenching their aged heart-strings in the effort to be brave. Even the buoyant Irish nature is not proof against this kind of affliction, and there have been many instances where bitter grief orphaned the young emigrant before the ship that bore him away saw the last glimpse of the Irish shore.



COLERAINE, CO. DERRY.—One of the most charming of Irish love ballads is that which describes the charms of sweet “Kitty of Coleraine.” It has been sung by, at least, two generations of the Irish of the North and is by no means unknown in other sections of the island. The thriving town pictured above is charmingly situated on the right bank of the Bann, four miles from the sea. It is 47 miles north-northwest of Belfast, with which it is connected by rail. Many streets diverge from the central square, or “plaza,” as it would be designated in Spanish America. The place has a population of about 5,000, and does a brisk business in fine linens, paper, leather and other branches of industry. Its fine salmon fishery yields a yearly rental of about \$25,000, resulting from license fees. Since the river was deepened, in 1873, vessels of good size can anchor at the quay. The name, according to Joyce, is derived from an incident in the life of St. Patrick. When that great missionary, in his journey through Ulster, arrived in the neighborhood, he was hospitably received by the local chief, who granted him a piece of ground whereon to build a church. When the Saint inquired where the spot was, it was pointed out to him on the bank of the river Bann, in a place overgrown with ferns. Boys were, at the moment, amusing themselves by setting the ferns on fire. It was, therefore, called in Gaelic Cuil-rathain, translated by Colgan “the Corner of the Ferns,”—a name which, with very little alteration, it retains to this day.



DINGLE, CO. KERRY.—This small town of less than 2,000 people is charmingly placed on the strand of Dingle harbor, an inlet of the capacious bay of that name in the western portion of the picturesque county Kerry. The picture deals only with the hamlet itself, which is, after a fashion, a thriving little place, with a good fishery and a splendid bathing beach. Many centuries ago, it was known in Gaelic as Daingean-*ui-Chuis*, now rendered Dingle I-Coush—the Fortress of O'Cush, who was lord of the place before the English invasion. In later times, it became the property of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond. Yes—

Their swords made knights, their banner waved, free was their bugle call
By Glinn's green slopes and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Yonghal!
Of Desmond's blood through woman's veins, passed on the exhausted tide;
His title lives—a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide.

Diagonally across the mountains from Dingle is Smerwick, famous as the scene of the massacre of a Spanish garrison which came to the aid of Desmond, then in "rebellion" against Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the leading butchers in the affair but sought to excuse himself on the ground that he acted under orders from his superior officer.



CLONMANY, CO. DONEGAL.—The pleasant little watering place shown above is situated in that much indented part of the Donegal coast, which stretches between Lough Swilly and Foyle, and bears the full brunt of the fierce Atlantic waves. Clonmany stands near the head of Bunion Bay, not far from Pollan Strand. Behind it is a region of streams and loughs that abound in fish of fine quality. The surrounding scenery is wildly picturesque, and when the boisterous ocean storms rage, the breakers burst upon the strand with sublime fury. The town is situated sufficiently far from the shore to be sheltered from the full force of wind and wave. Numerous fine roads branch from the village to the strand and toward the interior. Mamore Gap, celebrated for its bold and picturesque features, is within easy reach, and the angler has little difficulty in reaching the favorite trout fisheries of Loughs Fad, Naminn and Mentiagh. The bold peaks of “Slieve Snacht of the Lakes” and its neighboring mountains are plainly visible, except in misty weather, and add much to the romantic aspect of the locality. The inhabitants of Clonmany, like most of those of the shore towns, have only two paying branches of industry—fishing and agriculture. These, with the summer tourist trade, make the place comparatively prosperous, but there is much room for improvement—something that is also true of many other hamlets in county Donegal.



CHAPEL ABBEY, DUNGARVAN, CO. WATERFORD.—It can scarcely be claimed that the ruins of the abbey at Dungarvan are in themselves imposing, but the chapel, in a renovated state, has a quaintness in its general aspect that at once attracts the interest of the beholder. The castellated tower is very ancient, dating from the 7th century, when the abbey was founded by St. Garvan. In the neighborhood are the strong castle and mighty walls built by King John, who had great faith in stone and mortar, according to the Norman fashion. The town of Dungarvan has a population of some 5,000, who mainly devote themselves to fishing, shop keeping and agricultural pursuits. The bay, which is three miles long and about the same width, is capacious enough, but rather shallow, averaging in depth from one to five fathoms. With the exception of Waterford harbor, this portion of the Irish coast is not favorable for heavy shipping, and many terrible wrecks have occurred upon it. In 1816, the British transport, Seahorse, with the 59th regiment on board, was driven on the coast near Tramore, in broad daylight, and 291 men, together with 72 women and children, perished. The Gaelic form of Dungarvan is Dun-Garbhain, meaning Garvan's Fortress, although it is not related that the saint who founded the abbey was also a warrior. Most probably, he was obliged to fortify the church property, owing to the incursions of the Danes, who were very lively pirates in the days in which he flourished.



GRAND ALTAR, MAYNOOTH CHAPEL.—This sketch shows the grand altar and sanctuary of the beautiful chapel of Maynooth College. Although modern, the church stands upon ground watered by the blood of heroes, and ennobled by their dust. Before this high altar the students of Maynooth University—destined for the sacred calling of the priesthood—kneel in worship of the Almighty Creator to whose service their lives are devoted. In this chapel they become familiar with the many rites and ceremonies that belong to the holy sacrifice of the mass, and listen to words of wisdom and eloquence from the lips of the reverend teachers they revere. Maynooth College is now a thoroughly Irish institution. It has come out from under the shadow of the government grant that long lay upon its reputation as an incubus. England did not endow Maynooth College, under Pitt and Peel, because she loved Catholicity. Finding that she could not, by persecution or by bribery, drive the great majority of the Irish people from the practice of that faith, she endeavored to control the sentiments of its missionaries. But her success was only partial and even that was short-lived. Maynooth, in spite of English efforts, sent forth many patriotic priests who espoused heartily the just cause of their people. The obnoxious oath, which was at one time administered to ecclesiastical students, is now a thing of the past—put away among the cobwebs of history with other sad relics of the more recent penal times.



THE GRATTAN STATUE, COLLEGE GREEN.—In 1876, the corporation of Dublin caused Foley's striking statue of Henry Grattan, the greatest of not alone Irish, but also of European, orators, of modern times, to be erected in College Green, opposite the old House of Parliament, in which he uttered the splendid speeches that have made his name immortal. Grattan, unlike O'Connell, was noted for vehemence and what may be called angularity of gesture. In fact, he was not what is termed a graceful speaker, but his language was sublime, and he had a magical influence over his audience. He could not move the masses of the people, like the great Catholic Emancipator, but before the most critical parliamentary body in the world, as was the Irish House of Commons, he stood unrivalled. The artist represents him moving his famous Declaration of Irish Rights, April 19, 1780, in supporting which he said: "I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live, and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."



MONKSTOWN, CO. CORK.—Among the many pretty villages that stud the emerald shores of the estuary of the river Lee is Monkstown, sketched above. It stands on the right bank of the river, in the midst of scenery that it is no exaggeration to call enchanting. "Glorious woods and teeming soil" characterize the whole neighborhood of this delightful place. It possesses, among other objects of interest, an old castle, now a ruin, which was built in 1636, under what Prof. Addey, in "Picturesque Ireland," calls "peculiar circumstances." The tradition runs that during the absence of the owner of the demesne, who was serving in the army of Philip of Spain, his wife, whose name was Anastasia, resolved to pleasantly surprise him by building a quadrangular castle without diminishing his exchequer. In order to achieve this end, she compelled the tenants on the estate to purchase from her the groceries and other necessities of existence, consumed or worn by them, at an advance on the prices at which she was enabled to buy the goods wholesale. A keen woman of business, she succeeded admirably, for when the balance was finally struck, it was found that the completed edifice had cost only four pence—commonly called a "groat"—in excess of the receipts from sales of merchandise. This castle fell into decay during the Williamite wars.



GOUGHANE BARRA, CO. CORK.—Ireland possesses but few loughs, or lakes, more picturesquely situated than Gougane Barra—Gaelic for St. Fin-Bar's Rock Cleft—near the headwaters of the river Lee, in the county Cork. It is environed by mountains on all sides except the east, and from this point proceeds the stream, through a rocky gap, on its rapid course to Lough Allua—another entrancing sheet of water—and thence to the ocean. From the sides of the hills countless rivulets tumble into the lough, with endless murmurings, and keep it ever full to highest watermark. In the centre of the lake is a small island, containing the ruins of a saintly shrine, which is the scene of many a holy pilgrimage and miraculous cure. It is said that St. Fin-Bar, by St. Patrick's direction, drowned in Gougane Barra a murderous winged dragon, which the latter had overlooked when he banished all other reptiles from Ireland. The condition imposed upon the saint before he destroyed the monster was, to build a church where the waters flowing from the lough meet the tide. This condition was fulfilled by the building of St. Fin-Bar's Cathedral in the city of Cork. Gougane Barra was the saint's country residence, and the sacred buildings whose ruins cover about half of its island, were erected by him. The larger portion of these ruins, which have been allowed to fall into a state of discreditable decay, appear in the accompanying sketch.



SCULPTURE HALL, IRISH NATIONAL GALLERY.—The scene represents the grand sculpture hall of the National Gallery of Ireland, situated in the handsome Irish metropolis. The statues and models shown on both sides of the spacious apartment are classics of the Greco-Roman school of sculpture, which generally ran to realistic reproduction of mythological characters. Most of the figures are represented in action of some kind, and the attitudes serve to reveal those fine outlines of "the human form divine," in which all true artists have delighted and will continue to delight to the end of time. The Greeks and Romans, unhampered by the stiff, absurd garments of what is called modern fashion, allowed the human frame to grow in beauty as nature intended. Tight coats and back-destroying corsets were unknown to the ancients, happily for them. Men with uneven shoulders and women with deformed ribs were strangers to the country people of Pericles and Cicero. Therefore, after 2,000 years, or more, "the martial form that stood Platea's (or Philippi's) battle storm," comes down to us in marble as a model for men; and the resurrected statues of the Junos and the Heras for women. While the Gallery of Ireland is praiseworthy, there is truth in the statement of its directors, who confess that their collection is incomplete, as yet, particularly in the works of modern sculpture.



CAPTAIN BOYD'S STATUE, ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.—The speaking statue presented in the sketch is that of Captain John McNeill Boyd, of the British Navy, a native of Londonderry, distinguished in his profession, who lost his life off the rocks of Kingstown harbor on February 9, 1861, while endeavoring to rescue the crew of a ship-wrecked brig. Captain Boyd was a man of knightly courage and his death caused wide-spread regret in Ireland and Great Britain. As St. Patrick's Cathedral is the Irish Westminster, the admirers of the gallant sailor resolved to erect there a statue to commemorate his bravery and humanity. The figure represents him in the act of giving commands to his crew on the quarter deck of his vessel. The very attitude is eloquent, and the poise of the fine head is perfect. The firm chin and compressed lips denote devotion to duty, even to the death—a virtue the bold Captain proved he possessed by the sacrifice of a life full of honor and of promise. This statue is regarded as one of the finest of the numerous splendid memorials of the distinguished dead contained in St. Patrick's. By many it is regarded as the master work of the sculptor Farrell. The figure stands between the first two pillars of the south arcade of the nave of the cathedral.



ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE, KILKENNY.—The saint whose name gives title to the college pictured above is held by some Irish savants to have preceded St. Patrick himself in his holy mission to "Green Innisfall." His chair, or throne, composed of native stone, stands in the north transept of the venerable Cathedral of St. Canice in this ancient capital of the English Pale, founded by the formidable Strongbow himself in that fateful year for Ireland, A. D. 1172. The Catholic College, dedicated to St. Kieran, is situated in the Clonmel road, and is a modern structure of graceful Gothic design. It accommodates a large number of students, and its professors are considered among the most thorough in Ireland. Kilkenny has always been noted as an educational centre, and has given birth to many able sons. Among the latter may be mentioned the two famous Irish novelists, John and Michael Banim, whose "Tales of the O'Hara Family" won celebrity half a century ago. They justly rank with Griffin, Carleton and Lover as delineators of Irish character, and they were truly national in their sentiments. Kilkenny also gave birth to James Stephens, the Fenian chief, who came so near creating a possibly successful revolution in Ireland, in 1865. Many graduates of St. Kieran's College are priests in the United States and Canada.



OMAGH, CO. TYRONE.—The capital town of the county Tyrone, pictured above, is situated in the midst of a most delightful country, picturesque and wondrously fertile, where the Drumragh and Camowen rivers unite their waters to form the rushing Struel. The name of Omagh is said by some Gaelic scholars to signify “the Seat of Chieftains.” It grew gradually to importance in the fostering shade of a splendid abbey, erected early in the 7th century by a pious prince of the Hy Niall tribe, who were the native owners of broad Tyrone, Anglicé, “the Land of Owen.” In later times, about the 15th century, a strong castle was built there by a member of the same great family. It was bravely defended by Art O’Neill against the armies of Elizabeth, but was finally captured and partially destroyed. The place was rebuilt in the time of James I. and was assaulted and captured by the brave Sir Phelim O’Neill during the great Irish uprising, in 1641. When the Puritan army finally triumphed, the castle was razed to the ground. In 1689, during the Williamite struggle, the town was scorched by fire, and, in 1743, it suffered severely from the same merciless scourge. It was solidly rebuilt, and, except in the outskirts, presents a neat and prosperous aspect. The court house is a very fine structure, and there are numerous churches and schools, together with a spacious convent of artistic design.



BERMINGHAM TOWER, DUBLIN CASTLE.—The foregoing picture represents the Bermingham Tower, of Dublin Castle, which was partially rebuilt in 1810, and is about the only part of the fortress, begun by Meyler FitzHenry, Norman Lord Justice, in 1205, and completed by Archbishop Henri de Loundres, in 1220, that may be considered original. Time and change have done away with the rest of the ancient stronghold, which has been replaced by modern, rambling structures of no historical importance. The castle has been the malodorous seat of English government in Ireland for more than three hundred years. Since 1560, in the reign of Elizabeth, it has been the residence of the English Lords Lieutenant, and has been the theatre of many black crimes committed against the Irish nation. In its dungeons, chiefs have been cruelly imprisoned, and in its councils innumerable plots against the liberty of Ireland have been hatched. The name of "The Castle" is as hateful to most Irish ears, as that of the Bastille was to the ears of the French. It became particularly infamous during the '98 troubles, chiefly because of the manufacture there of odious spies and villainous informers. Curran, in his speech defending Peter Finerty, accused of "treason to the Crown," denounced it as a catacomb in which "the wretch buried as a man, was dug up a witness!" Many Irishmen, and Englishmen also, favor the abolition of the vicerealty and "the Castle" with it. Bermingham Tower is in the Lower Castle Yard, and it is the repository of the state records.



DERRYBEG CHAPEL, CO. DONEGAL.—"The Little Oak Wood" is the meaning of Derrybeg in English. Our artist's sketch shows the neat Catholic Chapel, of which the Rev. Father McFadden is pastor, situated in the pretty storm-swept village, which stands on the sea-shore, in the rack-rented Gweedore district, in the northwestern corner of county Donegal. The figure in the middle ground, toward the left, is that of the good priest himself, who, although still in the prime of life, has been identified with the Irish Land League movement for a quarter of a century. Because of his unselfish devotion to his people, he has suffered from persecution at the hands of their enemies; but he has succeeded in keeping the roofs over the heads of some poor creatures who, without his championship, would have no refuge but the workhouse or the grave. A dreadful "tidal wave" struck Derrybeg on Lady Day (Aug. 15) 1880, and did not spare the little chapel. The people were at mass when it was struck by the raging waters. Two of the humble worshippers perished in the flood and the rest were obliged to fly to the hills for safety. Father McFadden rescued several of his flock from drowning. In February, 1889, during a fierce eviction riot, in which the exasperated people used missiles freely, Police Inspector Martin was mortally wounded. The vindictive landlords did their utmost to implicate Father McFadden, and he suffered much tribulation, as did many of his parishioners, but finally triumphed over his foes. He is generally regarded as the bravest priest in Ireland, and it is unnecessary, perhaps, to add, that he is simply adored by his people.



AN ATHLONE STREET, ROSCOMMON.—There are still extant in Athlone many houses that witnessed the memorable sieges and battles of 1690-91. The sketch shows one of the ancient streets of that renowned burgh, which may be described as standing astride the Shannon, partly in Roscommon and partly in Westmeath. In one of the olden houses, the famous Baron de Ginkel, commander-in-chief of King William's army, lodged after the capture of the town. The celebrated old bridge, which once connected the English and Irish crowns, and which the Irish so gallantly defended, in 1691, has given place to a new structure within this century. The old bridge was the subject of many legends, some of which deserve to be classed among "foot-falls on the boundary of another world." One story, authenticated, of course, runs as follows: A gentleman, residing in the west part of Ireland, dreamt one night that if he went to Athlone and walked upon its bridge for a few hours, he would "make his fortune." He dreamt the same thing three times in succession. Finally he told his wife, and she urged him to go. As he was "walking the bridge" a man asked him why he was doing it. The gentleman told him of the dream. "Oh, that's nothing," said the stranger. "I dreamt three times that if I went to a certain man's garden in the west (naming the gentleman's own property) I'd find a crock of gold under the oldest apple tree in the orchard." The westerner went home immediately, dug for the "crock of gold," and found it. This established his fortune, indeed, and his descendants, it is said, still enjoy the inheritance.



MT. ST. JOSEPH'S ABBEY, ROSCREA, TIPPERARY.—The handsome modern church which is correctly represented, as regards its exterior, in the foregoing view, was founded on Ascension Day, May 24, 1879, when the first stone, dressed by the Trappist Monks themselves, was laid by the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Abbot of Mt. Melleray, county Waterford. Mr. W. H. Beardwood, of Dublin, furnished the plans, and partly superintended the construction of the sacred edifice. The exterior was finished in 1881, and, on September 18 of that year, the late Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of Killaloe, and the Abbots of Melleray in France, Mount Melleray in Ireland, Mount St. Bernard in England and Gethsemani, in this republic, participated in the dedication of the church to the service of God. The ground on which it stands once belonged to the demesne of Mount Heaton, situated on the banks of the Brosna. It came into the possession of the Trappists by purchase, Mount Melleray, in Waterford, being the parent house of the new community. The latter reconstructed the buildings of the secular estate for the purposes of a monastery, altering everything by degrees, until now it is one of the finest monastic institutions in Ireland. In 1884, the new church was consecrated, and, at the desire of the late Bishop Ryan, of Killaloe, Leo XIII. raised Mt. St. Joseph to the dignity of an abbey, "conferring on it all the honors, rights and privileges of abbeys of the Cistercian Order." The community chose the Right Rev. J. C. Beardwood for Abbot in 1887.



VIEW IN CASTLE-CONNELL, CO. LIMERICK.—The picture is a view of one of the principal thoroughfares in the pretty town of Castle-Connell, situated in one of the most fertile sections in county Limerick. The wreck of O'Brien's Castle, mentioned in another sketch, is still to be seen, and many a fearful popular legend centres in it. One is to the effect that a Prince of Thomond, ages ago, visited the O'Brien who owned the castle, and, after receiving his hospitality, treacherously seized upon him and put out his eyes—a punishment usually inflicted in those barbaric times on heirs apparent to thrones or principalities, because their blindness, in that warlike age, when every king, prince and chief was expected to fight, debarred the victims from succession. Thomond, in addition to blinding his host and kinsman, caused him to be murdered by some soldiers who accompanied him. Another tradition is to the effect that the ruins of the castle will fall on the wisest of men, if he should happen to pass by it; and it is related, with glee, that a landlord in the neighborhood, not noted for wisdom, thought himself so sagacious that he always went by the place on horseback and at full gallop. There is a fine salmon fishery in the vicinity, on the river Shannon, and this attracts many foreign, as well as native, tourists to the town. Among the former, for years, was George Peabody, the American philanthropist, who also, it is said, gave a wide berth to the old castle.



CASTLEDERMOT ABBEY, CO. KILDARE.—The ancient Gaelic name of the locality in which the noble ruins shown above are situated was Disert Diarmada, which means, in English, the Sequestered Place of Diarmid, or Dermot. The term disert was borrowed from the Latin desertum, and means also a desert, wilderness or lonely hermitage. Prof. Joyce remarks that in some of the Leinster counties, the modern word castle has been substituted for the more ancient disert, and this has been so in the case of Castle-Dermot, situated in the southern end of the fertile and far-famed county of Kildare. Castle-Dermot monastery was founded by Diarmid, a pious son of King Aedh Roin, of Ulidia, about the year 800. During the long wars with the Danes and Anglo-Normans it was repeatedly burned and plundered, only to be again and again restored. Finally, in 1650, the sacrilegious force of warlike barbarism prevailed, and all that is now worthy of notice in the ruins of the once imposing Franciscan monastery, of royal foundation, appears in the sketch. The archways, even in dark decay, are strikingly artistic and beautiful. Some of the windows are also well preserved and attest the ancient grandeur of the sacred edifice. A deep covering of ivy, the growth of ages, adds to the venerable aspect of the place. The town takes its name, perhaps, from the strong castle built here by Strongbow's lieutenant, Walter-de-Riddlesford, A. D. 1173.



PORLESTER CHAPEL, DUBLIN, No. 2.—This sketch gives still another view of the interior of the Portlester Chapel, which, for some reason, appears to have attracted the particular attention of nearly all visitors to Ireland. Here we see three gentlemen, respectively old, middle-aged and young, silently gazing, with uncovered heads, on the slabs that cover the dust of men and women, who passed to their account long before the fatal wrath of Henry VIII. fell on the premier branch of the illustrious Geraldine family, of which the Fitz-Eustaces of Portlester were scions. The faces of the three visitors seem contemplative and sad, for they know that, some day, other people will stand above their dust, albeit not in the chapel of the Portlesters. A feeling of awe comes over the mind of the most callous when standing amid ruins, crowded with tombs and filled with the charnel odor inseparable from death vaults, whether ancient or modern. And yet, men, and women, too, linger in them long, held there by a mysterious fascination.

"Oh, go not yet, not yet away!

Killeevy! O Killeevy!

Let us feel that life is near our clay,"

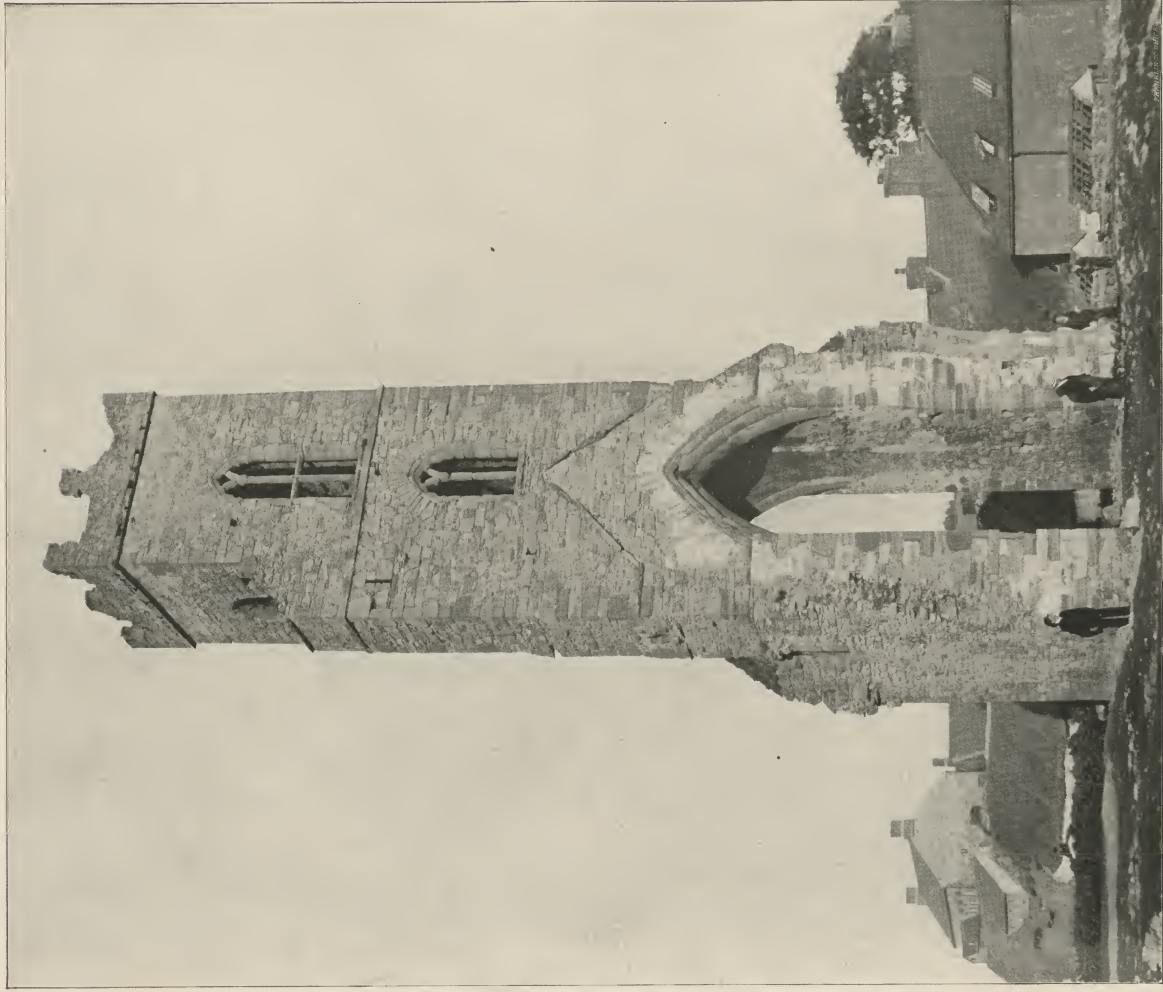
The long departed seem to say,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy!

What Carleton wrote of the ghastly wooing of the "Churchyard Bride" by Sir Turlough, applies to every ancient burial place in Ireland.



THE UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY.—It has been well said by many appreciative travellers that Killarney “outdoes even itself,” speaking of it as an entirety, in the heavenly Upper Lake, a fine view of which is presented in the picture. Here the mountains, with their magical shadowings, assume their grandest shapes, and the numerous fine islands, richly clad in arbutus, juniper, ash and holly, diversify the bosom of the waters, rippling beneath the even strokes of the skilled boatmen, who are possessed of an esprit de corps that would do honor to the famed gondoliers of Venice. As the little vessel glides along, the voyager has a fine opportunity to note the picturesque changes of form and color that present themselves at every turn. Wherever he may look, on lake, mountain or island, beauty sits enthroned. Nowhere else in the world is so much loveliness grouped without being crowded. It is difficult not to imagine that, at the creation, there must have been an Irish Adam and Eve to inhabit this sylvan paradise—either that, or the Hebrew historians must have mistaken the Euphrates for the river Laune and Eden for Killarney. This noble scenic vision spoils the tourist for other scenes, even the most majestic. There is a loveliness about the Upper Lake and its surroundings, that no pen can describe or artist’s pencil portray. It has the lights and shadows of a world more than earthly—an “earnest,” as it were, of “the Kingdom God has prepared for those who love Him.”



THE MAGDALENE STEEPLE, DROGHEDA.—The lofty and imposing ruin pictured in the foregoing sketch, is one of the most venerable of the many archaeological relics of Drogheda. It is known as the Magdalene Steeple of the Dominican monastery, all of which has disappeared but the tower itself. The edifice was founded by the Archbishop of Armagh in 1224, for the Order of Preaching Friars. It was still in perfect condition a hundred and seventy years later, when Richard II. received beneath its roof the alleged "submission" of the Ulster Princes, who, in fact, owed him no allegiance whatever, and continued to fight against the English for generations after the unhappy son of the Black Prince was murdered by his loving cousin, Henry IV., at Pontefract Castle. The Magdalene was one of the churches in which the wretched garrison and people of Drogheda sought shelter after Cromwell took the city, in 1649. They were hunted like wolves, and nearly all put to the sword. One beautiful virgin, according to the narrative of a Cromwellian captain, appealed to him for protection, which he granted. As he was leading her up the stairs to the steeple, a soldier impaled her on his sword. Then the English captain, Thomas Wood, according to his confession (see Michel's reply to Froude, published by the Sadlers) robbed the dying girl of her trinkets, and flung her bleeding body over the parapet into the street! See, also, "Cromwell in Ireland," by the Rev. Dennis Murphy, S. J.

SECTION VIII.

1. Enniskillen, County Fermanagh.
2. Curraghmore, County Waterford.
3. Glenties, County Donegal.
4. Ardferth Cathedral, County Kerry.
5. St. Peter's Chapel and College, Wexford.
6. Avoca, County Wicklow.
7. Portrush, County Antrim.
8. Road to Maam, County Galway.
9. Exterior View, Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin.
10. Kingsbridge Terminus, Dublin.
11. Antique Statuary, Dublin.
12. Grey Abbey, County Down.
13. Front View, St. Mary's Church, Cork.
14. Killaloe, County Clare.
15. Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin.
16. Making Clay Pipes, Drogheda.
17. Albert Memorial, Belfast.
18. Clifden Harbor, County Galway.
19. The Square, Fermoy, County Cork.
20. Adare Abbey, County Limerick.
21. King William's Statue, Dublin.
22. Gowran, County Kilkenny.
23. The Catholic Cathedral, Armagh.
24. Fethard, County Tipperary.
25. Milford, County Donegal.
26. Glanworth, County Cork.
27. View of Enniseorthy, County Wexford.
28. Catholic Church, Castlebar, County Mayo.
29. View in St. Patrick's, Dublin.
30. St. Mary's Church, Cork.
31. Kilkee, County Clare.
32. Abbey Ruins, Yonghall, County Cork.



ENNISKILLEN, CO. FERMANAGH.—The sketch gives a general view of the town of Enniskillen, dealt with also in another notice, and the winding beauties of Lough Erne, which reveal new vistas of scenic loveliness at every point of observation. Lower Lough Erne has an extent of twenty-two miles in width from Enniskillen to Belleek—the Irish Sevres. Throughout this noble course the lake is thickly studded with pretty islands, many of them deeply wooded. Foreign tourists, by the score, have, of late years, borne testimony to the loveliness of this romantic region, which, because of increased facilities for travel, is rapidly growing in popular favor. Convinced that, were the charms of their beautiful district generally known, the tourist influx would be imposing, some public-spirited residents of Enniskillen quite recently organized a Lough Erne boat line, with the result that their expectations have been more than realized. The greatest charm about the scenery of this grand region is its almost endless variety. In addition, the surrounding country is highly interesting from a historical point of view, and there are many thrilling legends connected with the islands, bays and capes of “the winding banks of Erne,” made familiar to lovers of high class Irish poetry by the simple genius of Ballyshannon’s poet laureate, the late William Allingham.



CURRAGHMORE, CO. WATERFORD.—The famous family seat of the Marquis of Waterford derives its name from the Gaelic “Currach,” which means either a race course or a marsh, “Mor,” signifying Great. It is probable that the demesne of the De la Poer-Beresfords obtains its designation from the former derivation, because no Anglo-Irish family has been more devoted to sporting and gaming of every kind than their own. The Beresfords have all been brave men, but more than doubtful patriots. They have generally stood by British interests in Ireland, and some of them were notorious persecutors of the people in 1798. The “wild Marquis,” who broke his neck while hunting in 1859, was the most reckless Irishman of his time, and his marvelous escapades in Dublin, London, Paris and other European capitals would fill volumes. The victor of Albuera, Marshal Beresford, was a scion of this fighting race. Lords Charles and William Beresford, in this generation, maintain the family reputation for brilliant courage. The sketch shows the ranges of fine offices by which the oblong court yard is flanked. The entrance to the castle grounds is formed by a remnant, massive and frowning, of the old stronghold of the De la Poers. A stag, larger than life, is represented on the parapet. This animal forms the crest of the House of Beresford. A splendid modern mansion, situated amid green meadows, superb gardens and waving forests, rises in the rear of the castle. It was erected in 1824.



GLENTIES, CO. DONEGAL.—Glenties, Gaelic form, Gleannaidhe, pronounced Glenty, Irish plural for “the Glens,” which, with the English plural “s” added, forms, according to Dr. Joyce, the present name of the town. It stands at the head of the glens of Stracashel and Glenfada, on the right bank of the Owena river, which empties into Loughross Bay. The region around it is what may be called bleakly romantic, and the village itself is a small place of scarce half a thousand inhabitants. The shooting and fishing in the neighborhood are excellent, and this circumstance, as well as the bold scenery of the adjacent coast, attracts many travellers. Owing to the prevailing ocean winds, the soil of this portion of Donegal cannot be called fertile. The country is chiefly populated by Celts, of unmixed blood, who still speak their native tongue in all its richness and purity. They are a bright, intelligent people, very apt at all mechanical pursuits, when properly instructed, as has been illustrated by the successful labors of Mrs. Ernest Hart, of London, among them. To this good lady may be justly attributed the revival of the lace-making industry which, of late years, has brought comfort to many an impoverished home in Donegal. Her exertions have also given an impetus to the manufacture of woolen goods, and she has taught the peasantry how to utilize their native dyes. Glenties, like other Donegal communities, has benefitted by Mrs. Hart’s labors.



ARDFERT CATHEDRAL, CO. KERRY.—The once glorious monastery of Ardfert, in the county Kerry, six miles northwest of Tralee, was founded by the illustrious St. Brendan, the Navigator—said to have first discovered the North American continent—about the year 550. The name in Gaelic is written *Ard-ferta*—the Height of the Grave. The ruins, after the lapse of 1,300 years, are still imposing. Chiefly noticeable are the four rounded arches in the western front and the three artistic, pointed windows in the eastern facade. Handsome niches, ornamented with antique moldings, are to be seen on the right of the grand altar, and are still in good condition. A superb round tower, over 120 feet in height, stood near the abbey until 1771, when it suddenly, and mysteriously, collapsed. It was composed of blocks of black marble. All this region of the favored county Kerry is filled with romantic objects, which the Munster poet, Edward Walsh, has embodied, thus, in one of his sweetest ballads:

As the Guebre's round tower, o'er the fane of Ardfert,
As the white hind of Brandon by young roes begirt,
As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars outhung
Stood Aileen McCartie her maidens among!

Beneath the rich 'kerchief, which matrons may wear,
Strayed ringletted tresses of beautiful hair;
They wav'd on her fair neck as darkly as though
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Mangerton's snow!



ST. PETER'S CHAPEL AND COLLEGE, WEXFORD.—The brave old city of Wexford is noted for points of historical and romantic interest, and is rich in relics of the past, carrying the mind back to the days of the first Norman occupation, the horrors of the Cromwellian visitation and the sanguinary deeds, committed both by the oppressor and the oppressed, in the red days of the rebellion of 1798. Every street in the town, and the bridge that spans the Barrow, serve to remind the beholder of the ferocity of the “rebel” Captain Dixon and the cruelty of General Lake—a ruthless soldier, as “thorough” in his methods and as merciless in the execution of his orders as the great English regicide himself. The Church and College of St. Peter, devoted to Catholic worship and education, shown in the picture, recall no such unpleasant associations, for they are of comparatively recent construction, and, therefore, belong exclusively to modern Wexford. They are situated on Summer Hill, and are prominent landmarks of the city. A lofty steeple has been recently added to the chapel. The square, battlemented and castelated tower of the college has a most imposing effect, particularly when viewed from a distance. The magnificent rose window of the chapel is an object of admiration to all lovers of the artistic in church ornamentation, and the interior of the sacred edifice throughout is exquisitely finished. The course of study at the college is of a high order and the institution has sent forth many bright minds from its classic halls.



AVOCA, CO. WICKLOW.—This romantically situated little town stands on the banks of the gently gliding Avonmore, in one of the most delightful portions of the far-famed vale which gives it title. A handsome bridge spans the sparkling river at this point, and it is only an easy walk of about three miles from the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford railroad station, at Avoca, to the secluded valley of Cronbane, in which is the “Meeting of the Waters,” rendered immortal by the well known song of Thomas Moore. But there are many other spots along the course of the Avonmore quite as interesting, although they did not have the good fortune to strike the fancy of “the poet of all circles and the idol of his own.” The whole valley is, indeed, a succession of lovely vistas, where river, rock and forest vie for the supremacy in splendid rivalry. Avoca, like nearly all the Wicklow vales, combines fertility with beauty, and contrast of fields of the brightest emerald, waters of the most crystal clearness, dark green woods and purple mountain peaks is unending throughout its extent. Savage precipices often frown on nooks of the most gentle and sequestered aspect, where lovers, in the first ecstasy of the tender passion, might fancy themselves in another Eden. The Vale of Avoca shares with Killarney the privilege of possessing “the fatal gift of beauty,” but, in their case, the proverb has lost its melancholy meaning.



PORTRUSH, CO. ANTRIM.—The native Irish called the above town by the Gaelic form of Port-ruis, meaning “the landing place of the peninsula”—a most appropriate designation, as, indeed, most Irish phrases of description are. It is a delightful little place, of, perhaps, 1,200 inhabitants, and is situated in one of the choicest spots on the Antrim coast, three miles, or thereabout, from the Castle of Dunluce, from which it is approached by a fine road, passing by the White Rocks, at an elevation of some four hundred feet above the sea. This is considered the finest sea-view in Ireland, excepting Glengariff and portions of Connemara. The town stands on a bold, rocky peninsula, of basaltic formation, about a mile in length. The harbor, pretty but not very extensive, is protected from the fury of ocean storms by the island group of the Skerries, at no great distance from the shore. It is much used by yachtsmen for regatta purposes, in the summer season, when Portrush is generally thronged with tourists and other pleasure seekers. The numerous magnificent natural sights in the neighborhood, including curious rock scenery and numerous ocean caverns, each one of which has some fearful legend connected with it, add to the popularity of the place. In 1859, an obelisk of considerable size was erected here to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, a noted Methodist clergyman, who was born in the vicinity.



ROAD TO MAAM, CO. GALWAY.—This name would seem to be a corruption of the Gaelic word *Madhm*, pronounced *Maum* or *Moym* (Joyce), which denotes an elevated mountain pass or chasm in rocks; and there are many places so called, with descriptive affixes, throughout the south and west of Ireland. The *Maum*, or *Maam*, under consideration, is situated in the Connemara district of the county Galway, and the road and bridge that lead to it through the great mountain gorges are shown in the sketch, with the inevitable “Irish jaunting car” in the middle ground, where the roadway over the bridge turns abruptly. In this locality are grouped some of the grandest works of nature. “In front, flank and rear,” says Prof. Addey, in “*Picturesque Ireland*,” “open four principal glens. One, enclosing the lake of Ballinahinch, opens southward on Roundstone and Bertraghboy; Glen Inagh, cradling its black waters under the tremendous precipice of Maam, down which the stream that feeds Lough Inagh falls 1,200 feet! opens the gorge of its grand prison on the east. Kylemore forms a parallel pass along the north, near the margin of the Killery, and, on the west and south, the ravine whose torrent waters Clifden, gapes toward the Atlantic.” This, surely, is a region for Irishmen to be proud of—where the heavens seem to rest on the aspiring mountain peaks, and the cataract thunders, and the great golden eagle soars above the clouds “in giddy revelry.” Magnificent Ireland! Superb even in thy chains!



EXTERIOR VIEW, CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—Above is given an exterior view of the venerable Christ Church Cathedral, which is regarded by most antiquarians as by far the most interesting of all Dublin churches. Originally it is said to have been built by the Christianized Danes, about the 11th century; it was rebuilt by the Anglo-Normans, who, on establishing themselves in the metropolis, constituted the church a cathedral of the Pale. In the general type of its architecture it differs from most Irish churches, as almost everything approaching the Romanesque has been eliminated from its construction. Race prejudice was indulged in to such an extent that, toward the end of the 14th century, a law prohibiting native Irishmen from professing themselves in the sanctuary was passed and carried into effect. This held good, except during the brief reign of James II., and the eighteenth century had almost passed into history before an Irish-born man was admitted, even as Vicar-choral, in this exclusive and bigoted church. It was frequently all but destroyed by fire and other visitations, and was subjected to many changes, from its foundation by Sitric the Dane, for secular canons, in 1038, down to the reign of Elizabeth. It was on Easter Sunday, A. D. 1551, that the Liturgy was first read in English, as far as Ireland was concerned, in Christ Church. This was the signal for the long series of wars, that may be described as religio-national, which terminated in 1603, with the surrender of the Ulster Catholic Princes. Christ Church was fully restored, by the liberality of Henry Roe, and under the direction of George Street, R. A., in 1871-8.



KINGSBRIDGE TERMINUS, DUBLIN.—Dublin, metropolitan in every feature, boasts many fine railroad structures, but none more graceful and commodious than the fine building pictured in the above sketch. It stands on the right bank of the Liffey, at Kingsbridge, a structure built in 1827, and named after the most unworthy George IV., in commemoration of his visit to Dublin six years before. It is the terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway lines, which traverse most of the southern, eastern and western portions of Ireland. Kingsbridge station offers every possible accommodation for travellers. It has good restaurants and excellent attendance. The porters handle baggage with the dexterity of their American brethren, but with considerable more care for the contents of trunks and “boxes” than our world-renowned baggage-smashers. During the Fenian troubles of 1865-7, the Irish revolutionists and Scotland Yard detectives played hide and seek with each other around this station several times. Among the “suspects” of the period was Captain John A. Geary, of Lexington, Ky., one of Stonewall Jackson’s men. His military bearing attracted the “lynx-eye” of a “sleuth.” He approached the Captain, who, pointing to his own trunk, said: “Break it open at once!” The “bobby,” completely deceived, did as ordered. Geary jumped on the moving train, made his way to Limerick, vanquished there a constable who sought to arrest him, and escaped to America.



ANTIQUE STATUARY, DUBLIN.—We again enter the classical rotunda of the Dublin Science and Art Museum. It is mainly devoted to an exhibit of casts from antique subjects, and Indian bronze guns, trophies of British victories over the unfortunate natives of Hindostan. Among the more prominent casts, or models, to be found in the rotunda are the Suppliant Youth, from Berlin; Apollo, Diadumenus, Vaison and others, from the British Museum; the Knife-Sharpener, Tutelary Deity and Venus de Medici, from Florence; Boy and Goose, Diana, Jason, Adjusting his Sandal, Venus Genetrix, from the Louvre; Mercury (from Herculaneum) Venus Kallifugos, from Naples; Hermes, by Praxiteles, from Olympia, Greece; Antinous, Boy Extracting a Thorn, Venus of the Esquibire, from the Capitol, Rome; Sophocles, from the Lateran Museum; Adonis, Augustus Cæsar, Venus of Cnidus, from the Vatican collection, and Mars, the mighty War God of the Pagans, from Villa Ludovisi, in the Eternal City. There have been additions to this fine array since the last guide and catalogue was issued by the Museum, but the figures enumerated are the leading features of the exhibition. The chief cities of Ireland have been prolific in painters and sculptors in the past, and it is to be hoped that the places left vacant by Hogan, Foley, Maclise and other fine artists will be filled by the genius of the rising generation.



GREY ABBEY, CO. DOWN.—This classic ruin is situated within a few miles of Mount Stewart, the Irish seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, in the historic county Down, noted, like its neighbor, county Antrim, for the bold stand made within its borders by the insurgent Presbyterian United Irishmen, against the British army, during the terrible social and political upheaval of 1798. The Abbey was founded, it is claimed, for a community of Cistercian Monks by the Princess Africa, daughter of the King of the Isle of Man and wife of the celebrated Norman military adventurer, Sir John de Courcy, in 1193. It stood the shock of war and the ravages of time, almost untouched by either, until the great rebellion of 1641, when it was destroyed by fire during a conflict between the English forces and the Irish army, under Sir Phelim O'Neill. Since then it has been but a relic of former architectural splendor, although re-roofed and otherwise renovated by the Montgomery family, in 1685. Dr. Stephenson says of it: "The remains of the Abbey show it to have been a large and sumptuous building. The east window of the church is a noble piece of Gothic structure, composed of three compartments, each six feet, and more, wide, and upwards of twenty feet in height. On each side of the altar, in the north and south walls, is also a stately window of freestone, neatly hewn and carved, of the same breadth as the great east window, but somewhat lower." The Montgomery MSS. state that it is "called Grey Abbey from the order of Friars who once enjoyed it."



FRONT VIEW, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CORK.—We give in this sketch a view of St. Mary's Dominican Church, from the river front. Built after the Grecian model, with a graceful portico of six Ionic columns, it presents but little of the aspect of the average Catholic or Protestant church in Ireland. The apex of the pediment is surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, heroic in proportions, and the head coronated by an aureole of exquisite design and finish. Behind St. Mary's rise the towers of other edifices, devoted to religious purposes, and the summit of the famous steeple of St. Anne's of Shandon is seen in the background. Cork City justly boasts of some of the most beautiful, as well as historic, churches in Ireland, among them St. Finn-Barr's Cathedral, with which we have dealt in another sketch. St. Mary's is comparatively modern, but always attracts a great amount of attention from travellers and visitors because of the unique character of its architecture. The Dominican clergy, to whose use it is assigned, are noted for their fervid eloquence and, in consequence, the masses at this beautiful temple of worship are always largely attended. Interiorly the church is finished in a manner that perfectly harmonizes with the elegance of its exterior. The criticism is frequent, however, that were it not for the statue of the Virgin above the pediment, St. Mary's might easily be mistaken for a structure devoted to secular purposes.



KILLALOE, CO. CLARE.—The rapids of the river Shannon have a fall of about 21 feet to a mile at Killaloe—Gaelic, Kill-dalua, the Church of St. Dalua, or Molua, who flourished, according to the learned Joyce, in the 6th century. On the site of the original church, Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, built a splendid cruciform cathedral in 1160. Its style is early Gothic, and a massive tower springs from the centre of the edifice. It is held by some antiquarians that the Romanesque doorway, generally considered the tomb of one of the earlier O'Briens, may be a remnant of the church erected by the saint. Killaloe has been, for ages, an episcopal see, and has both a Catholic and Protestant bishop. Killaloe city, which is situated in county Clare, is connected with the Tipperary bank of the river by a massive, ancient bridge of nineteen arches. The salmon fishery at this point is one of the richest in Ireland, and, therefore, Killaloe is a favorite resort. The cathedral appears on the left of the picture, and in the background rise the rugged hills of Clare, which saw King Brian, in 1014, march from adjacent Kinkora to victory and death. How grimly they recall the noble lines of Moore—

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave, tho' the days of the hero are o'er,
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave, he returns to Kinkora no more!

That star of the field which so often hath pour'd its beam on the battle is set,
But enough of its glory remains on each sword to light us to victory yet!



MOUNT JEROME CEMETERY, DUBLIN.—This fine “city of the dead” is situated at Harold’s Cross, now a part of the metropolis, and is recognized, in the main, as a burial place for non-Catholics. Although it contains the dust of many celebrated Irishmen, it is not, like Prospect cemetery, Glasnevin, famous for the imposing character of its mortuary monuments, if the fine chapel, partially revealed in the sketch, is excepted. This edifice is built in the early Anglo-Gothic style and is generally regarded as a model of its kind. The grounds surrounding it are strikingly beautiful and no expense has been spared to make them attractive to the living and worthy of the departed. The chapel is approached by a broad walk, which leads directly to the main entrance of the cemetery beside Harold’s Cross church. Near it is interred the dust of James Whiteside, one of Ireland’s greatest lawyers—the same who defended Smith O’Brien and his compatriots when tried for high treason at Clonmel, in 1848. He, subsequently, accepted office under the British government, and thus forfeited his early popularity with the majority of his fellow-countrymen. Here also are buried the relics of the illustrious Thomas Davis, the poet and virtual founder of the “Young Ireland” party, whose ballads will be an inspiration to Irishmen while they remain worthy of their history and their blood. Davis was a Protestant and the son of a Welshman, but he was the most potent “Irish rebel” of his period, and has left the marks of his genius on the pages of Irish history. A life-like statue by his friend, Hogan, marks the place of sepulture. On his tomb is inscribed the epitaph composed by himself: “He served his country and loved his kind.”



MAKING CLAY PIPES, DROGHEDA.—It is difficult to account for even ordinary human taste, or acquirement of habit. Tobacco, in itself, is a somewhat disgusting weed, and, no doubt, its narcotic properties have more or less evil influence on the human system, unless smoking is moderately indulged in. As for chewing, that vile habit should be considered outside the pale of civilization. No human being, of any pretensions to decency, would think of revealing the coarseness of his appetites—in public, at least. But, if people will smoke, it is only proper that smoking tools should be provided for them. The cigar is not popular in Ireland, and neither, except among the city dudes, is the cigarette. The meerscham is too costly for the ordinary smoker, and, therefore, there has to be on sale something that the poorest can purchase. The clay pipe meets this requirement. In general, the shank is curtailed by the rural purchaser, until the bowl almost touches the lips, and then it is called in the Irish vernacular, a “dudeen.” Nothing so consoles the laboring Irishman as “a blast of the pipe” before, and after, meals, and, more particularly, at bed time. His dreams follow the smoke in its aerial flight, and, behind the dudeen, his woes are forgotten and all his hopes revive. Drogheda is celebrated for the manufacture of clay pipes, and the sketch represents a large collection of the articles, immediately after they have been fashioned by the artificer. The man in the straw hat is, evidently, quite interested in the examination of a “dudeen.”



ALBERT MEMORIAL, BELFAST.—This artistic memorial, one hundred and forty-seven feet in height, stands at the foot of High Street, and a statue of the Queen of England's late husband, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, usually called the Prince Consort, occupies a niche which faces that thoroughfare. The four dials of the tower are illuminated at night, so that no Belfast man out late "at his club," or "lodge" can have any excuse for fibbing to his wife about "the time o' night," or morning, when he gets home. He is paternally taken care of by old Father Time at every principal point of the compass. The memorial was erected by public subscription, in 1870—about the time that Dublin refused a site for a similar memorial because of the deceased Prince's well-remembered anti-Irish sentiments. During the great famine period, he is said to have written to the famous German savant, Baron Humboldt, "The Irish deserve no more sympathy than the Poles"; and it is further alleged that he added, "They can eat grass!" These words have been frequently ascribed to the late Prince Consort, and their authenticity has never been contradicted. If he ever wrote, or uttered, them, he was an unfeeling monster. If he did not, he is a much maligned man. The weight of assertion, if not of evidence, is decidedly against him in this case.



CLIFDEN HARBOR, CO. GALWAY.—This harbor, which is handsomely land-locked, is an inlet of Ardbear Bay, and is noted for the fine scenery which almost encircles it. The harbor does not receive an imposing number of ships, but, under happier auspices, it might be made available for vessels of heavy tonnage. The town of Clifden itself is generally regarded as the capital of the picturesque Connemara district, but it is not a place of antiquity, having been founded by the late John D'Arcy, who built Clifden Castle for his own residence in 1815. A village grew up around the mansion, and everything seemed to flourish until the "hard times" came and Mr. D'Arcy's ready money was exhausted. His tenants were unable to pay their rents, and finally he was compelled to sell his property, for the benefit of his creditors, under the Encumbered Estates Court law. Clifden, after the fall of the D'Arcy family, remained in a lethargic condition until the Midland and Great Western railway system reached it a few years ago. Since then the tourists have thronged to the pretty place, and the fine harbor now does some shipping business that promises well for future prosperity. As the town possesses good hotel accommodation, it is a favorite point of rendezvous for all visitors to Connemara.



THE SQUARE, FERMOY, CO. CORK.—As Fermoy is a garrison town, its public square is frequently the scene of fine military parades and manœuvres, especially in the summer season, when “the bold soldier boys,” in flaming scarlet, can show off their martial figures to advantage before adoring cooks and nurse maids. The town is one of the best built of its size in Ireland, and has the advantage of standing on the storied banks of the lovely Munster Blackwater, whose name is a synonym of sylvan beauty. Notwithstanding its present aspect of comparative importance and prosperity, Fermoy was a somewhat insignificant place until about the first quarter of this century. In the vicinity are the ruins of the venerable Abbey of Bridgetown—the shrine and burial place of the once powerful and warlike Norman-Irish family of the Roches. Castletown Roche—formerly the homestead patrimony of the family—is in the neighborhood of the Abbey. The Roches, who had dispossessed the Milesian Irish in the days of Henry II., were themselves dispossessed by the Cromwellians, and Charles II., when restored to the throne, with characteristic ingratitude, for they had lost everything in his father’s cause, refused to reinstate them. The last known representatives of the direct line of this family died in poverty or holding menial positions.



ADARE ABBEY, CO. LIMERICK.—Ath-dara, the Ford of the Oak Tree, is what the Irish ancients called the place which gives name to the majestic ruins presented in the foregoing sketch. They are those of the beautiful abbey built by the Desmond Geraldines in the early part of the fourteenth century. The late Earl of Dunraven, who was an antiquarian of note and spirit, partially restored the edifice for the uses of Protestant worship; and, at the same time, restored the more ancient Black Abbey, also in the neighborhood, for the benefit of the Catholics. Both structures had suffered much from the devastations of armies during the Elizabethan and Cromwellian wars. In this vicinity also rise the remains of the ancient castle of the Earls of Desmond. Adare is noted, town and surrounding country, for the unsurpassed loveliness of its situation on the river Maigue. In many respects it recalls Killarney. Gerald Griffin, one of Ireland's most gifted poets, wrote of it:

O sweet Adare, O lovely vale, O soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale e'er hailed a scene more softly tender.

How shall I tell the thousand charms within thy verdant bosom swelling,
When lulled in nature's fostering arms, soft peace abides and joy excelling.



KING WILLIAM'S STATUE, DUBLIN.—The equestrian statue of William III. stands in College Green, and has stood there, more or less, since A. D. 1701. We say "more or less," because no statue in the world, perhaps, has been subject to so many vicissitudes. It has been insulted, mutilated and blown up so many times, that the original figure, never particularly graceful, is now a battered wreck, pieced and patched together, like an old, worn-out garment. The material used in casting the effigy was lead, and, in consequence, there was little difficulty in disfiguring it when the spirit of malice, or mischief, moved the anti-Orange populace of the Irish capital. King William was, however, the idol of the anti-national Protestants of Ireland, called Orangemen, to distinguish them from their patriotic co-religionists—the followers of Grattan, Wolfe Tone and the Emmets. This element often fought vigorously in defense of the unfortunate memento of the Victor of the Boyne. Once, indeed, in 1782, the patriotic Protestant Volunteers, who virtually won the parliamentary independence of Ireland for a time, assembled around the statue and pledged fealty to the cause of their country. Some years later they resolved to cease decorating the figure with orange ribbons on July 12, so as to avoid giving offense to their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The figure was last blown up in 1836, but was repaired, as shown in the sketch. Since that year it has been left in peace.



OWRAN, CO. KILKENNY.—The above is one of Kilkenny's most ancient towns, and was once the seat of the Fitzpatrick family, one of whose titles, in the modern peerage of Ireland, is derived from it. Grose, in his noted "Antiquities" says of it: "Gowran had a strong castle, which was attacked by Oliver Cromwell, and resolutely defended by Colonel Hammond, who was obliged to surrender, when Oliver ordered every officer but one to be shot, and the Catholic chaplain was hanged at the butcher's shambles. The church—dealt with in another sketch—seems to be ancient, but there are no traces that it ever was monastic. It was large, and in a little chapel, on the south side, is a monument to John Kelly, A. D. 1626. Another of the same family was buried in 1640, with the following lines after the usual mortuary inscription: "Both wives at once he could not have; both to enjoy at once, he made his grave!" Gowran was one of the towns burned by King Edward Bruce during his invasion of Ireland, for the purpose of achieving her complete independence, in the early part of the fourteenth century. Near to the town, on the verdant banks of the river Barrow, are the fine ruins of Grainemanach Abbey, established for the Cistercians in 1212. It once held King John's compilation of the survey of Ireland, on which the present counties were formed. The last abbot, who surrendered the abbey to Henry VIII., was McMurrough O'Kavanagh.



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.—The old Catholic Cathedral of Armagh, built on the site of King Brian Boru's grave, and restored by the late Archbishop, Most Rev. John G. Beresford, for the use of the Protestants of Armagh, having passed into English hands at the time of the Reformation, the Catholics of the primal archdiocese have erected, in recent years, the splendid edifice, called St. Patrick's Cathedral, shown in the accompanying sketch. Although modern, it is sufficiently imposing, both in width, height and design, and it is superbly finished interiorly. Armagh was the chosen see of St. Patrick, if tradition may be relied upon; but some historians, cleric and lay, hold that Downpatrick held the first place in the affections of the great apostle of Ireland. The city was plundered and burned by the Danes, during their warfare of three centuries against the Irish people and the Christian religion. The English occupied it in Elizabeth's reign, but they were driven out of it by the indomitable Shane O'Neill, the Proud, who set the entire place on fire, and even the grand old cathedral was destroyed. Archbishop Loftus excommunicated O'Neill, but as the latter did not regard the prelate as a good Irishman, he was not much affected by the decree. Both the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Armagh bear the title of "Primate of All Ireland." The Catholic Archbishop is his Eminence, Cardinal Logue.



FETHARD, CO. TIPPERARY.—Fethard is what may be called a somewhat retrograding town, situated about six miles north of Clonmel, in one of the prettiest portions of fertile Tipperary. Gaelic annalists call the place Fiodh-ard, which means high wood. The town was founded in the reign of King John, and is remarkable for the well-preserved condition of the castle and walls built at that time. The Catholic church, partly ancient but mainly restored, is shown in the sketch. Fethard stood some sieges during the long wars that raged between the Anglo-Normans and native Irish, but does not seem to have suffered as much as other places of less importance. Cromwell marched against it in February, 1650, but no resistance worthy of the name was made by either the garrison or the towns-people, and, consequently, all were spared the dreadful experiences of Drogheda and Wexford. The Irish troops were allowed to march out with the honors of war, and, strange to say, not even the priests were molested. Stranger still, when we remember the general ferocity of Cromwell's course in Ireland, they escaped the alternative of "hell or Connaught," which was almost invariably presented to the antagonists of the Parliamentary army in the Green Isle. One of Cromwell's most interesting letters—the original of which is in Chicago—is dated from Fethard, which he spells with two small "f's." "I am now," he says, writing to Col. Phayre at Cork, "in the bowels of Tipperary."



MILFORD, CO. DONEGAL.—At the head of Mulroy Bay, on the northern coast of Donegal, embowered in groves of splendid forest trees, stands the pretty hamlet of Milford, sketched above. It is distant but six miles from Rathmullen, celebrated in Irish history as the town from which Hugh O'Neill, the victor of the Yellow Ford; Rory O'Donnell, brother of Red Hugh and chief of Clan-Conal, and their families, sailed for France, finally settling in Rome, A. D. 1607. Rathmullen is situated on Lough Swilly, and a regular stage coach, which travels over a picturesque route, connects it with Milford. Although it has less than five hundred inhabitants, Milford is a fine market town, and has two very good hotels, for the accommodation of tourists and other visitors. Mulroy Bay is one of the most beautiful estuaries of the Atlantic on the northern Irish coast and is studded with wooded islands. The fishing is of the best, and the climate, in the summer season, can hardly be surpassed. The shores of the bay are undulating and richly clothed in evergreens and heather. Near the town stands Mulroy Castle—once the residence of the notorious Earl of Leitrim, who was assassinated for his crimes against humanity and decency many years ago. He was held in such horror by the people that his slayers were never discovered.



GLANWORTH, CO. CORK.—The name of the above town is derived from the Gaelic *Gleann-amhnach*, which means, in English, the Marshy Glen. It is a small place, situated on the Funcheon river, in the county Cork, and possesses little of historic interest, except the remnants of an old castle, and an ancient and picturesque bridge, which spans the rapid river immediately below the ruins of the dismantled fortress. Glanworth experienced some stormy events during the wars of the period of Charles I., when Lord Castlehaven, fighting for the Stuart King, campaigned along the course of the Funcheon, proving himself an able captain when opposed to some of the most renowned of the Parliamentary generals. In former times, the banks of the Funcheon were thickly wooded, particularly with the ash tree, the timber of which made the best of lance and pike handles—articles greatly in demand in the Ireland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries particularly. The English translation of the word Funcheon is “the ash producing river.” In spite of the devastation of many wars, and the neglect of landowners, “the Funcheon woods” are still celebrated for the high class lumber they produce, and the town of Glanworth is situated in one of the most charming spots along the course of the historic stream.



VIEW OF ENNISCORTHY, CO. WEXFORD.—This view shows a section of the river Slaney and the bridge which connects the two portions of the famous Wexford town. This bridge was the theatre of the bloodiest conflicts, when two desperate battles were fought in Enniscorthy between the United Irish and British troops, in June, 1798. It is said that, so terrible was the struggle, the bridge was piled with corpses three and four deep, at points, and that the Slaney ran red with the blood of the slaughtered. In both battles, the Irish displayed those wondrous military qualities which, directed by skill and controlled by discipline, as they were in the French and American, and, unfortunately, are in the British armies, make them among the most formidable troops the world has known. At Enniscorthy they fought like men inspired by the god of war himself—rushing on the bayonets, swords and cannon, in solid phalanx, with their primitive but, in those days, very effective pikes, and sweeping all before them in the impetuous torrent of their undisciplined valor. It cannot be denied that the British, on both occasions, displayed a cool intrepidity worthy of admiration. The second battle of Enniscorthy was unfavorable to the Irish, notwithstanding their brilliant courage, and their defeat was followed speedily by the suppression of the insurrection in other parts of the county Wexford.



CATHOLIC CHURCH, CASTLEBAR, CO. MAYO.—The town of Castlebar emerged from comparative obscurity during “the troubles” of 1798, when it was occupied for two weeks by the French and Irish forces under General Humbert. Some account of the battle, generally called “the races” of Castlebar, has been given in another sketch. This place is the chief town of the great county Mayo—Gaelic *Magh-eó* (Joyce) or *Mageo* (Bede) meaning “the Plain of the Yew Trees.” It is said that the renowned “Saint Colman, an Irish monk, having retired from the see of Lindisfarne, returned to his native country and erected a monastery at a place called Magheo, in which he settled a number of English monks whom he had brought over with him. For many ages afterward,” continues Dr. Joyce, “this monastery was constantly resorted to by monks from Britain, and hence it is generally called in the Annals, *Magheo-na-Saxon*—Mayo of the Saxons. The ruins of the old abbey still remain at the village, and from this place the county Mayo derives its name.” Our sketch shows the chief Catholic Church of Castlebar, with a group of school children and their teachers in the foreground. The edifice is plain, but commodious and comfortable. Castlebar is one of the most thoroughly Catholic towns in Ireland, the number of Protestants being quite small. All creeds live there in perfect harmony, as they do in all places in Ireland where Catholics predominate.



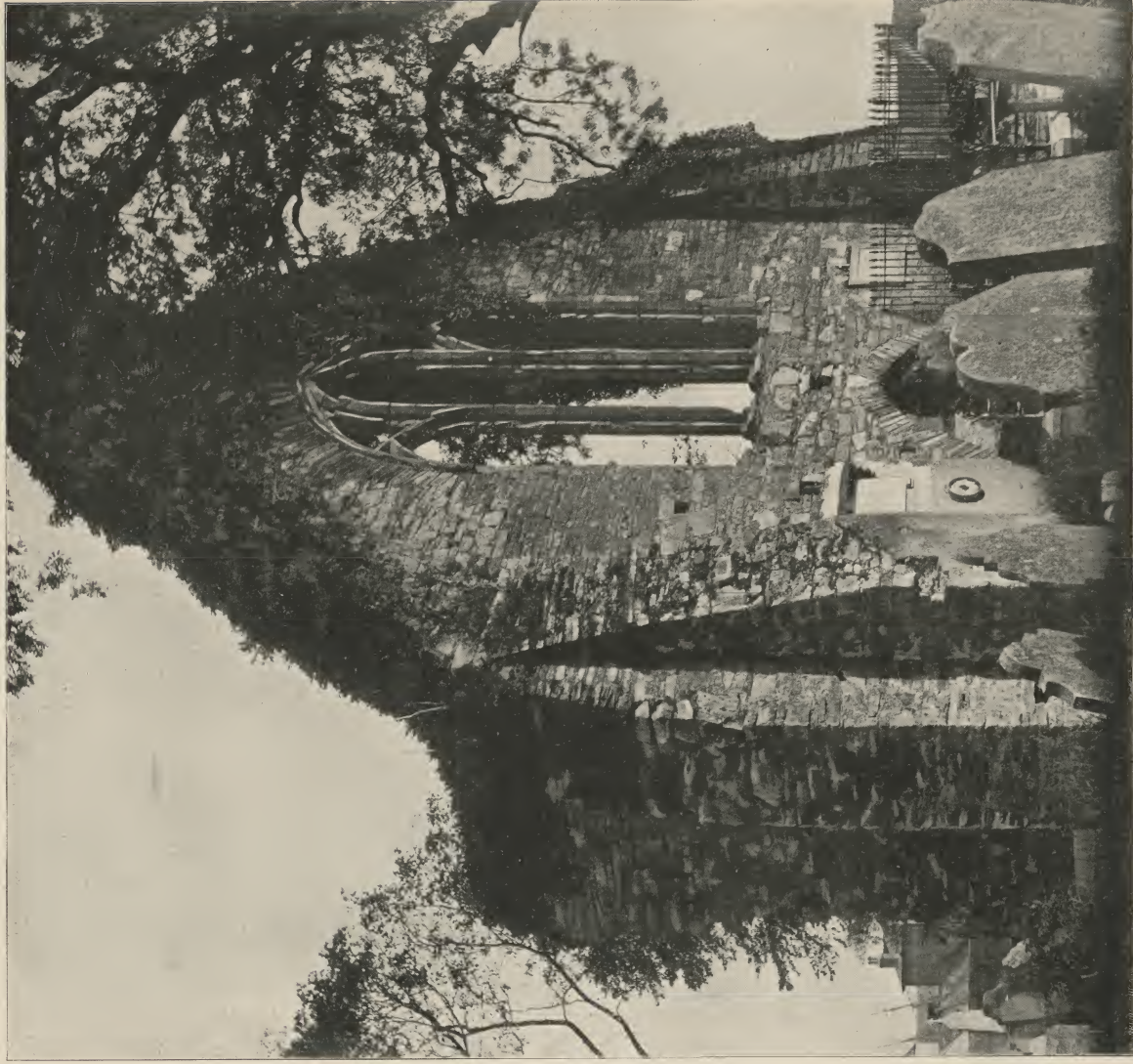
VIEW IN ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.—It has been the complaint of some writers, notably the English traveller, Thomas Cromwell, whose "Excursions Through Ireland" were published in 1820, that many of the statues and other memorials in St. Patrick's Cathedral were inconsequential and some of them poorly executed. Nearly eighty years have passed away since that criticism was written, and St. Patrick's has been renovated and restored by the bounty of the late Benjamin Lee Guinness. With prosperity, art would seem to have revived and now, could Thomas Cromwell "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon," he would find much improvement in both the architecture and the monumental display of the Cathedral. The view presented in the sketch gives a good general idea of the interior arrangement of the building, and displays the statuary and entablatures quite naturally. St. Patrick's is a gloomy church, heavily pillared, but with a beautiful choir and stained glass windows of exquisite design. Because the renovating architect sought to follow, as closely as possible, the original design, many of the features of the 12th century style are faithfully reproduced.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CORK.—The sketch displays a wide sweep of the river Lee as it dashes on to St. Patrick's Bridge, shown in the distance, with the masts of the shipping forming a forest above its battlements, and a fleet of small boats moored in the rapid stream. On the left rises the graceful portico of the Dominican Church of St. Mary's, which is Hellenic in almost every point of its graceful architecture. The hexastyle portico, of the Ionic order, is the admiration of all visitors to the City of Cork. The figure of the patron saint, in marble, rises above the pediment, and can be seen at a great distance up and down the river. Interiorly, the sacred edifice also recalls the nameless grace that characterizes everything arranged after the Grecian model. Of all the Orders of the Catholic church, the Dominican is most noted for the beauty and finish of its architectural designs. To this great Order belonged the celebrated preacher and lecturer, the Rev. Thomas Burke, generally called "Father Tom"—an orator who had much of the power that O'Connell possessed of charming the impressionable Irish people. His eloquent voice was heard often in St. Mary's Church, and the Irish people felt the bereavement to be personal to each one, when the premature death of the brilliant conqueror of the sensational English "historian," Froude, was announced only a few years ago.



KILKEE, CO. CLARE.—From having been a mere straggling fishing village, Kilkee—Gaelic St. Caidehe's, or Kee's, church—has, within sixty years, become one of the favorite watering places of the Three Kingdoms. It is about forty miles distant from Kilrush, by water, but only nine miles by road across the peninsula on which it is built. A steam packet connects Kilrush with the city of Limerick, and, recently, other means of communication make Kilkee accessible to all who desire to visit one of the most charming health resorts in the world. Irish bridal couples affect Kilkee almost as much as American "happy pairs" affect Niagara Falls. The town consists of two wide streets, which intersect, and there are many minor streets and lanes. The "West End," inhabited by the Kilkee "400," is handsomely laid out in squares and terraces, and this is the section in which foreign tourists, who are numerous every season, take up their temporary abode. The sketch shows the town, which forms a kind of horse shoe around the head of its bay. Some of the finest cliff scenery in Ireland is in this neighborhood, and the bathing beach is without a rival on that portion of the Irish coast. The giant Rocks of Dungana, which stretch across the bay, forming a natural breakwater, are among "the sights" of the place.



ABBAY RUINS, YONGHALL, CO. CORK.—Yonghall—Gaelic, Eochail (Four Masters) signifying Yewwood, stands at the mouth of the Blackwater river, which contracts to the width of about half a mile near the town, but back of it, inland, forms a spacious harbor, which can accommodate ships of good size. Some of the old yew trees, from which the town is called, are still in existence. King John incorporated the place about the year 1209, and it has now about 6,000 inhabitants. It was plundered by the Earl of Desmond, because of its English affiliations, in 1579. Throughout the long Geraldine War, it experienced many vicissitudes. In 1645, the Stuart forces, under Lord Castlehaven, were repulsed from its walls by the Parliamentary garrison. It was from this place that Oliver Cromwell embarked for England, leaving Ireland an apparently hopeless wreck, in 1650. William III.'s forces occupied it, without resistance, in 1690. Sir Walter Raleigh, the brilliant English adventurer and colonizer, was mayor of Yonghall in 1588-89. His house, plain Elizabethan, stands near the ruins of one of the abbey's founded by the Fitzgeralds, shown in the sketch. In its parlor the first tobacco was smoked, and in its garden the first potato was planted in Ireland. Many of the monastic ruins of Yonghall have recently been restored.

SECTION IX.

1. Lough Gill, County Sligo.
2. Ardmore Round Tower, County Waterford.
3. Blarney Village, County Cork.
4. St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny.
5. Colleen Bawn Caves, Killarney.
6. Kilrush Harbor, County Clare.
7. Waterfoot, County Antrim.
8. View of Dalkey, County Dublin.
9. Devenish Island, Lough Erne, County Fermanagh.
10. City of Londonderry, County Derry.
11. The Square, Dungarvan, County Waterford.
12. Strongbow's Monument, Christ Church, Dublin.
13. Stáirease, New Buildings, Trinity College.
14. Exterior View St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.
15. Gerald Griffin's Grave, North Monastery, Cork.
16. The Sarsfield Statue, Limerick.
17. St. Finn Bar's Cathedral, Cork.
18. Warrenpoint, County Down.
19. Quadrangle and Campanile, Trinity College.
20. Passenger Train, en route, Dublin
21. Ferry Carrig Castle, County Wexford.
22. Giant's Well, County Antrim.
23. Otter Island, Glengarriff, County Cork.
24. Scene on River Erne, County Donegal.
25. Eagle's Nest, Killarney.
26. Interior, Trinity Church, Limerick.
27. Round Tower, Castledermot, County Kildare.
28. Rock of Cashel, County Tipperary.
29. Terrace, Powercourt Castle, County Wicklow.
30. Crosshaven, Cork Harbor.
31. Military Barracks, Athlone.
32. The Dargan Statue, Dublin.



LOUGH GILL, CO. SLIGO.—This lovely sheet of water, almost engirdled by its guardian mountains, is situated about three miles from the handsome and prosperous town of Sligo. It is, therefore, easy of access, and, in consequence, is much frequented by tourists, who revel in the fine scenery and the abundant sport offered by the innumerable “finny tribes” that swarm in the lake. Salmon, trout and the very largest species of pike—called “the freshwater shark,” and one of the most difficult of fish to capture—make Lough Gill a very paradise for the enthusiastic angler. The lake contains twenty-three islands, finely arbores in the main. Two of these beauty spots are nearly covered by the ivy-grown ruins of ancient churches, “the names of whose founders have vanished in the gloom.” The ecclesiastical relics on Innishmore are very picturesque, and evidently of great antiquity. The finest vantage point on Lough Gill is the beautiful estate of the Wynne family, called Hazelwood. Here landscape gardening, on a most liberal scale, has reinforced the bounteous works of nature. There is hardly a finer scene in Ireland than that presented by the view from the mansion at Hazelwood, where mountain, water and wooded island combine their charms to produce a noble picture, fresh from the hands of the Creator. This lake has been made the theatre of one of the best of recent Irish novels, “The Wild Rose of Lough Gill,” by Mr. P. G. Smyth, now connected with the Chicago daily press.



ARDMORE ROUND TOWER, CO. WATERFORD.—The English of Ardmore is Great Height. It was once a place of importance, although now sadly degenerated. It is claimed that St. Declan, who is alleged to have preceded even St. Patrick, was the founder of the churches, the ruins of which, dominated by a most remarkable round tower, are pictured in the sketch. The Saint made it an episcopal see, but that distinction passed away from it long ages ago. The round tower is unique in its construction, differing materially from all other buildings of its kind in Ireland. Instead of rising unbrokenly from base to summit, it is divided into four stories, each having a window of its own. The exterior beltings define the interior divisions. The circumference at the base is about forty-five feet, and the entrance is thirteen feet from the ground. The material used in its construction is cut stone, as carefully finished as if chiseled by skilled workmen of our own day. Unlike most other Irish round towers, that of Ardmore preserves its conical cap, on the top of which a rudely fashioned cross was placed, nobody knows when, by some pious hand. Cromwell's soldiers mutilated the sacred emblem by making it a target during their occupation of the country. In the middle of the century, two skeletons were discovered by curious diggers in the foundations of the tower, under a bed of concrete. The mystery of their burial there has never been solved.



BLARNEY VILLAGE, CO. CORK.—This town owes more of such celebrity as it possesses to its famous castle and romantically situated lake, than to any advantage possessed by itself, whether naturally or artificially considered. It is situated about six miles from Cork city, in a rather pretty country, of sylvan aspect. Although its inhabitants are comparatively few, they possess energy and perseverance—qualities that not even discriminating economic laws have been able to destroy. “Blarney tweeds” are celebrated the world over. They hold their own against all comers, and, for “wear and tear,” have never been excelled by fabrics manufactured elsewhere. The late Peter White, who did so much toward introducing Irish cloths into the United States, used to say that “a first-class suit of Blarney tweed would last a life time.” He made use of this observation to a member of a leading clothing firm in Chicago, when he was last in America. “Don’t say that, Mr. White,” remarked the good natured merchant, “or you can sell no goods here.” “Why not?” demanded Mr. White in some astonishment. “Because,” observed the shrewd dealer, “we don’t want to deal in goods so lasting that people won’t want new suits every season.” “Oh, very well,” responded Peter; “then I’ll amend my recommendation by saying almost a lifetime!” Mahony’s Woollen Mills, established in 1824, are Blarney’s chief pride and sustenance.



ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.—The famous old Cathedral of St. Canice, which, sentinelled by its round tower, stands on an eminence in Kilkenny's "Irish town," dates from A. D. 1180, although antiquaries claim that the existing structure is built on the site of a church established in the very earliest days of Christianity in Ireland. It is a noble ecclesiastical pile, not much less in area than St. Patrick's or Christ Church cathedral in Dublin. It is, like most edifices of its kind in Ireland, of cruciform shape, two hundred and twenty-six feet from east to west, and the transepts, from north to south, measure one hundred and twenty-three feet. Its founder was the learned and pious Bishop O'Dullany, who translated, in the latter part of the 12th century, the ancient Ossorian see from Aghaboe to Kilkenny. There are in the nave a central and two lateral aisles, which communicate by means of pointed arches. Windows of the same form illuminate the aisles, and those which light the upper portion of the nave, five in number, are of quadrefoil shape. Owing to the immensity of the original design, the cathedral remained for centuries in an unfinished state, and even now the tower is so stunted as to be almost ridiculously disproportionate to the extent of the building. It is supported on groined arches, which spring from marble columns of massive formation. In the last century Bishop Pococke had the cathedral restored, and its simple grandeur is its chiefest charm.



COLLEEN BAWN CAVES, KILLARNEY.—These caves, which the dramatic genius of Boucicault, in his play of the “Colleen Bawn,” adapted from Gerald Griffin’s masterly novel, “The Collegians,” has made celebrated, bear all the marks and tokens of having been formed by the action of the water at a period when the element was much higher, and more turbulent, in the delightful Killarney region, than it is in our day. While the dramatist, for scenic effect, places the chief incidents of the “Colleen Bawn” in and around the caves and lakes, Griffin, in “The Collegians,” made them quite secondary. In one of his descriptions of the locality he says, speaking of the honeymoon love of Hardness Cregan and Eily O’Connor, the “Colleen Bawn”: “To a mind that is perfectly at freedom, Killarney forms in itself a congeries of Elysian raptures; but to a fond bride and bridegroom!—the heaven to which its mountains rear their naked heads in awful reverence, can alone furnish a superior happiness.” The dark and grewsome aspect of the caves presented in the sketch offers a romantic variety to the brighter and bolder scenes that surround them. It is one of the great charms of Killarney that there is so much of contrast in its natural beauties. Lake and river, mountain gorge, towering peak, beetling cliff, pastoral softness, sylvan enchantment all combine to make the place the chosen home of Beauty, as the poet has so well expressed it.



KILRUSH HARBOR, CO. CLARE.—This fine harbor is situated on the right bank of the broad estuary of the river Shannon, in the ancient county of Clare—Gaelic, Claragh, which means a level place, although the country is, in parts, remarkably hilly. Kilrush is quite a thriving town—the second in importance in the “shire.” It is the landing place of the steamer that conveys passengers bound for the neighboring sea-bathing resort of Kilkee, from Limerick and other important points “up the river.” The Quay, shown in the picture, is well built, and boats of heavy burden can anchor close up to it, at any stage of the tide. The town of Kilrush is favorably situated for tourists who like yachting and fishing on a large scale. Besides, “Scattery Island,” or Inniscattery, renowned for its monastic ruins, is easily reached from there. This island is three miles in circumference, and is situated about a mile from the northern shore of the river. At one time, it is said, Inniscattery contained eleven churches, and the remains of six are still discernible, together with a partially ruined round tower, 87 feet in height. King Brian Boru drove the Danes from Inniscattery late in the 10th century. The sacred piles were built by St. Senan, an anchorite, who hated women. Moore has made him the hero of one of his best known poems, “St. Senanus and the Lady.” The Gaelic name of the island was Inis-Cathaig. In addition to the ruins, it possesses a small village, a lighthouse and a battery. Queen Elizabeth made over the place to the corporation of Limerick, whose title has been only lately confirmed by process of law.



WATERFOOT, CO. ANTRIM.—The above pretty hamlet is situated in the recess of Red Bay, about midway between Cushendall and Garron Point, on the Antrim coast. The whole region is a series of noble pictures from the great book of nature. In the neighborhood of Waterfoot are the ruins of Red Bay Castle, once occupied by the McDonnell family, who, for centuries, dominated this section of Ulster. The cliffs in the vicinity are mostly composed of red sand stone, and the constant action of the sea has hollowed at their base many picturesque caverns. Glenariff, acknowledged to be the loveliest of the glens of Antrim, opens on Red Bay. The cliffs extending from Red Bay Castle to Garron Point have an average altitude of about 600 feet, "the upper two hundred feet being almost perpendicular, rising from the sloping undercliff." Dark gorges and deep ravines, through which impetuous torrents dash to the sea, break the strong formation of the cliffs at many points and serve to agreeably diversify the scenery of the locality. One of the most noted spots in the neighborhood of Waterfoot, which is a favorite stopping place of tourists, is Nanny's Cave, which is said to have been occupied for more than half a century by an eccentric woman, named Ann Murray, who died in 1847.



VIEW OF DALKEY, CO. DUBLIN.—The preceding sketch gives a good general view of the very pleasant metropolitan suburb of Dalkey, which has the advantage of ocean and mountain views, rarely found in the immediate neighborhood of great cities. Fortunately for the town, the municipal authorities never granted the right of way to the railroads to run right along the beach, and, in this way, Dalkey has escaped the disagreeableness visited by the iron horse on other small and previously prosperous communities, which depended, in a great measure, on sea-bathing patronage. People, in general, are disinclined to bathe close up to railroad tracks, and they can hardly be blamed for this very natural aversion. In the summer season, Dalkey is one of the liveliest places in Ireland. Bands play every evening at Sorrento Point, the tongue of land which juts into the bay, and is cool even in the dog days, because of the ocean breezes that constantly fan it. A fashionable terrace rises at the head of the Point, and from it is obtained one of the grandest views of Irish coast scenery. The one drawback to Dalkey, as a summer resort, is that most of the shore front has been bought up for purposes of building by private speculators, and the people at large are thus excluded from some of the most attractive portions of the Dalkey coast.



DEVENISH ISLAND, LOUGH ERNE, CO. FERMANAGH.—The above picturesque and venerable “spot of ground” is situated in the entrance to Lower Lough Erne, about two miles from the town of Enniskillen. Its Gaelic name is Daimh-inis, pronounced almost the same as in English, and signifies, according to leading Irish savants, the Island of the Oxen. The foundation of the abbey, whose ruins still remain, is attributed to St. Molaise, a native of the district of Carbery, in the county Sligo. He was educated at the University of Clonard, and removed to Devenish in his youth. By some it is held that he was Bishop of Clogher and the period of his death is fixed in the latter portion of the 6th century. The round tower, 70 feet high, is generally allowed to be the most perfect in Ireland. “In addition to the usual four orifices facing the cardinal points near the summit,” says Professor Addey, “it has, on the northeast side, three windows—square, triangular and round. The latter, which is 12 feet from the ground, and approached by three rude steps, was evidently intended as an entrance. Beneath the conical apex appears the unusual decoration of a richly designed cornice, with a human head sculptured on the keystone of each of the upper windows.” In the ruins of the adjacent priory are to be seen many rich carvings, and the evidences of a belfry, which would go far to disprove the theory that the round towers were ever used for that purpose. Devenish is still a favorite burial place.



CITY OF LONDONDERRY, CO. DERRY.—This famous city, which was, during the Jacobite war, to the Protestants of Ireland what Limerick was to the Catholics, stands on a rising ground above the western bank of the river Foyle. Its ancient Gaelic name was Daire-Calgaich—the Oak Wood of Calgach. After the Flight of the Earls, in 1607, James I. “granted” the town and surrounding territory, as part of the “confiscated” lands of the native Irish, to certain London corporations, whence the name Londonderry. The national Irish speak of it as “Derry.” In 1609, the English strongly fortified the town, and most of the gates, and the thick wall, are still well preserved. The chief celebrity of the place is derived from the long and successful defense made in 1688-89, from December to July, by the Williamite garrison and inhabitants against the investing army of King James II., under General Richard Hamilton, Marshal de Rosen and, finally, the King himself. At one time, the city was on the point of surrendering to Hamilton, on favorable terms, when, with his usual fauity, King James interfered, appeared before the town, was fired upon, had an officer killed by his side, and was, at last, compelled to withdraw, chagrined and discomfited. On July 30, 1689, the relieving expedition, under General Kirke, sailed up the Foyle and the siege was at an end. The defense, throughout, was most gallant, and the Irish Protestants, from a military standpoint, have good reason to be proud of it. Said the Catholic orator, Meagher, in 1846: “We do homage to Irish valor, whether it conquers on the walls of Derry, or capitulates with honor before the ramparts of Limerick!”



THE SQUARE, DUNGARVAN, CO. WATERFORD.—Dungarvan town is situated in the county of Waterford, twenty-five miles southwest of the city of that name, on the river Colligan, where it falls into the capacious but rather shallow bay. The sketch shows the square in which the Fairs and Markets are held. Of the former, there are four in the course of each year, about the beginning of each season, and the markets are of almost daily occurrence. The town contained in the middle of this century a population of 6,500, but the number, owing to emigration, is now greatly reduced. Dungarvan is much frequented in summer as a sea-bathing resort. It has fairly good hotels and lodging houses. The fishing industry is one of the main supports of the place, but is not nearly as profitable as in former years. The place is noted in recent Irish history as the unwitting cause of the fatal breach between Daniel O'Connell and the Young Ireland section of the Repealers, in July 1846, when the famed orator, Richard Lalor Sheil, who had been appointed Master of the Mint by the Whigs, was re-elected, under O'Connell's auspices, to represent the borough in the British parliament. The Young Irelanders opposed place begging on principle. O'Connell held it was better to have friends than foes in high places, in which he was inconsistent as a Repealer. Division and disaster were the result of the quarrel.



STRONGBOW'S MONUMENT, CHRIST CHURCH, DUBLIN.—Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, nicknamed "Strongbow," because of his strength and skill in archery, was the chief, and most accomplished, of the band of Norman adventurers that invaded Ireland on the invitation of Dermot MacMurrough, the traitor King of Leinster, during the years 1169-72. MacMurrough eloped with the wife of O'Ruarc, Prince of Breffni, during the latter's absence on a pious pilgrimage. This led to the adulterer's flight from Ireland, and the subsequent fatal invasion of the Normans. The poet Moore has immortalized the episode in his well known ballad, "The Valley Lay Smiling before Me." Strongbow, after making nominal conquest of Leinster, married Eva, the heiress of MacMurrough, and laid claim to a large portion of Irish territory, which he held with the strong hand. This great Norman chief was as politic as brave, for, says his biographer, Cambrensis, "what he could not effect by force, he accomplished by soft words and fair promises." He died not many years after the invasion, and was interred in Christ Church, which he had aided in restoring. The roof fell in and wrecked the original monument during the fifteenth century, but the latter was re-erected by Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy, during the reign of Elizabeth. The full length effigy shown in the sketch is alleged to be that of Strongbow, while the half length figure is said to represent his son, who, for cowardice or disobedience in battle, was cut in two by his affectionate sire.



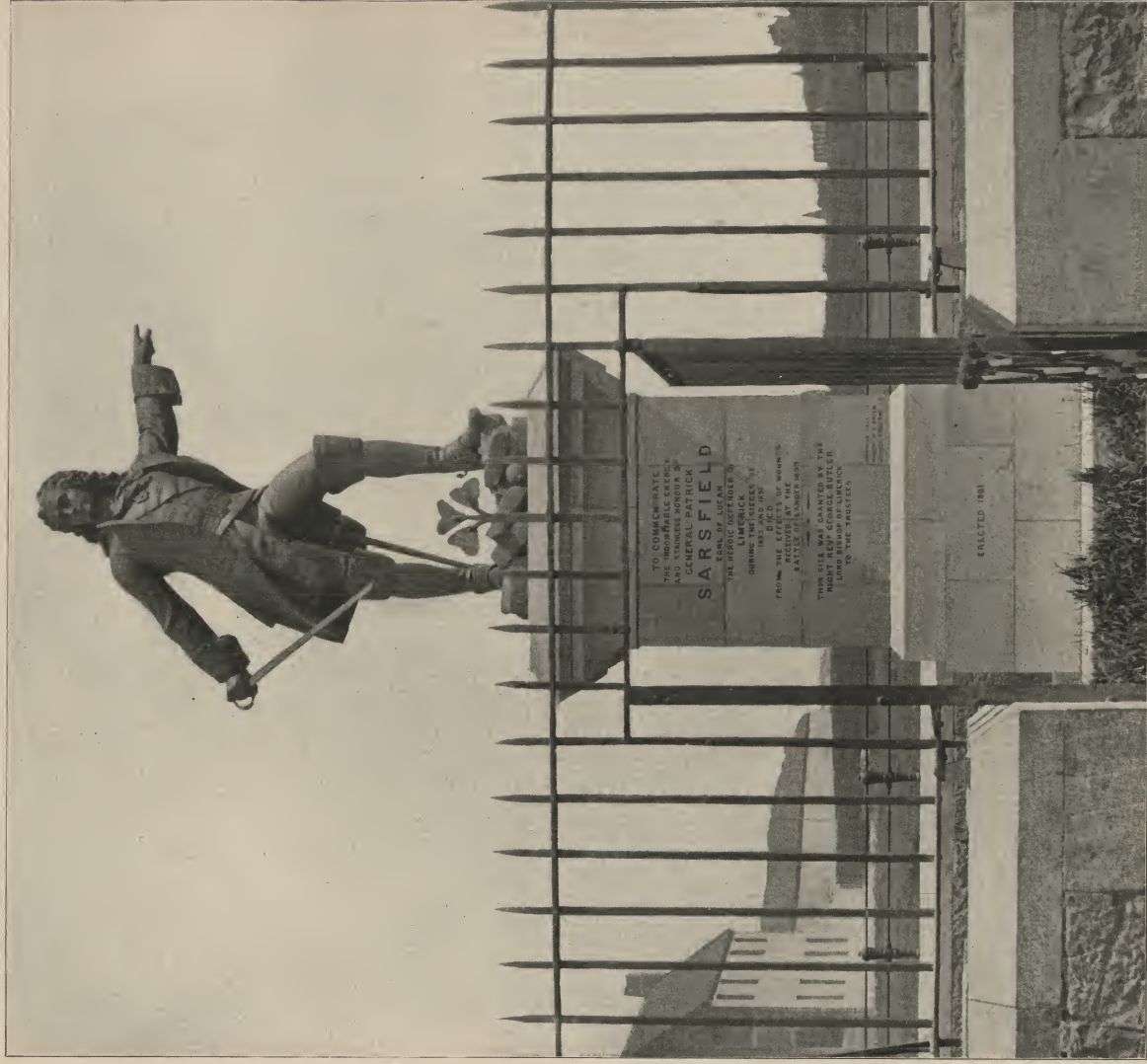
STAIRCASE, NEW BUILDINGS, TRINITY COLLEGE.—The preceding sketch gives a view of the fine staircase in that portion of Trinity College, called the New Buildings, generally conceded to be the most artistic section of the famous Dublin university. The design was by the great architect, Sir Thomas Deane, and the buildings were erected in 1854-55, at a cost of £26,000. The style of architecture is Venetian throughout, and no part of the handsome edifice is more admired than the classic stairway pictured above. It is unfortunate that the more ancient portions of Trinity College have been so “reconstructed,” as to destroy almost wholly their original form and reduce them to a monotonous condition of mediocrity. Hardly a suggestion of their original style remains, and it is only in the thoroughly modern sections of the institution that the justly acquired Irish reputation for antique taste in construction is maintained. If the “improving” architects had given more study to appearance and less to convenience, the old portions of Trinity might be held worthy to rank beside that noble quartette of buildings, the Irish Houses of Parliament, the Four Courts, the Custom House and the General Post Office. The New Buildings contain the Engineering school, the lecture rooms of the Divinity and Law schools and apartments devoted to special examinations.



EXTERIOR VIEW ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—The above fine exterior view of St. Patrick's Cathedral will be immediately recognized by all who have visited the more ancient portion of the Irish capital. It has stood there since the last decade of the 12th century, and, since the "Reformation," has changed hands, and creeds, more than once. The edifice had fallen sadly into decay when public spirit moved the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness to have it restored, and partially reconstructed, out of his own funds. He followed, as far as possible, the architectural ideas of Archbishop John Comyn, the Anglo-Norman prelate, who founded it in the time of Henry II. The spire has always been an eye-sore, and has been compared by the witty Dubliners to a candle extinguisher. In another sketch, dealing with the interior of the cathedral, we have mentioned its area, the monuments it contains and other features of interest. During his stay in Dublin, 1689-90, King James II., a devout Catholic, regularly attended mass at St. Patrick's, which, at that period, became once more, temporarily, a Catholic place of worship. It is related that one of the Protestant English lords, who followed his fortunes, generally accompanied the Monarch to the church, and then took his leave. This lord's father was a Catholic, and James' was not. On one occasion the King said to him: "Your lordship's father would have gone farther!" To which the other immediately answered: "Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far!"



GERALD GRIFFIN'S GRAVE, NORTH MONASTERY, CORK.—The sketch shows the pretty cemetery of the Christian Brothers, at the North Monastery, City of Cork. In the grave marked by the single Celtic cross repose the remains of the gentle poet and novelist, Gerald Griffin, author of "The Collegians," pronounced by many British critics to be among the most perfect of romances. From this play Boucicault constructed his famous tragedy of "The Colleen Bawn," which held the stage so long and so triumphantly. Griffin, who had become a religious a year or two before his death, was born in Limerick, of ancient Irish stock, in 1803. He died in the North Monastery, of typhus fever, June 12, 1840, and was buried three days later. His literary talent was developed in boyhood, and his eldest brother, Dr. William Griffin, fostered his genius and gave him every advantage that a fine education could bestow. When a mere stripling he proceeded to London, and, after many trials and tribulations, managed, in spite of prejudice and isolation, to win a place in literature. His first attempts were in the dramatic line, and one of his plays, "Gisippus," possesses great merit. Some of his poetry is exquisite, but it is in his prose works, particularly his Irish novels, so true to nature, that his name will live. A year before his death he wrote thus of the spot where he sleeps: "Close by the walk stands a little burying ground, where the head-stones of a few Brothers invite us to a *de profundis*, and a thought or two on the end of all things, as we are passing."



THE SARSFIELD STATUE, LIMERICK.—Lord Macaulay, writing of Patrick Sarsfield half a century ago, in his *History of England*, said: "His name is still dear to the most unfortunate of nations." This gallant soldier is, perhaps, the only national Irishman, of note, that British historians have not libeled. He came of mixed Roger, or Rury, O'Moore, who was mainly instrumental in organizing the great Irish uprising of 1641. It was, no doubt, from the lips of Anna O'Moore that her son learned those lessons of virtue, patriotism and chivalry, that have rendered his name immortal. He was bred a soldier and campaigned with distinction in the armies of Charles II., when they served in Flanders and Germany. At the battle of Sedgemoor, in England, when the Duke of Monmouth rebelled against James II., he commanded a regiment of horse. He was distinguished at the Boyne, and, during the first siege of Limerick, in 1690, by a bold movement of cavalry, destroyed King William's train of heavy cannon while it was en route to take part in the bombardment. He was in command at the breach when the King's assault was repulsed with slaughter a few weeks later. Sarsfield quarreled with St. Ruth before Athlone, and it is doubtful if he were at Aughrim. At the second siege of Limerick, he was one of the Irish signatories to the treaty subsequently broken by England. He fell at the battle of Landen, in Flanders, July 29, 1693. The fine statue, shown in the sketch, was erected in 1881.



ST. FINN BAR'S CATHEDRAL, CORK.—This modern edifice, devoted to Episcopal worship, occupies the site of the ancient cathedral, founded by St. Finn Bar in the seventh century. Not even tradition has preserved any record of the architectural character of the original building, although it seems to have vanished entirely only as late as 1725. It is said that Oliver Cromwell, on the surrender of Cork to the Parliamentary army in 1649, ordered the bells to be taken down and cast into field pieces. On being remonstrated with by some of the citizens, the cynical regicide uttered the only "joke" attributed to him, remarking, profanely, that "since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for bells would be to promote them into Canons!" and so the act of desecration was duly carried into effect. The second cathedral, erected in 1735, was an architectural failure, and was taken down about the middle of the sixties. The present structure was built in the Transition-Norman style, after the design of an English architect, Mr. Burges, and was consecrated in 1870 by the Right Rev. Bishop Gregg. Internally it consists of a nave, aisle and transept, and has an apsidal choir and ambulatory. The Episcopal residence is adjacent to the cathedral, and is a handsome and commodious structure.



WARRENPOINT, CO. DOWN.—This delightful sea-bathing resort, noted for the neatness of its architecture and the beauty of its beach, enframed by picturesque sierras, stands at the head of Carlingford Lough, in the county Down, about six and a half miles from the ancient town of Newry. All vessels of very heavy burden stop at the quays of Warrenpoint, because no ship drawing over fifteen feet of water can pass up the ship canal to the Albert Dock at Newry. Warrenpoint, being of comparatively modern origin, cannot boast of much to attract the antiquarian, but it offers many allurements to the lover of nature. The ever changing hues of the mountains and the phenomenal clearness of the water have won the praises of many observant tourists. The coast scenery around it, and in its neighborhood, is of a very high order, and many charming excursions can be made from the town to points of interest in the vicinity. The exquisite hamlet of Rostrevor, dear to Irishmen as the long-time residence of "Honest John Martin," the virtual founder of the Home Rule movement, is distant only two and a half miles by the street car line, which runs along the enchanting shore. Rostrevor also contains a monument, erected by Irish royalists, to Gen. Ross, who burned Washington, in 1814.



QUADRANGLE AND CAMPANILE, TRINITY COLLEGE.—This sketch shows the great quadrangle of the Dublin university, called Parliament Square, with the fine Corinthian facades of the chapel and theatre, exactly in the same style of architecture, facing each other, and the Campanile, or bell-tower, erected in 1852 by Lord Primate Beresford, in the middle distance. Interiorly, the chancel of the chapel measures eighty feet in length and its diameter is 36 feet. A semicircular apsis terminates the chancel, and in the apsis is a tablet and inscription to the memory of Bishop Sterne. The Theatre, or Examination Hall, contains the portraits of many eminent men connected with the college. A full length oil portrait of Queen Elizabeth—said to be a true likeness of that able and wily sovereign in her prime, is one of the art treasures of the gallery. George IV. was banquetted in this hall, in 1821, and the event was made the subject of a scathingly sarcastic poem by Lord Byron. The Campanile is much admired, and is thus technically described: “The circular belfry, surrounded by eight Corinthian pillars, raised upon pedestal, is set upon a stage of circular steps supported by a basement story of the Doric order, square in plan and built of rusticated granite.” Above the bell chamber rises a graceful dome, crowned by a smaller dome, which is surmounted by a gilt cross.



PASSENGER TRAIN, EN ROUTE, DUBLIN.—The picture portrays a passenger train steaming out of Dublin for “the provinces.” In many respects it differs materially from the “make up” of an American train, as it is modeled entirely on the English plan. The locomotive is of peculiar make, meagre as to smoke stack and destitute of our national pilot and “cow-catcher,” thus presenting to the American eye a somewhat crude and altogether unequipped appearance. The cars, or carriages, too, are set higher on their trucks, and open on the sides. There is a narrow platform for the accommodation of “the guard,” or conductor, on the sides of the coaches, which are divided into first, second and third class. The higher the class, the nearer the engine. The cars are divided into compartments that usually hold six or eight people, according to the class. The aristocrats have the first class coaches mainly to themselves, and they freeze out, by a rigid silence, any person, not of the blue blood, who may happen to get in among them. Sensible Irish and British travellers generally ride second class, but the Americans invariably bundle in among the Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts and No Accounts, greatly to the horror of the supercilious exclusives. The railway compartment system is an abomination and has led to frequent horrid crimes, but John Bull is pig-headed and hates to acknowledge that “the Yankees” can teach him anything.



FERRY CARRIG CASTLE, CO. WEXFORD.—The river Slaney is one of the most charming of Irish streams, and some points upon it have been favorably compared with the southern Blackwater, or, in the patois of Edmund Spenser, the Avonduff. The ruin pictured on the right of the sketch has been erroneously called Fitzstephen's Castle, because the first Norman invaders, under the renowned chief of that name, landed in this neighborhood, in A. D. 1169; but authentic history ascribes the edifice to the Roche family, who came over with Henry II. three years later than the warlike Fitzstephen. Tradition, so popular in Ireland, says, however, that the bold Norman pioneer did build a stronghold on the opposite bank of the Slaney, where now rises the tall column, shown in the middle background of the picture, erected many years ago to the memory of the British officers, of Wexford birth, who fell fighting for the subjugator of their country in the Crimean war. The monument stands, by a curious coincidence, on the very spot where, according to ancient Irish annals, the first Anglo-Norman castle was erected in Ireland. This memorial was built in imitation of the ancient Irish round towers, but does not seem to possess their massiveness.



GIANT'S WELL, CO. ANTRIM.—In the midst of the manifold wonders of the Causeway, gushes, slowly but steadily, the translucent pool of cold water, known as the "Giant's Well." This giant was evidently well provided with all ancient and modern improvements, which even still bear the designations of the "Giant's Chair," the "Giant's Bagpipes," the "Giant's Basin," the "Giant's Organ" and many other terms of legendary fame. The Well itself is situated on the land section of the Causeway and is a comparatively small cavity, filled with water of exceptional clearness. Truth may, or may not, lie at the bottom of this well, but it is certain that three hexagon figures, surrounded by nine basaltic pillars, are visible in its depths. In fact, the regularity of the formation is positively startling. Facilities for partaking of the refreshing liquid lie around the limpid pool in liberal fashion, although only three vessels—a tin measure, a china cup and a regulation hotel glass, are visible in the sketch. The peasantry of the coast, always given to the romantic and supernatural, assert that, occasionally, on moonlight nights, in summer, the Giant visits the well, equipped with a flask of genuine poteen, and, diluting it with the sparkling water, takes a quiet drink all by himself.



OTTER ISLAND, GLENGARRIFF, CO. CORK.—This superb region preserves its Gaelic orthography and pronunciation in the English tongue, and is translated the Rugged Glen—a name which gives but a crude idea of its combined beauty and majesty. The mountains which bound the bay in almost every direction, are Alpine in character. The valley itself is about three miles long and about half a mile in width. Mrs. Hall, who, after Arthur Young and Thomas Cromwell, may be called the pioneer Irish tourist, was entirely carried away by the scenic splendor of Glengarriff—once the magnificent patrimony of the gallant family of the O'Sullivan Beare. She says of it: "Bleak and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness. Endowed by nature with richest gifts of wood and water, for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river and the foaming cataract are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands, by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to acquire the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice, and the pen must be laid aside in despair!" Otter Island, of peculiar formation, is shown in the sketch.



SCENE ON RIVER ERNE, CO. DONEGAL.—The sketch shows a section of the river Erne, not far from where it enters the sea, bridled, as it were, by weirs and sluice gates, which, with other improvements more modern in character, serve to keep the upper and lower lakes at their summer level during the other seasons of the year. Enormous quantities of eels are caught at these weirs annually, and they, with the salmon, constitute the main riches of the fine fisheries of the Erne system. Many British travellers, born epicures, prefer the Erne eels to their national whitebait. The Rev. Henry Newland, a devoted angler, writing of the piscatory capacity of the Erne, between Belleek and the sea, says that the amount of fish contained in that short space is beyond computation, and enumerates among the species to be found there, in addition to the fish mentioned, trout, pike and perch—the latter, however, but little valued. The eel and the salmon, he says, are sources of great profit. “Both equally affect the sea and fresh water, with this singular difference—the salmon enters the fresh water to spawn, the eel descends to the sea for the same purpose. The salmon returns annually—the eel never. The salmon are taken as they ascend—the eel as they descend. The salmon never moves by night, and the eel never moves by day.”



EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY.—This fine mountain has the gift of majesty from Mother Nature, and the glory of romance from popular legend and tradition. It is best seen on the passage down the river which connects Upper and Lower lakes, between Coleman's Eye and the Old Weir Bridge. The Nest is computed to be about twelve hundred feet above the sea level and seven hundred above the river. Its face is rugged and precipitous, clothed in trailing shrubs, rather thin in most places, and adorned, in the summer season, with flowering mosses and other wild blossoms of many varieties. In olden times it was the chosen home of the golden eagle, but that royal bird rarely visits the Killarney highlands in these days, and is to be found mostly in the wild, inaccessible cliffs of the sea coast ranges. It is well known that this mountain possesses the property of echoing back sounds in a most astonishing manner. The Killarney guide never fails to sound his bugle-horn as he floats down the Long Range with the hypnotized tourist, whose unused ears are ravished with the delights of multiplied harmonies sent back upon the waters from the rugged cliffs of the Eagle's Nest. Occasionally, a small cannon is fired off at the base of the mountain, which is thickly wooded, and the echo comes back with the crashing roar of the final cannonade at Leipzig.



INTERIOR, TRINITY CHURCH, LIMERICK.—In the accompanying sketch is pictured the rather plain interior of one of the leading Protestant churches of the ancient city of Limerick. It is, nevertheless, the spiritual home of a very large and wealthy congregation. There is little attempt at elaborate decoration, but the windows of richly stained glass are very artistic. Mortuary entablatures, commemorative of the virtues of many deceased members, adorn the walls. The style of architecture is simple but impressive; and the general effect is rather cold and sombre-hued. Unlike its better known sister edifice, St. Mary's cathedral, it has little that is stirring in its history, because it was erected long after the days when Sarsfield strove bravely for the mastery against the armies of King William and De Ginkel. Many of the Protestants of Limerick have, like their patriotic Catholic fellow-citizens, been notable for a commendable public spirit. The Perys, the Taits, the Russells, the Rices, and others, have done much for the city's architectural, commercial and manufacturing interests. The Taits have been great manufacturers of military clothing and, at one time, supplied a large portion of the British army with service overcoats, of the "Ulster" pattern, and, we believe, their style, as to cut and comfort, was followed by our own military tailors during the Civil War.



ROUND TOWER, CASTLEDERMOT, CO. KILDARE.—Castledermot, to which reference has been made in another sketch, is rich in antiquities. The picture shows the rear of a chapel, and the ruins of a splendid arch of the Norman period, dominated by the remains of a round tower, whose origin is lost in the mists of tradition, almost wholly mantled by a growth of the virile Irish ivy. This tower stands in the churchyard, where the dust of countless generations of the sons and daughters of "rich Kildare," reposes, and where the present and future generations, so long as this planet has life, will sink also to their long rest. Many Celtic crosses, of very artistic design, stand as monuments above the graves of the more distinguished among the departed. Castledermot was among the first of the ancient towns of Kildare to fall into English hands, and most of the ecclesiastical remains which adorn it, show a very distinctive Norman origin. A strong, square tower, once embattled, stands in the neighborhood, and is supposed to have been built by the Knights Templars, in the days of crusading chivalry. There are also the ruins of a castle, and many other architectural relics in which antiquarians take delight; but, of all its ruins, the round tower, shown above, is considered the most curious and impressive.



ROCK OF CASHEL, CO. TIPPERARY.—This storied place was anciently called, in Gaelic, Sidh-dhruim—Fairy Ridge. At a later period it obtained the name of Caiseal, which is translated a round, stone fort. Some antiquarians say that the original name was Cios-aíl—Rent Rock, so called because, it is asserted, the ancient Kings of Munster used to collect their tributes on its summit. The modern Irish call the place “Cashel of the Kings.” It is situated in the midst of the Golden Vein—held to be the most fertile tract of land in all Ireland. Although now a mere village, Cashel is, technically, a city and gives title to the Catholic Archbishop of Cashel and Emlý. Tradition ascribes the formation of the Rock, which rises sole and solemn in the midst of a smiling country, to satanic agency. The legend runs thus: Old Nick, while driving a flock of condemned souls, in the form of goats, over Barnane mountain, thirty miles away, got angry at the steep obstruction and bit, in his fury, a piece out of the rocky crest of the ridge. This he flung over his right shoulder all the way to Cashel, and Barnane mountain shows the trace of Satan’s teeth ever since. It has been known for ages as “the Devil’s Bit,” and, no doubt, will be to the end of time. The splendid ruins shown in the sketch are those of the superb Abbey, founded in the 11th century, Cormac’s Chapel, called after a Bishop-King, killed in battle, and the round tower, which lifts its conical head on the right of the picture. These are the principal features of this Irish Acropolis.



TERRACE, POWERSCOURT CASTLE, CO. WICKLOW.—The above splendid seat is famed throughout the length and breadth of Ireland for the picturesqueness of its situation and the loveliness of its surroundings. The sketch shows the fine terrace leading from a wing of the castle to the water, which reflects so much that is lovely in nature and in art on its crystal surface. The grand demesne is traversed by the winding upper Dargle brook, which runs, with ceaseless murmur, through scenes of enchanting beauty, to the sea. General Wingfield, ancestor of Lord Powerscourt, became possessed of the magnificent estate during the Elizabethan period, when, after a long and gallant struggle, the native proprietors were driven out at the point of the sword. The Powerscourts are frequent absentees, but there is always an agent to represent them, and, on application to him, visitors are freely admitted to view the grounds. One British tourist has written of the castle that, “There are few mansions in Great Britain and Ireland so auspiciously situated; hill and dale, and wood and water are so skillfully bleated, or divided, and the whole is so completely enclosed by mountains, apparently inaccessible to mortal feet, as to realize the picture of the Happy Valley.” The green-houses, conservatory and pleasure grounds of the castle are in keeping with its general magnificence.



CROSSHAVEN, CORK HARBOR.—This fascinating, if diminutive, sea-bathing resort lies, snugly sheltered by hill and wood, in the southwestern corner of the picturesque harbor of Cork, at the mouth of the Owenboy, or Yellow river, called in Gaelic the Owen-buidhe. The stream is noticeable for the amber-like color of its waters in the season of floods—something quite unusual in Irish rivers, which are generally very clear. At the mouth of this creek there is a small harbor, well sheltered, in which vessels of considerable tonnage find refuge. This haven once saved the famous English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, from destruction. He had encountered in the open sea, with five ships, a much superior Spanish flotilla, and was compelled to run into Cork harbor to avoid it. He made for Crosshaven, and, the water being high, sailed up to a spot in the river called Tubberavoid, where, completely hidden by bluffs and trees, he escaped the vigilance of the Dons, who gave up the pursuit in disgust. Carrigaline, which the first Earl of Cork attempted to make a rival in commerce to Queenstown and the city, lies up the river four miles from its mouth. It contains the ruins of a very interesting old castle.



MILITARY BARRACKS, ATHLONE.—Owing to its geographical situation, about the centre of the island, and standing astride the noble river Shannon, whose principal “pass” it commands, Athlone is justly looked upon as an invaluable strategic point, and, consequently, England has kept here for more than two hundred years, a strong military establishment, consisting of a reconstructed castle, a huge armory and extensive barracks. The garrison seldom numbers less than 4,000 men, and in seasons of political excitement, it is greatly increased. Athlone is also an important railway centre, which adds to its value as a military vantage place. The barracks shown in the sketch are well fortified—the walls surrounding them being plentifully loop-holed for cannon and musketry. The town has been free from the bustle of battles and sieges since St. Ruth fatuously allowed it to be surprised and taken by De Ginkel, in June 1691; but the English, who bought its possession at such cost of blood during two memorable sieges, are determined to keep it in a state of preparation for offense, or defense, in case of some unforeseen complication that might enable the Irish to seek to regain their ancient and renowned stronghold. “Stout Athlone,” crowned with the glory of the heroic past, is a name ever dear to the Irish heart.



THE DARGAN STATUE, DUBLIN.—Near the commodious buildings of the Royal Dublin Society, on Merrion Square, rises the plain, unpretentious statue of William Dargan, the Father of the Dublin International Exhibition of 1853, which attracted the attention and applause of the civilized world. The Queen of England made one of her few visits to Ireland, accompanied by her late husband, and other members of her household, on the occasion. Mr. Dargan, who was a respectable business man, wealthy and liberal, furnished \$400,000 out of his private means to make the Exhibition the great success it was. Victoria offered him a baronetcy, which he gracefully declined, saying that he preferred to remain "plain William Dargan." The good man died many years ago, but his memory is held in enduring respect by all his fellow-citizens, not alone as the benefactor of Dublin, in 1853, but also as the man who gave to Ireland her first railroad. Ireland has not prospered in either wealth or population, except in a few limited sections, since the days of William Dargan. His example was followed by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who mainly promoted the Exhibition of 1865; and by the latter's sons, who established that of 1872, although neither equalled the success of the initial enterprise.

SECTION X.

1. Lion Arch, Vale of Avoca, County Wicklow.
2. O'Connell's Birthplace, Carhen, County Kerry.
3. St. Vincent's Church, Sunday's Well, Cork.
4. The Great Caves, Lower Lough Erne.
5. Hotel at Glengarriff, County Cork.
6. Carriek, County Donegal.
7. Protestant Church, Armagh.
8. Ballyhooley, County Cork.
9. Ruins of Desmond's Castle, Adare, County Limerick.
10. Yachting Club House, Kingstown, County Dublin.
11. Lower Lake, Killarney.
12. Selskar Abbey, Wexford.
13. Sub-Altars. Tuam Cathedral, County Galway.
14. Mail Steamer in Regalia. Kingstown.
15. The Insane Asylum, Cork.
16. Hogan's Statue of O'Connell. City Hall, Dublin.
17. View of Ross Island, Killarney.
18. Drawing Room, Carton House, County Kildare.
19. St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick.
20. Lookout Cliff, Kilkee, County Clare.
21. The Great Rosse Telescope, Birr Castle, Kings County.
22. View of Ballyshannon, County Donegal.
23. Queen's College, Cork.
24. Cromwell's Bridge, Glengarriff, County Cork.
25. Church at Swords, County Dublin.
26. Exterior View, Dublin Museum.
27. Borough Cemetery, Belfast.
28. Ruins, Cong Abbey, County Galway.
29. The Lady Chapel. St. Patrick's, Dublin.
30. Lake Margin. Phoenix Park. Dublin.
31. Mallow, County Cork.
32. The Guinness Statue. St. Patrick's, Dublin.



LION ARCH, VALE OF AVOCA, CO. WICKLOW.—Near the point where Glenmalure and the Vale of Clara, melting together in the landscape, as it were, form the Vale of Avoca, in the vicinity of Castle Howard, is the Lion Arch, which spans the narrow stream, and receives its name from a fanciful formation popularly supposed to bear some distant resemblance to the King of Beasts. The arch is wreathed in ivy and other creeping plants, and the surroundings are chiefly remarkable for the purity of the water and the luxuriance of the foliage. The castle itself is built on a great elevation above the river and makes a splendid appearance from the opposite bank. After passing the bridge, the road enters the grounds through a handsome castellated gateway, and the ascent to the mansion, two hundred feet higher than the span across the stream, is through a superbly umbrageous woodland. The view from the castle includes the junction of the Avonmore and Avonbeg rivers—Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," so declared to be in one of his writings, which settles the point raised about his famous song having been written in regard to the lower confluence near the, "Wooden Bridge." He says the ballad was "suggested" by the view from Castle Howard.



O'CONNELL'S BIRTHPLACE, CARHEN, CO. KERRY.—Our artist presents in the sketch placed before the reader the ruins of the house in Carhen, or Carhan, meaning Mountain Ash, Co. Kerry, in which the immortal Daniel O'Connell was born on the 6th day of August, 1775. It is situated but a few miles from Derrynane castle, his after residence, and Cahirciveen, which was his market town. The region is one of the most strikingly romantic in Ireland, presenting a splendid variety of mountain, cliff and ocean scenery, almost without rival, even in magnificent Kerry. O'Connell's father's name was Morgan and his mother was Catherine Mullane. Their marriage occurred in 1774, and Daniel was the first born of ten children. He received his early education chiefly from the Rev. Father Harrington, of Cork, who taught Catholic pupils, in spite of the penal laws against Catholic education, at the risk of his life. At the age of fifteen, young O'Connell was sent to St. Omer's University in France, and he subsequently studied at the College of Douay with much distinction. He left Douay on Jan. 21, 1793—the day Louis XVI. was beheaded in Paris. The excesses of the French Revolution shocked O'Connell, naturally averse to bloodshed, and made him a monarchist and a peace-at-any-price agitator, particularly in his later career. This, in a great measure, accounts for the ignominious failure of his Repeal of the Union movement, in 1843.



ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH, SUNDAY'S WELL, CORK.—The sketch shows, seated picturesquely on an eminence above the river Lee, the Catholic Church of St. Vincent, which is the principal ecclesiastical edifice in the suburb of the city of Cork, known as Sunday's Well. It is so called from an ancient spring, said to have been made sacred to Druid rites before the era of Christianity in Ireland, and afterward utilized by the Catholic Fathers for baptismal purposes. The spring contains water peculiarly clear and cold, absolutely devoid of mineral flavor, and is much prized by the inhabitants of the district. Owing to its fine situation, Sunday's Well was, formerly, much visited by the citizens of Cork, and many handsome homes existed there. The changes wrought by time, however, have not been favorable to the district as a fashionable residence locality, and the well-to-do people now build their dwellings elsewhere. Yet Sunday's Well is by no means abandoned, and the view to be obtained from the hill above the Lee, is regarded as one of the finest in the beautiful South of Ireland. There is a tradition to the effect that the gallant and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald resided, "on his keeping," in the vicinity, during the month of April, 1798. On his return to Dublin, he was captured, severely wounded and died in prison.



THE GREAT CAVES, LOWER LOUGH ERNE.—The picturesque elevation of Knockmore, Anglicé Great Hill, rises above the waves of Lower Lough Erne to a height of 919 feet, and its summit affords an observatory for lovers of nature that cannot be surpassed, in Ulster at least. It commands nearly the whole extent of the noble Lough, its rock-enchanted shores, flashing waters and wooded islands of never failing verdure. The caves, the saturnine gates of which are shown in the sketch, are very extensive, and the largest, known to travellers as the "Garrison Cave," has never been thoroughly explored. The "Lettered Cave" is better known to visitors, and on its rocks, carved deeply into the stone, may be seen letters, symbols and carvings that are popularly supposed to belong to a prehistoric period. It is believed that both caverns were used in the stormy olden time as places of retreat by the timid or the vanquished. The "Gillie's Hole," another cavern of portentous aspect, is shown on the northern face of the cliff, and it is related that, about a century ago, it was inhabited by a pair of true lovers, whose haughty and unfeeling parents would not allow the course of their tender passion to flow smoothly on. In this case love did not fly out at the window when want entered at the door. There was no window for it to fly out of.



HOTEL AT GLENGARRIFF, CO. CORK.—Where once stood one of the residences of the O'Sullivan Beare family, the ancient lords of Glengarriff and the surrounding country, now stands the comfortable, modern hotel, pictured in the sketch. It is situated in a cozy, sheltered nook of Glengarriff Bay, and commands a fine view of the matchless scenery of that splendid region, whose manifold beauties have been depicted elsewhere. It must have been a heartbreak to the gallant and chivalrous Donal O'Sullivan Beare, when, having done all the man could do in defence of the independence of his country, abandoned by his Spanish allies and deserted by kindred chiefs, who bent before the iron sway of the able and remorseless Elizabeth, he and his followers finally bade farewell to Glengarriff and sought a sad asylum in the distant, and soon to be subjugated, fortresses of Brehin. Thomas Davis sang of the exodus plaintively thus:

I wandered at eve by Glengarriff's sweet water,
Half in the shade and half in the moon,
And I thought of the time when the Sacsonach slaughter
Reddened the night and darkened the noon.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! Mo nuar!* I said—
When I think in this valley and sky,
Where true lovers and poets should sigh,
Of the time when its chieftain, O'Sullivan, fled.

*Alas!



CARRICK, CO. DONEGAL.—This small, but cleanly and prosperous hamlet, is much patronized by North of Ireland tourists, because it possesses an excellent hotel, established by the Musgrave estate, and is a central point from which some of the best fishing and boldest scenery in Donegal may be easily reached. The Catholic chapel, a handsome edifice for so limited a population, appears on the left of the picture. Carrick is situated nine miles from Killybegs. Slieve League, whose tremendous sea-cliff is the wonder and delight of travellers, is in the neighborhood. It has a sheer height of 1964 feet above the waves of the tumultuous sea at its base, and presents a sublime spectacle from the ocean. Near it rises Teelin Head—a part of the same cliff system—which is nearly 1,500 feet in height. In this same region is Glencolumbkille, rich in many a weird and holy legend. Here are to be found the cromleachs of the Druids and the ruins of the abbeys and monasteries founded by the early Christian missionaries, including St. Columba himself, in Ireland. Some of the latter are said to date from the sixth century, but they have been allowed to fall into a condition of decay that makes it difficult for the savants to satisfactorily determine their antiquity.



PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.—The Protestants of Ireland perpetuate the memory of the great apostle of their country, St. Patrick, in many of their sacred edifices, but, more particularly, at Dublin and Armagh, where, it is claimed, their fine cathedrals—taken in former times by force from the vanquished Catholics—stand upon sites where once stood the original temples founded by the patron saint himself. It makes little matter, now, how the buildings were originally obtained, the Catholics of Ireland have long since acquiesced in the change and have erected edifices more magnificent, if less ancient, to take their places. The Catholic cathedral, dealt with in another sketch, is also called St. Patrick's. The shell of the ancient cathedral, pictured above, was begun, according to good authority, in 1268, but was not finished for a long time thereafter, and it was almost entirely consumed by fire during the Elizabethan wars. The late Primate Beresford restored the interior, and repaired the exterior of the edifice, assisted by Mr. Cottingham, an English architect, who, in some details, departed needlessly from the original plans. The building is cruciform, and a massive, but rather ungraceful, tower rises from the intersection. The interior finish is magnificent.



BALLYHOOLY, CO. CORK.—The neat little village of Ballyhooly, which now boasts a railway station of considerable convenience to tourists and travellers in general, stands on the banks of the Blackwater, not far from Mallow, near a shallow part of the river, which was called in Gaelic, according to the Book of Lismore, *Ath-ublah*, pronounced *Ahoola*, the Ford of the Apples. “The present name,” says Joyce, “was formed by prefixing *Bally* (town)—*Baila-atha-ubhla* (now pronounced *Blaa-hoola*)—the Town of the Apple Ford.” The situation of the village is delightful, and the fruit which gives it name still grows plentifully, as it did in remote ages, in the orchards which bloom around it. Within a few miles of Ballyhooly, in the direction of Glanworth, can be seen the peculiar formation called by the Gaelic-speaking country people the *Leaba Caille*, or the Hag’s Bed, with which some hair-raising traditions are associated. The superstitiously inclined give the locality a wide berth, particularly after night-fall, when “*sperrits*” quite “*unaisy* in their minds” are supposed to come forth from their sepulchral retreats and enjoy the fresh air of the physical world. The Hag’s Bed is supposed to be of Druidic origin, as it has many features of the *cromleachs*, so common throughout Ireland.



RUINS OF DESMOND'S CASTLE, ADARE, CO. LIMERICK.—"Palace filled Adare" stands before us—the once splendid home of the brave and indomitable Geraldines. The castle, whose ruins are depicted above, was built by the second Earl of Kildare, in 1326, and afterward became a residence of the Desmond branch of the family. After the rebellion of the Great Earl against the authority of Elizabeth, it, in common with the rest of his possessions, was confiscated by the English government. It was subsequently put in a state of defense and stood several sieges during the Parliamentary war, when it was taken by Lord Castlehaven and retaken by General Ireton. In 1657, Cromwell, for some unknown reason, ordered the stronghold to be dismantled. The late Earl of Dunraven partially restored it, and it now forms a part of the estate of that spirited House, which derives from Adare one of its titles. The family name of the Dunravens is O'Quin, and a daughter of the ancient family recently married the young Knight of Glinn—the nearest collateral representative of the extinct male line of the Desmonds. The keep of the old castle has been partly renovated, and many of the walls and towers are well preserved. A deep fosse surrounds most of the fortress. Every feature of the architecture denotes its Norman origin.



YACHTING CLUB HOUSE, KINGSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN.—Yachting is, perhaps, the chiefest recreation of the gay population of Kingstown, now numbering about 20,000 souls, mostly of the aristocratic and “well-to-do” classes. The leading clubs, both renowned for their hospitality to strangers, are the Royal St. George, shown in the sketch, and the Royal Irish, which is equally popular. In the yachting season both clubs are crowded with members and their families and guests. At such times, Kingstown presents an aspect of animation not surpassed by any of the favorite English pleasure resorts. The shores and piers are thronged with youth and beauty, “ladies bright” and chivalric cavaliers. The town has on its holiday attire, and liveliness is the order of the day, and also of the night, when the clubs entertain lavishly, in good, old Irish fashion, forgetful of everything but the unquestioned national virtue of hospitality, common to Saxon, Celt, Norman, Catholic, Protestant and Dissenter alike. This is one quality that Ireland, by universal acknowledgment, has not lost, and it is a quality that makes the Irishman, and Irishwoman, popular throughout the world. Kingstown is conceded to be the most charming and prosperous suburban place in Ireland.



LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY.—Lough Leane was the old Gaelic term for the group of fresh water expanses now universally famed as the Lakes of Killarney. Lough is the Irish rendering of “loch,” which signifies “lake,” and “loch,” which is unquestionably the correct style in Gaelic, is still retained in Scotland. In our day the name Lough Leane is applied almost exclusively to the Lower Lake of Killarney, shown, with its wooded shores and magnificent mountain background, in the picture. It is the largest of the three connected lakes and covers an area somewhat over twelve square miles in extent. It is said that the Killarney lakes received their olden designation from a famous blacksmith, called Lean, or Leane, of the White Teeth, who had a forge on the shore of one of them. This Lower Lake contains a number of beautiful islands and islets, the chief of which are Ross and Innisfallen. The latter is wondrously fair, and has been rapturously sung of by Thomas Moore and other poets. O’Sullivan’s Cascade lies at the southern side of the lake and is one of the most fascinating waterfalls on the face of the planet.

“With ocean strength it rushes on its way,
 ‘Mid hoary clouds of everlasting spray.”



SELSKAR ABBEY, WEXFORD.—A part of the interesting remains of Selskar Abbey appear in the accompanying sketch. Immediately in the rear of the ruins may be observed a wing of the modern Episcopal church, which stands, well-founded tradition says, on the very spot where the first treaty was entered into between the invading Anglo-Normans and the Danish and Celtic Irish, in 1169. After the massacre, which, in connection with that at Drogheda, has rendered his name odious in Ireland, Oliver Cromwell caused Selskar's fine peal of bells to be transferred to a church in Liverpool, England, in consideration of which the merchants of Wexford were granted exemption from port duties in the English city, and "the freedom of the town." The abbey is alleged to have been built under the following singular circumstances: In the days of the early crusades—probably in the reign of Richard de Coeur de Lion—a romantic knight, named Sir Alexander Roche, of Atramont, fell in love with a beautiful maiden of humble parentage. In order to separate him from the object of his adoration, Roche's "cruel parents" induced him to go to the Holy Land in the armies of the English king. He returned, crowned with glory, to find his father and mother dead, and his "lady-love" in a convent. In despair, he founded Selskar, calling it St. Sepulchre, of which the modern name is a corruption, and became its first prior.



SUB-ALTARS, TUAM CATHEDRAL, CO. GALWAY.—The accompanying sketch shows a portion of the highly finished interior of the magnificent Catholic Cathedral of Tuam, county Galway, dating from 1823, and standing near the site of the abbey which St. Jarlath is said to have converted into a cathedral early in the sixth century. It is claimed, however, by the Episcopalians of Tuam, that their cathedral, restored some years ago under the supervision of a Dublin gentleman, named Deane, really occupies the original site. The western doorway of this edifice is a survival of the structure founded by Turlough O'Connor, King of Connaught, in 1140. This fact is recorded on an ancient cross of red sandstone, elaborately carved, which, although broken during the troublous times of by-gone ages into many parts, has been re-united by cement, and now stands near the restored cathedral, to which it formerly belonged. The main and side altars of the Catholic Cathedral are objects of admiration to all visitors, as they are models of Italian art in carving and finish. In the pulpit of this cathedral, the great John of Tuam—Ireland's most renowned modern Archbishop—was accustomed to address his people first in Irish, which all of them understood, and next in English, which some of them did not understand, during his long and glorious incumbency of the archiepiscopal chair.



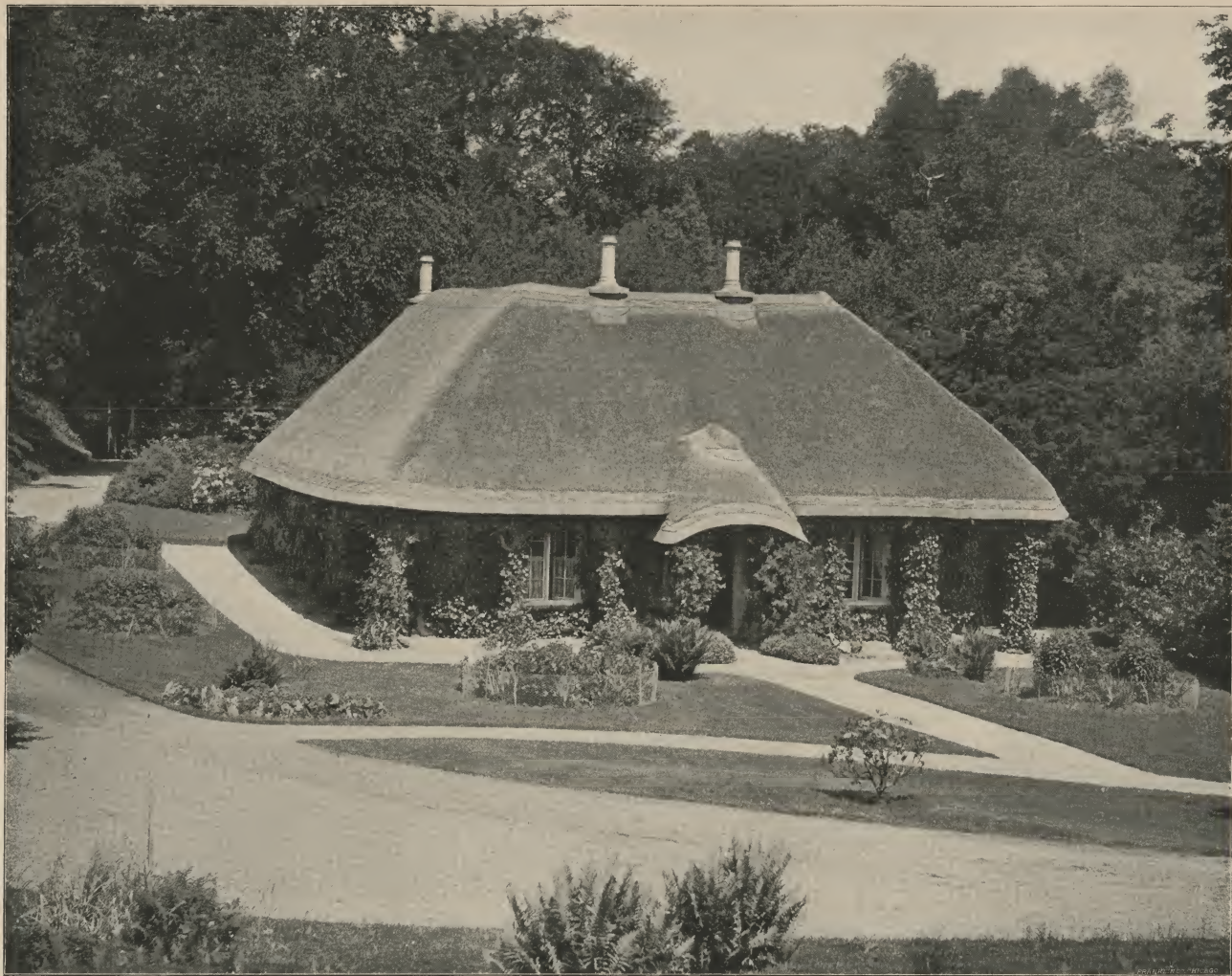
MAIL STEAMER IN REGALIA, KINGSTOWN.—The mail steamers that ply between Kingstown and Hollyhead are the finest vessels of their class in Great Britain and Ireland, and their coming and going always create excitement among the emotional residents of "Old Dunleary." The sketch shows one of the packets, gaily decorated with bunting, lying in the fine harbor on a gala day. The boat looks tranquil enough in the picture, but she does not always present that appearance. The arrival of the mail train and departure of the steamer are thus graphically described by a British writer: "The great vessel lies behind the pier uttering low growls of impatience at being detained so long. Her sailors all wait clustered on the pier, looking toward the mouth of a tunnel a few hundred yards away. Suddenly is heard a shrill whistling and shrieking and out emerges a passenger train and comes sweeping down alongside. * * * Now the bell begins to clang out and a fresh screaming is heard. A miniature train of one carriage and two 'vans' comes gliding up. The captain and officers appear on deck. The sailors stand by the ropes. The mail guards let themselves out of the cupboards, where they have been strongly shut up with their bags and a lantern. A huge American mail has come. The sailors go vigorously to work and hurry on board, bending under their sacks, like nautical miller's men. The bell rings for the last time and away steams the great ship, slowly and grandly."



THE INSANE ASYLUM, CORK.—This building, or rather series of buildings, founded early in the present century, is one of the most remarkable of the many public structures which grace the southern metropolis of Ireland, sometimes called, because of its literary celebrity, the Irish Athens. To minister to a mind diseased is, indeed, a noble charity, and, unfortunately, in Ireland there is great need of it. The continued political disasters of the country, and the disquieting social condition of the majority of the people, supplemented by very general distress, have had an injurious effect on Irish mental conditions. Lunacy, according to government statistics, has been decidedly on the increase of late years. Some English writers, oddly enough, have attempted to account for it on the ground that the Irish people, who formerly drank milk almost exclusively at their meals, have become confirmed tea drinkers—almost as much so as the Russians. The Irish themselves laugh heartily at this English theory, and say it is not tea, but British rule, that is making them mad. The Cork Asylum, as shown in the sketch, fronts on the river Lee, and is otherwise pleasantly situated. It contains, at the present time, about a thousand inmates, many of them lunatics of a mild type, who, in their rational intervals, fully appreciate the comfort of their surroundings. Patients are admitted from both the City and County of Cork.



HETOGAN'S STATUE OF O'CONNELL, CITY HALL, DUBLIN.—The great artist, whose genius has preserved for all time the figure, the lineaments and the finest expression of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell had, evidently, in mind the poetical adoration of Thomas Davis—
 Strongbow's force and Henry's wife, Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,
 And iron Strafford's tiger jaws, and brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
 Pious, generous, deep and warm, strong and changeable as a storm;
 Let whole centuries of wrong upon his recollection throng—
 Not forgetting William's word, not forgetting Cromwell's sword!
 Surely, never was adoration better obeyed, for "the marble speaks the passion of the Irish Tribune." The statue stands almost upon the spot where O'Connell uttered his first speech against the Union, in 1800.



VIEW ON ROSS ISLAND, KILLARNEY.—The foregoing is a sketch of a rustic cottage and charmingly kept grounds on the southern portion of the Kenmare demesne, popularly called Ross Island, although it has quite as much the characteristics of a peninsula. It is connected by a solid causeway with the main land. The autumn and winter floods frequently submerge this connecting link, and hence this spot of land, with an area of about 160 acres, is called an island by the natives of Killarney. It contains the ruins of an old fortress, known as Ross Castle, and also some abandoned copper mines, which were worked with good success at the beginning of this century by Col. Hall, father of the gentleman who, with his wife, wrote so complete a description of Ireland fifty years ago. In the summer of 1808, the workmen, in their imprudent zeal, sunk a shaft too close to the water, and the mines were immediately flooded to an extent that put an effectual stop to all further operations, greatly to the chagrin of Colonel Hall and the pecuniary loss of the people of the district. The island is a favorite stopping place of tourists, and from it many of the choice excursions to neighboring points of interest are made.



DRAWING ROOM, CARTON HOUSE, CO. KILDARE.—The picture presents a view of the splendid Drawing Room at Carton House, county Kildare, the Irish seat of the Duke of Leinster, head of the illustrious family of the Geraldines, or Fitzgeralds, who have an ancestry, in the words of Curran, “nobler than the royalty that first ennobled them; that, like a rich river, rose and ran until it hid its fountain!” But it is not because the royal blood of the O’Neills and the Plantagenets flows in their veins that Ireland reveres the Geraldines. It is because of the blood shed by them in her cause — “Since Silken Thomas flung King Henry’s sword on council board the English Thanes among!” But since Lord Edward “fell to earth” in the red days of 1798, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare have made no sign. Unlike their warlike ancestors, they have sought wives in the aristocratic families of England, so that the ancient, gallant spirit, which once made them “more Irish than the Irish,” is materially subdued. They are no longer “by Irish mothers nursed,” and more’s the pity. Carton House was built toward the latter part of the 18th century, in the Grecian style of architecture, after the design of Richard Cassell. It is considered very elegant in all its details. The Dukedom of Leinster stands first in the peerage of Ireland, but, owing to the confiscations in the reign of Henry VIII., its wealth is hardly on a par with its renown.



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.—The above celebrated cathedral, although for centuries possessed by the Episcopalians, bears its ancient name of St. Mary's. It was, according to many authorities, founded in 1194, by King Donald O'Brien, of Thomond. Some authorities say, however, that its foundation dates from a much earlier period, and that St. Munchin, who flourished in the 6th century, and who established the diocese of Limerick, was its original constructor. King Donald, no doubt, improved the ancient edifice, and this may have led some historians to believe that he founded it. St. Mary's is situated in the English Town, not far from King John's Castle and Thomond Bridge. From its tower, the Royal and Irish colors floated during the two memorable sieges of 1690 and 1691, when it was owned by the Catholic church. Under its venerable roof, the patriotic Earl of Tyrconnell, the heroic General Sarsfield, and other Irish leaders, worshipped, and it was frequently thronged to the doors by the soldiers of the brave Irish army of that troublous time. There Te Deum was chanted when Lieutenant-General St. Ruth arrived to take his fatal command, in May, 1691, and beneath the flag-stones of its chancel, somewhere, the "weary heart" of Tyrconnell, whose life was shortened by the disaster at Aughrim, was laid to rest in August of that memorable year. The cathedral has been in Protestant hands since the fall of Limerick.



LOOKOUT CLIFF, KILKEE, CO. CLARE.—The picture represents one of the many remarkable, awe-inspiring cliffs in the immediate vicinity of the pretty sea-bathing resort of Kilkee, in the county Clare. It is called Lookout Cliff to distinguish it from numerous neighbors—all high enough to make them formidable rivals for the same title. The man perched upon the summit looks almost as small as a sea fowl, and, in windy weather, he would be compelled to lie close to the top of the rock to avoid being blown over the edge into the awful, raging gulf beneath. These cliffs average fully 600 feet in height and are as precipitous as the traditional “wall of a house.” A graphic writer, dwelling on the striking scenery of this portion of the Clare coast line, says: “The stupendous grandeur of these awful barriers must be seen in order to be understood. Here rises a perpendicular wall of rock sheer above the ocean to a height of 580 feet. There the ever raging sea has made for itself deep caverns, and hollowed out the rocks in fantastic shapes of every form. On every ledge are flocks of birds, whose wild cries, mingled with the raging of the waves, add greatly to the weird impression of the scene.” And this mammoth panorama extends for miles on miles, each succeeding picture more majestic than its predecessor.



THE GREAT ROSSE TELESCOPE, BIRR CASTLE, KINGS COUNTY.—William Parsons, the third Earl of Rosse, although born in the city of York, England, was the son and heir of that sterling Irish patriot, Sir Lawrence Parsons, who so vehemently opposed the “Union” of Ireland and Great Britain in 1800. He was, in fact, one of the most noted leaders of the Patriot Party in the Irish House of Commons. The great telescope shown in the picture was constructed by Lord Rosse, who, from early manhood, had devoted himself to astronomy, in 1839, and has been in constant use since 1848. It weighs twelve tons and cost £30,000—equivalent to \$150,000. The machinery is so perfect that the immense mass can be turned to any desired point in the firmament almost as readily as an ordinary telescope. The noble scientist conquered one of the greatest difficulties met with by his predecessors, the cracking and warping of the surface of the glass by too sudden cooling off. He also mitigated what astronomers call “spherical aberration” and absorption of light by specula. His telescope made clear the fact that some of the bodies classed as nebulae by Herschel are, in reality, groups of developed stars. Few instruments possess greater optical power than the Rosse telescope, which stands in the beautiful grounds of Birr Castle, at Parsonstown. The highly gifted Earl died in 1867 in the 68th year of his age.



VIEW OF BALLYSHANNON, CO. DONEGAL.—The above picture sketches the ancient town of Ballyshannon, on the Erne, from a different point of view to that presented in another place, and gives, we think, a very faithful idea of its general aspect. While the olden town rises in stately fashion beyond the rapid river, the omnipresent donkey and cart appear in the foreground, while, on the left, the upper section of a cow shows from among the rocks, and behind stands a man, with a brood mare and foal, or “colt,” as we call it in America, the latter evidently bent practically on obtaining luncheon from its gentle dam. We have dealt extensively with this place in another sketch, so we will only further say in this, that the town gave birth to one distinguished Irish poet, William Allingham, who was born in 1828, and died, in London we believe, a few years since. On leaving his native place he wrote that touching farewell, familiar to most Irishmen, and concluding thus:

Oh, dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside;
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam through lands and waters wide,

And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.—The above institution of learning was erected under provision of an act of the British Parliament, in 1849. Similar colleges, erected under the same auspices, were founded, about the same time, in Belfast and Galway. As they are entirely secular, their establishment was somewhat bitterly opposed by the late Archbishop McHale, of Tuam, and other leading Catholic prelates of the period, but most of the Irish people seemed apathetic in regard to the matter, and those of them who sympathized with Young Ireland, and a higher education, favored the new colleges. They have, undoubtedly, done a certain amount of good, but their curriculum does not include much that is healthily Irish in sentiment. One of the most distinguished Irishmen of the day, Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, member of the British Parliament, journalist and author, graduated from Queen's College at Galway. The Cork establishment, shown in the sketch, is situated in the western suburb of the city, and is built on an eminence which overlooks the river Lee. Where it now stands once stood the ancient university of Gill Abbey, whose fame is now a mere tradition. The college contains a very fine library—one of the best in Ireland—and the mineralogical and geological collections in the museum are considered very interesting and valuable. The grounds are tastefully kept, with green houses, parterres and grottoes. There is also an excellent astronomical observatory. The people are freely admitted to the grounds at reasonable hours.



CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, GLENGARRIFF, CO. CORK.—This noted ruin spans the Coomhela river near the village of Glengarriff, on the road to Berehaven. Why it is called Cromwell's Bridge history does not explain, and it is more than doubtful if the English Attila—considered solely in his relation to Ireland—ever saw the structure which bears his formidable name. The pleasant Mrs. S. C. Hall, however, in her narrative of a tour through Ireland, says: "When Oliver was passing through the glen to visit the O'Sullivans, he had so much trouble in getting across the narrow but rushing river, that he told the inhabitants if they did not build him a bridge by the time he returned, he would hang up a man for every hour's delay he met with. 'So the bridge was ready agin he came back' quoth our (her) informant, 'for they knew the ould villain to be a man of his word!'" Near the bridge is the splendid demesne of Lord Bantry, which is considered one of the most picturesque in Ireland. Art has done much to make it beautiful, but nature even more. The rapid river that runs through the spacious grounds is spanned at intervals of a few hundred yards by artistic rustic bridges, and wild deer are plentiful in the finely wooded park. The view from every part of the demesne is superb.



CHURCH AT SWORDS, CO. DUBLIN.—The renovated church pictured above, stands upon the site of the ancient ecclesiastical edifice, founded by St. Columba, in 512, which received the dead body of King Brian Boru, while on its way from the bloody battle-field of Clontarf, to its place of final interment in the cathedral of Armagh. Tradition says that the bodies of Prince Murrough, Brian's son, and Prince Turlough, his grandson, who also died at Clontarf "in the arms of victory," were interred at Swords. After lying in state at this place for a stated period, the dead monarch's remains were taken in charge by the clergy of Duleek, who placed it in the Church of St. Kieran. Then the relics were conveyed by the ecclesiastics of Louth to their own monastery, where it was received by the Archbishop of Armagh and his suffragans, who conveyed it to their cathedral. "For twelve days and nights," says the chronicler, "it was watched by the clergy, during which time there was a continual scene of prayer and devotion." Swords also possesses one of the best preserved round towers in the island, 75 feet in height and with the conical cap almost as perfect in appearance as if constructed in our own times. Tradition also says that the town and castle, which still exist in a reconstructed state, were sacked and burned no less than four times by the Danish invaders.



EXTERIOR VIEW, DUBLIN MUSEUM.—This structure is one of the finest modern buildings of the Irish capital and was finished in 1885, after the plans of T. N. Deane and Sons, native architects. The chief facade, displayed in the picture, has an extent of 200 feet, and is situated at the south side of the court yard of Leinster House, directly opposite the fine National Library, also the design of the artistic Deane family. The central portion of the edifice contains an ample rotunda, the imposing dome overtopping the two ornate wings and producing a splendid architectural effect. Groups of statuary, of heroic proportions, ornament the massive pedestals which rise above the pediments. The colonnaded entrance to the central section of the noble structure gives a graceful, classical effect to the lower part of the main frontage. Other fine facades present themselves on Kildare street and Kildare place—each having an extent of 186 feet. The Museum can be entered from Mission square, by passing through the Natural History Museum, or from Kildare street, through the court yard of Leinster House, which will give the visitor a good view of that famous mansion and adjacent public buildings. All who have seen this stately edifice agree in saying that Irish architectural taste has not degenerated since the “Union.”



BOROUGH CEMETERY, BELFAST.—Belfast, like Dublin, is noted for the number and beauty of its suburban attractions. Its Botanic Gardens, situated near the handsome Queen's College, are considered among the best in Europe. A military band performs there once a week throughout the greater portion of the year, and, on special holidays, fetes are held in the grounds. The chief parks are Ormeau, on the banks of the storied river Lagan; Danville Park, on the Grosvenor road; Woodville Park, on the Shank Hill road; Alexandra Park, on the Antrim road; the People's Park, at Ballymacarrett, and the Falls Park, on what is known as the Falls road. Adjoining this Park is the handsome Borough Cemetery, which is splendidly laid out, and adorned with the choicest trees, shrubs and flowers. It is visited on Sundays, particularly in the summer season, by large numbers of people, who go there to garland the graves of their beloved dead. Many tasteful monuments indicate the final homes of distinguished citizens of Belfast, who have gone over to the ever growing majority. The picture shows the artistic mortuary chapel and several stately shafts and obelisks. Borough Cemetery ranks among the first in Ireland, and is in every respect worthy of the fine city whose dead sleep within its bosom.



RUINS, CONG ABBEY, CO. GALWAY.—These magnificent monastic remains are justly considered unsurpassed in Ireland. For fifteen weary years they sheltered in their shadowy cloisters the unfortunate and unwarlike Roderick O'Connor, the last Ard Righ, or High King, of Ireland, whose weakness allowed his country to fall an easy prey to the wiles of the unscrupulous Henry II. Instead of battling for his crown at the head of his devoted army, as his gallant predecessors would have done, Roderick acquiesced in the sway of the Norman and took refuge from the world in the cell of an anchorite. He forgot that there is a time for fighting as well as for praying, and that God aids only such patriots as are willing to aid themselves. This degenerate O'Connor very closely resembled in character the inconsequential Henry VI. of England. The Gaelic of Cong is Cunga, which means a neck of land, or isthmus. The abbey dates from the 12th century, and is situated between Loughs Mask and Corrib. Native guides point out the grave of King Roderick in the aisle of the abbey, but credible history says that his dust reposes in saintly Clonmacnois, on the banks of the Shannon. Near the abbey is a fine specimen of the Celtic stone cross, richly carved, commemorative of abbots who passed away hundreds of years ago. The processional Cross of Cong, one of the grandest specimens of early Irish art, is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.



THE LADY CHAPEL, ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.—The exquisite interior of St. Mary's, or the Eastern, now generally called the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is pictured in the accompanying sketch. It is supposed to have been founded by Archbishop Saundford, in the latter portion of the 14th century, and appears to have been originally subdivided into three chapels, of which St. Stephen's is one. Rev. Alexander Leeper says that "the handsome clustering pillars, with their branching capitals, are said to have been modeled after those of the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral." The exiled French Huguenots were permitted to worship in this chapel after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when many of them settled in Dublin, immediately following the battle of the Boyne. In it are still held the Chapter Visitations, "and every new Canon formally takes his seat in the Chapter." Among the objects of interest to be seen in the Chapel, which is now chiefly used for mission purposes, are two beautifully carved chairs of Irish oak, formed from the rafters of the old roof, which, after the lapse of centuries, were found in good condition, when Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness had all the buildings repaired. Two other antique chairs are shown, in one of which King William III. is said to have sat, when he attended services at the cathedral in 1690.



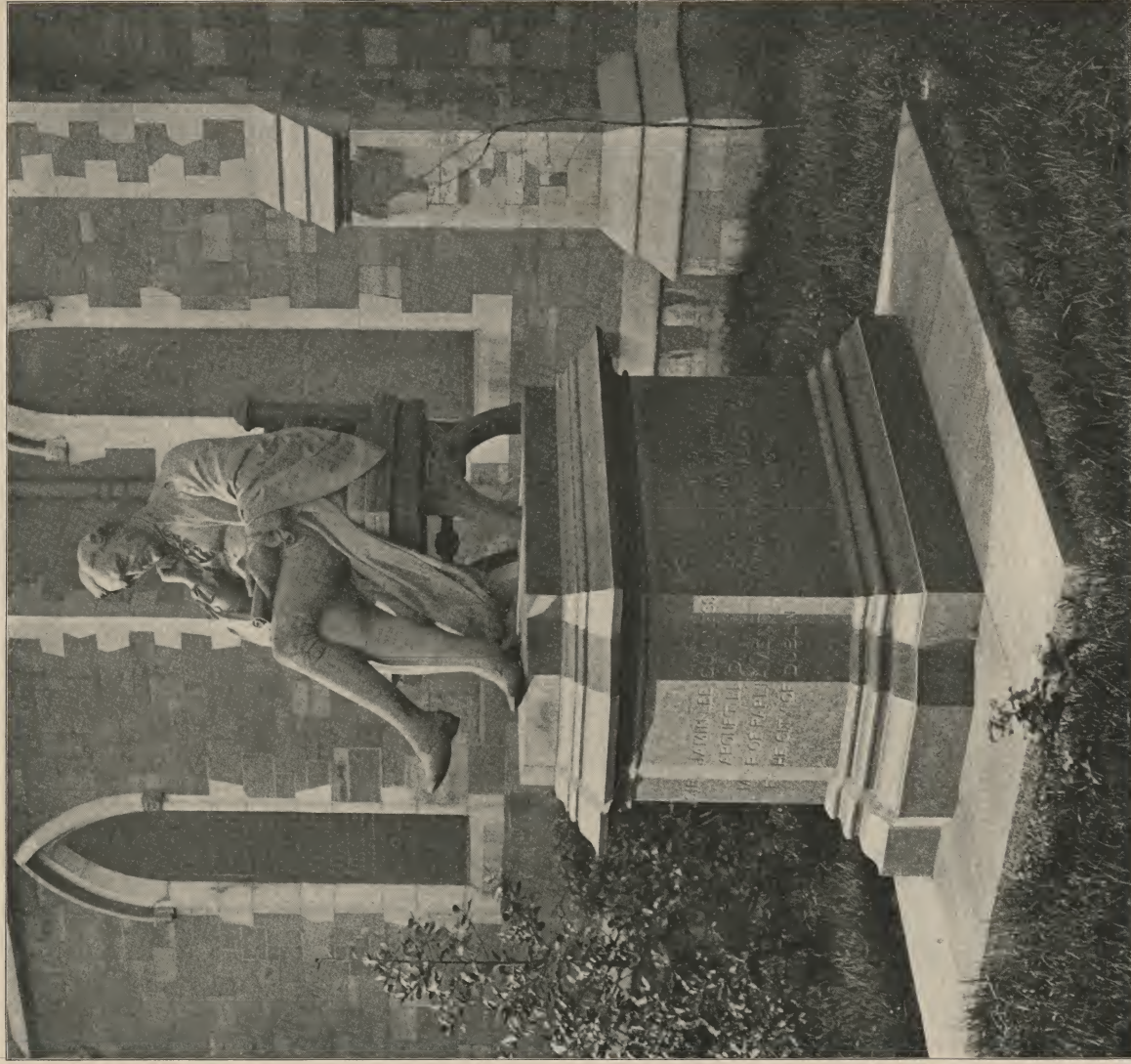
LAKE MARGIN, PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.—The picture here given shows a marshy margin, out of which the giant bullrushes rise like a company of grenadiers, with their tall caps, on a section of the Phoenix Park lakes, thus giving the region a genuine rural aspect. Above the trees to the left, can be seen the apex of the monument to the victor of Waterloo, which is visible from most points in the park. A gentleman preceded by his romping boy and accompanied by his little daughter is coming across the picturesque lawn toward the water's edge, where, doubtless, the interesting trio will repose for a while, and enjoy the charming sylvan surroundings. They will feel that,

<p>'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave— But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star Shines like a smile at friendship's grave!</p>	<p>There the hollow shells, through their wreathed cells, Make music on the silent shore, As the summer breeze, through the distant trees, Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.</p>
--	---

The lakes are tenanted by swans, and other picturesque water-fowl, and these are, as in all countries, petted by the children, although care is taken that the water be not defiled by too lavish juvenile contributions to the feathered tribe's menu.



MALLOW, CO. CORK.—This olden town derives its English name from the Gaelic Magh-Ealla, pronounced Mogalla, according to the Four Masters and Dr. Joyce. It signifies the Plain of the River Ealla, or Allo, a name supposed to have been anciently borne by that portion of the Blackwater river on which Mallow stands. The river Allo itself, is a small stream that flows into the larger one through Kanturk, and is quite distant from the town. The same stream, according to Dr. Joyce, also gave name to the district west of Kanturk, now called Duhallow, in Gaelic Duthaigh-Ealla—the district of the Allo. Mallow used to be called “the Bath of Ireland” in the last century, and the beginning of this, when it was much frequented by the Irish aristocracy. Since the “Union,” however, it has visibly declined in this respect, although many people still visit its mineral springs, in search of health. One of the favorite Irish airs is called the “Rakes of Mallow,” commemorative of the wild young “bloods” who used to paint the town a brilliant carmine in ante-Union times. Thomas Davis, the renowned Irish poet and patriot, was born here in 1814, and some of his most charming lyrics describe the beauties of the Blackwater valley. The town is an important railroad centre and contains a population of about 4,500 souls. Near the river stands Mallow Castle, the fine residence of Sir Denham Norreys.



THE GUINNESS STATUE, ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN—The picture shows the characteristic statue of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, brewer and philanthropist, executed by the sculptor Foley, and placed outside St. Patrick's Cathedral, near the west porch of that ancient edifice. On the pedestal appears the following inscription: "Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Baronet, L. D., Member of Parliament for the City of Dublin, Erected by his Fellow-countrymen in Grateful Remembrance, A. D. 1875. St. Patrick's Cathedral by him Restored, A. D. 1865." Sir Benjamin was, in truth, an admirable character, and did a great deal toward preserving many of the finest monastic remains throughout Ireland. "The world was, indeed, his country," and "to do good his religion." Technically, he was an Episcopalian, but his great, liberal soul knew not the boundary of creed where justice and humanity were concerned. Unlike too many rich men, Sir Benjamin believed in performing good works with his money while he was in the land of the living. He was born Nov. 1, 1798, was elected Member of Parliament for the city of Dublin in 1865, and was created a Baronet in 1867. His acceptance of a title was the only vain act in his honorable career. He died May 19, 1868, and was buried in Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. His two sons are members of the Irish peerage.

SECTION XI.

1. Kylemore Lake, County Galway.
2. Town of Sneem, County Kerry.
3. Killarney House, County Kerry.
4. Horn Head, County Donegal.
5. Murrisk Abbey, County Mayo.
6. A View in Prospect Cemetery, Dublin.
7. Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown.
8. King William's Glen, County Louth.
9. The Strawberry Beds, County Dublin.
10. The Quays, Waterford.
11. Adare Manor, County Limerick.
12. Sligo Abbey, County Sligo.
13. Pagan Statuary, National Gallery, Dublin.
14. Wicklow Town, County Wicklow.
15. Portsewart, County Derry.
16. Interior, Maynooth Chapel.
17. Lover's Leap, County Wicklow.
18. Bann Falls, County Derry.
19. Linen Factory, Belfast.
20. Lough Dan, County Wicklow.
21. New Blarney Castle, County Cork.
22. Queen's College, Galway.
23. Ruins of Maynooth Castle, County Kildare.
24. Shane's Castle, County Antrim.
25. Glenbrook, County Cork.
26. Kilmaerenan, County Donegal.
27. Cushendall, County Antrim.
28. Derryquin Castle, County Kerry.
29. St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, County Tipperary.
30. "Fair Day," New Ross, County Wexford.
31. Poulaphuca, County Wicklow.
32. Killaloe Cathedral, County Clare.

SECTION XI



KYLEMORE LAKE, CO. GALWAY.—"Kyle" is one of the Gaelic forms of wood, and, in the same tongue, "more" means great, so that the compound Kyle-more signifies Great-wood. The lake is situated in the county Galway, in the mountainous region contiguous to the Twelve Pins (Bens) of Connemara. It is a romantic sheet of water, "encompassed by the loftiest images of liberty on every side," as revealed in the giant forms of the mountains, around whose hoary summits the winds career with never ceasing vigor, while their granite bases are covered with a luxuriant growth of the grandest forest trees to be found in the ancient "Kingdom of Connaught." On the slopes of one of these great eminences, Mitchell Henry, an English gentleman who purchased the land more than a generation ago, has erected a palatial residence which is called Kylemore castle, and a handsome Episcopalian church which appears in the picture. Mr. Henry, at one time, took an active interest in Irish politics, but, being naturally conservative, could not keep in touch with the Parnell movement. Therefore, he lost his seat in the British House of Commons, and, ever since, has shunned public life. But he is an excellent resident landlord, and his liberal improvements, at great financial outlay, have given much needed employment to the poor people of the district.



TOWN OF SNEEM, CO. KERRY.—This peculiarly named town is situated near the junction of the Sneem and Ardsheelhan rivers, and is a quaint, pretty place, rapidly growing in favor as a tourists' headquarters. The two streams already mentioned flow from neighboring lakes into the broad and beautiful estuary of the Kenmare river. In the vicinity are Loughs Reagh, Cloon, Cloonaghlin, Derrana, and other small bodies of fresh water, more or less picturesque. Lough Currane, lying some miles westward from Sneem, is one of the largest of the Kerry lakes, and contains several richly wooded islands on one of which are the ruins of an abbey, founded by Saint Finlan in the sixth century. A fine causeway connects the thriving town of Waterville with Sneem, and, en route, between the two points are to be seen remnants of old Danish works and the ruins of Stague fort, where much of interest to the archaeologist is observable. Sneem is the centre of a scenic region. Nature has left little undone to make it attractive to the eye of the visitor. Derrynane castle, sacred to the memory of O'Connell, is not far off, and other points of attraction are numerous in the neighborhood. In addition, the fishing on lake and river is of the best. The building with the square tower, on the right of the picture, is the Catholic church.



KILLARNEY HOUSE, CO. KERRY.—The stately residence of the Earl of Kenmare is situated between the town of Killarney and the Lower Lake, and is surrounded by spacious and magnificently kept grounds. This palatial mansion is approached by a broad double flight of steps, composed of Kerry marble, and flanked by massive balustrades of the same material. While the exterior of Killarney House is sufficiently imposing, it is lacking in the charm of antiquity. It was completed during the middle part of this century, and is modern in almost every feature. The Kenmare family reside here during a great portion of each year, for the reason that they might travel the world around without finding aught in nature to compare in loveliness with the surroundings of their princely home. Killarney House has sheltered almost every distinguished guest that has visited Ireland during the last fifty years. Among those who experienced its hospitality were the Queen of England, the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, the Prince of Wales, the Orleans princes, the Empress of Austria, William Ewart Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill and the Duke and Duchess of York. Lord Kenmare is, by nature, hospitable, and his grounds are open to the public, on application, at all reasonable times.



HORN HEAD, CO. DONEGAL.—This great promontory, which juts far out into the foaming billows of the Atlantic ocean, takes its peculiar name from the cliff which presents an acute angle to the billows at the extreme point of the rocks. In its angry periods the chainless sea hurls upon the point stupendous billows, the foam and spray of which are felt far inland. Notwithstanding the titanic force of the water, the Head does not seem to have much retrograded after the lapse of centuries. It is the salient angle of a far extended, rocky rampart, but, unlike most salients, appears to be practically invulnerable. The Rev. Cæsar Otway, whose graphic descriptions of Irish scenery are among the best in the language, says of this famous point: "It is a place, which, in pagan times, might have been consecrated to the worship of the horned Ammonick Jupiter. Directly under us was a most curious picture to be seen; the mountain on which we stood presented sandy shelves, or valleys, in each of which lay a round and sparkling lake. These lakes looked like mirrors set in the mountain's side to reflect the upright sun, and five or six of such sheets of silver presented themselves, until at the very root of the mountain a large expanse of water, overstudied with islands, well wooded, finished the picture."



MURRISK ABBEY, CO. MAYO.—Muirisc, anglicized to Murrisk, means a sea-shore marsh and lies between the base of lofty Croagh Patrick and the sea. It is a narrow plain, and, formerly, was subject to be flooded at high-tide, which obtained for the district the name borne by the old monastery, founded by the O'Malleys, for the order of Austin Friars, many centuries ago. It contains a tomb of the ancient family that founded it, an altar cross of elaborately carved granite, which represents the Crucifixion, and other sacred relics of antiquity. Formerly, the ruins were famous, in a ghastly sense, for the large number of human bones piled up in the crypt, many of them gigantic in size, showing that the old time inhabitants belonged to a stalwart race of mankind. A traveller has written that the effect of this display of mortal relics by moonlight was most startling. It looked as if a whole legion of skeletons were grinning at the intruder. What remains of the monastery itself is not as striking as most Irish monastical ruins. The situation is, however, unique and Croagh Patrick by moonlight, flinging its mighty shadow on superb Clew Bay, is nowhere seen to better advantage than from Murrisk Abbey.



A VIEW IN PROSPECT CEMETERY, DUBLIN.—The Catholic burying ground at Glasnevin is properly called Prospect Cemetery, and is now reached by street car line, or as the Dubliners persist in calling it, “tramway” from the city, at the moderate cost of 6 cents. The burial ground owes its origin to Daniel O’Connell, whose dust reposes there under a massive round tower monument. The “*Illustrated Dictionary of Dublin*” informs us that scandals connected with burial led the famed agitator, in 1823, to recommend the foundation of a Catholic cemetery. The first was established at Golden Bridge five years later, and it filled up so rapidly that a larger one was opened near Glasnevin in 1832. Additions were made to it from time to time, until an area of about 60 acres is now enclosed by walls, broken at intervals by towers. In the latter, formerly, watchers, armed with guns, were posted to prevent body snatching. Of late years, most of these guards have been withdrawn, as the provision made by law to supply medical colleges with “subjects” made grave robbing unprofitable to its disreputable votaries. The monuments are numerous, and, as a rule, in excellent taste. The section of the cemetery shown in the sketch gives a good idea of the general aspect of this fine burial ground.



ROYAL MARINE HOTEL, KINGSTOWN.—The Royal Marine Hotel, pictured above, overlooks Kingstown Harbor, and, together with being a handsome and commodious building, possesses a well-kept park, graced by statuary and other graceful works of art. In Kingstown everything seems to have the prefix, or adjective, “Royal” tacked on to it. There are the Royal Mail boats, the Royal Yacht clubs, the Royal hostleries and the Royal Irish constabulary. These latter are a very ornamental body, clad in invisible green, and supposed to be particularly fatal to the peace of mind of the French bonnes and English nurses, who follow the fortunes of aristocratic employers to Kingstown during the summer months. Strange to say, they don’t make nearly as much progress with Irish girls of the same class, for the constabulary are by no means popular with either their countrymen or countrywomen. The military bands frequently play in the hotel park on fine evenings, and, of course, always attract a large audience. In fact, Kingstown is one of the most stirring places in Ireland, and has much of the “go” and bustle of an American town. The municipality is admirably governed, and squalor, if any exists, is successfully kept in the background.



KING WILLIAM'S GLEN, CO. LOUTH.—The above storied glen is situated near the banks of the river Boyne in the county of Louth, and derives its name from the fact that William of Orange, generally called William III. of England, marched through it, at the head of his powerful army, the day preceding the famous fight, which caused more blood to be shed long after it was fought than during its continuance. The glen is, no doubt, somewhat altered in appearance since the day of that "grievous battle," which occurred in "Oldbridge Town" on the memorable July 1st of 1690. It served to conceal the movements and strength of William's force from the eyes of James II. and his generals until the moment for final action came. William's strategy at the Boyne was quite masterly, but he had a veteran army and skilled subordinates, who strictly obeyed his commands. Besides, he had the advantage of his Irish and French opponents by 13,000 men, at least, and, as everybody knows, King James was the most incompetent of commanders. The tourists in the jaunting car are, no doubt, enjoying the pleasing scenery, and also the narrative of the intelligent-looking driver, who is fighting the Boyne all over again in eloquent fashion, forgetful that "William and James are turned to clay." The glen is in the neighborhood of Townley Hall.



THE STRAWBERRY BEDS, CO. DUBLIN.—The Strawberry Beds! What Dubliner, or what Irishman has not heard of them? A generation ago, they were almost as famous as the fair green of Donnybrook itself. The “glory,” such as it was, of Donnybrook Fair has departed, but the bloom of the Strawberry Beds still remains. They lie along the river Liffey, on the charming road which connects the Phoenix Park with historic Lucan, the long lost patrimony of the patriotic and chivalrous family of the Sarsfields, the greatest scion of which, General Patrick Sarsfield, obtained his title of Earl, granted by James II., from the town. The Strawberry Beds extend over many fragrant acres, in the midst of sylvan scenery, and, in the season, they are visited by thousands who revel in the luscious fruit, generously “smothered in cream.” And no strawberry in the world has the fine flavor of that grown in Ireland! The fruit is not as large as that grown in America, but the lingering “bouquet” of the Irish berry makes one think that it is, indeed, the food of angels! The climate of Ireland is splendidly adapted for the raising of small fruits. Irish gooseberries and currants rival the strawberry in popular favor. When Oliver Cromwell said of Ireland, “This is a country worth fighting for!” he must have been enjoying a dish of strawberries at the “Beds.”



THE QUAYS, WATERFORD.—The city of Waterford is noted for its fine quays, which are capable of accommodating an extensive commerce. Unfortunately, conditions in Ireland, since the loss of the native parliament in 1801, have not been conducive to increase of prosperity. Favorably situated on the broad and navigable river Suir, this olden town ought to be a rival of the leading English seaports, but it falls far, very far, behind them. Still, for an Irish port, it does considerable business, particularly in the coasting trade; and it exports to Great Britain large quantities of agricultural produce, and an immense number of cattle, sheep and hogs. Lines of steamers ply regularly between Waterford and Liverpool, Milford Haven and other British ports. Although one of the first of the Irish cities to come under the Anglo-Norman sway, the ancient Gaelic language of Ireland is still to be heard on the quays depicted above, when the country people come in from the “mountainy” districts to sell their poultry, eggs and butter. This, too, after more than seven hundred years of English occupation of the city and surrounding country! Those interested in the revival of the Irish tongue believe that Waterford can be made a bi-lingual district as rapidly as the more Celtic sections of Ireland.



ADARE MANOR, CO. LIMERICK.—The Earl of Dunraven, whose splendid mansion is sketched above, is well known in America in connection with wild west hunting and international regattas. The place is called Adare Manor and is one of the finest residences in the Three Kingdoms. The architecture is in the Tudor style, and a perforated battlement, in keeping with the taste of that period, surmounts the main portion of the edifice. Castellated towers further add to the beauty of the structure. The Dunravens are of the ancient family of Quin, or O'Quin, and, accordingly, claim greater antiquity than the Desmonds, who formerly possessed Adare. Interiorly, the manor is princely in its appointments. The grand hall recalls the old heroic days of chivalry. It is hung around with weapons of the middle ages, huge battle axes, basket-hilted swords, suits of plate and chain armor, strange-looking fire arms, almost as cumbersome as a modern howitzer, and many other "curios" that give glimpses of the warlike past. On the upper walls are displayed the massive head and gigantic antlers of the extinct Irish elk, which must have been a superb creature. There are also many heads of the ancient Irish red deer, and a fine collection of antiquities—among the latter a bronze bell of quadrangular shape. The demesne is very beautiful and is watered by the lovely river Maigue, which flows under an ancient bridge.



SLIGO ABBEY, CO. SLIGO.—We have made some mention of this abbey, in giving a distant view of it, in another sketch. The above picture, however, gives a nearer prospect and is, therefore, more imposing. Like so many of the Norman ecclesiastical establishments in Ireland, previous to the Reformation, it owes its origin to the Geraldines, having been erected by Maurice Fitzgerald, Lord Justice of Ireland, about the middle of the 13th century. Some antiquaries fix the date in A. D. 1253. The abbey was dedicated to the Holy Cross, and, with land for gardens and a cemetery, was presented by the founder to the Dominican Friars. What remain of the ruins are fairly well preserved, particularly the cloister quadrangle, three sides of which are almost perfect, and the square Norman tower, so characteristic of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages. The tower, supported by a beautiful arch, springs from the junction of the nave and chancel. Antiquarians believe that this portion of the abbey, and the fine east window, belonged to the original structure. It was damaged by an accidental fire in 1416, but was restored out of money raised by popular subscription, under the auspices of the Pope. In 1642, it was wantonly subjected to the torch by Sir Frederick Hamilton, a Parliamentary general.



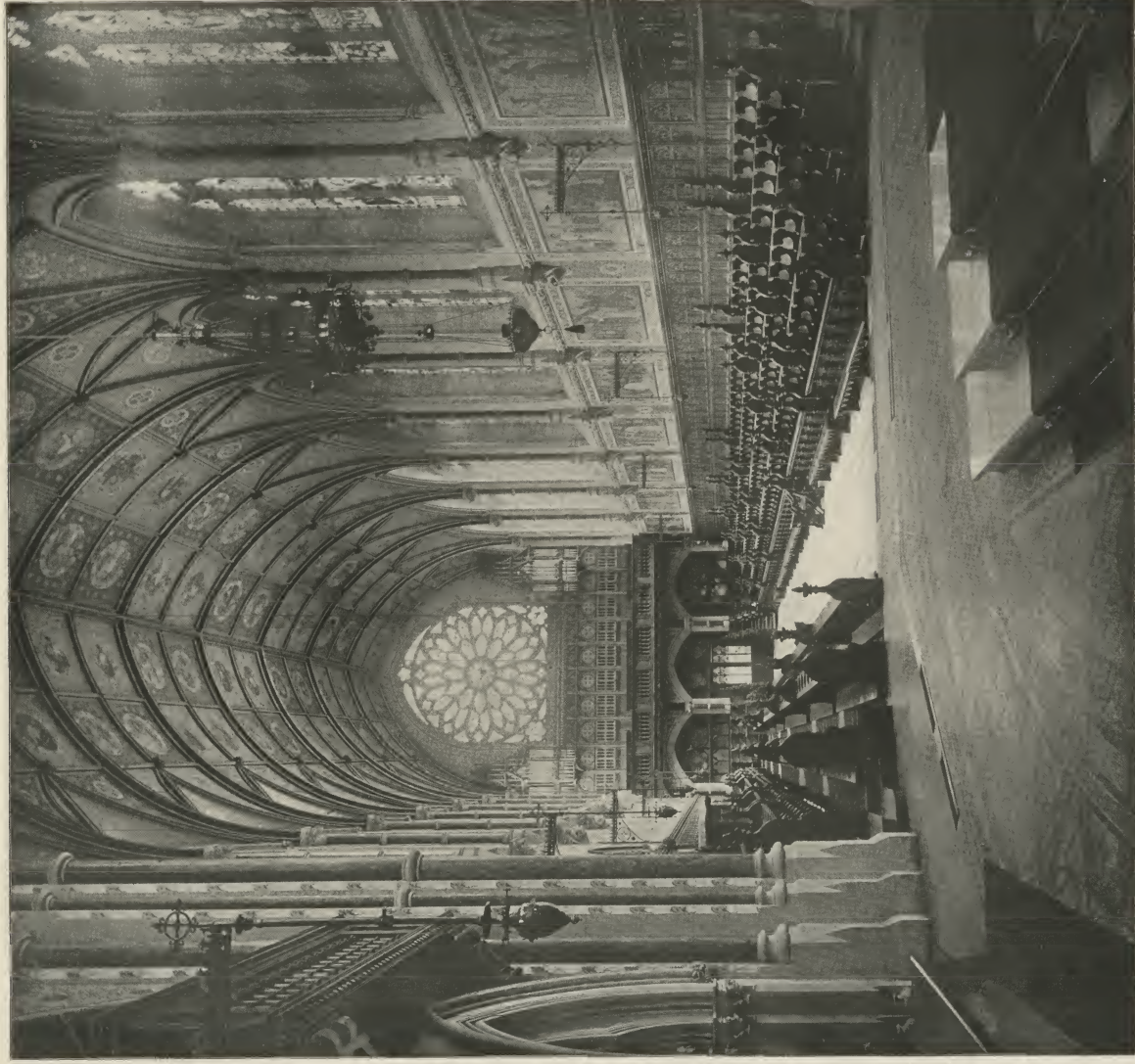
PAGAN STATUARY, NATIONAL GALLERY, DUBLIN.—In no portion of the National Gallery of Ireland will the curious visitor find more of antique interest than in that section devoted to the sculpture of Nineveh and Egypt, as partially shown in the sketch. Nearly all the slabs and entablatures arrayed upon the walls bear upon war and the chase. If we could closely observe them all, we would see warriors swimming a river on skins inflated with air—a custom still said to be in practice among the Mesopotamian Arabs. Then there is a representation of an exciting lion hunt, and two slabs from the Palace of Nimrod show the Sacred Tree and a King seated between two grotesque deities. All the effigies are life size. Two of the most interesting figures in the collection are those of a winged, human headed bull and a lion, both nearly ten feet high and of proportionate width. Henry Doyle, C. B. R. H. A., says of those peculiar works of pagan artists: "These mystic combinations, typical of mental power, physical strength and antiquity, were placed at the portals of the various chambers and temples. While conventional in treatment, they exhibit great skill and knowledge on the part of the sculptors." The originals are in the British Museum. The statuary on the left of the "lion" is Egyptian—one piece represents the head of Bubastes, the Diana of Egypt, and the other Amenophis III., also represented by the statue of the Vocal Memnon on the banks of the Nile.



WICKLOW TOWN, CO. WICKLOW.—It is quite probable that Wicklow town, sketched above, was first settled by the invading Norsemen, as it is called, in old writings, Wykinglo, Wygyngelo, and Wykinlo, all of which bear a strong resemblance to the Norse word Viking. The original Gaelic name of the place was Cill-Maintain, or Kilmantan, meaning St. Mantan's Church, which obtained its title from the founder thereof—a holy man who had the misfortune to lose his front teeth by the blow of a stone, hurled at him by pagan natives when St. Patrick and his companions essayed to land in Wicklow. Mantan, in Irish, means "the toothless," and the nickname Mantach is applied in Irish-speaking districts at the present day to any person destitute of incisors. Remains of the original Franciscan Monastery are still shown in Wicklow, but it was not the sacred edifice constructed by St. Mantan, although it probably occupied its site. The Monastery, or Friary, was built by the pious chiefs of the O'Tuohills and O'Byrnes in the reign of the third Henry of England, and remained in Irish hands until the latter portion of the reign of Elizabeth. The town is handsomely built and stands on the side of a hill above the river Vartry, near where it enters the bay. It is a great summer resort and possesses several good hotels. A sea-shore meadow, called the Murrough, is a favorite promenade.



PORTSTEWART, CO. DERRY.—Portstewart fronts the ocean on the Derry coast, between Portrush and the mouth of the river Bann. It is not a large place, but is a deservedly popular sea-side resort, and, therefore, commands an extensive patronage in the bathing season. The tall, massive building on the right of the picture is Portstewart Castle, surrounded by its battlemented wall, and seated on an eminence that adds much to its imposing aspect. The houses near the beach are used as bathing cottages in summer, and are constructed with far more regard to their solidity than their elegance. Main street is the principal thoroughfare. Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, practiced medicine, as dispensary doctor, in this village, in his younger days. He resided at Verandah Cottage, which was pulled down some years ago, and the commodious residence erected in its place is called Lever House. William Makepeace Thackeray visited Portstewart on his Irish tour, and makes mention of it in his published diary. The great Methodist preacher and scholar, Dr. Adam Clarke, received his early education at a place called Agherton, in the neighborhood of the town. A fine seaward view is obtainable from the cliffs on which the castle is situated—the picturesque bulk of Innishowen Head forming a superb background.



INTERIOR, MAYNOOTH CHAPEL.—The interior of the handsome chapel attached to the Catholic Ecclesiastical College of Maynooth has been given in another sketch. The interior is presented in the accompanying picture, showing the aisle, the splendidly artistic arched roof, the costly side windows of stained glass, with richly worked mullions, and the superb rose window which illuminates the choir. There is not, in Ireland at least, a more beautiful chapel than that of Maynooth. It is after the design, peculiarly Gothic in character, of the gifted architect of the modern quadrangle of the University, Mr. Pugin. The chapel can easily accommodate the faculty and students of the college, who, taken together, average in the neighborhood of five hundred souls. It is a singular fact that Maynooth College was first endowed, without a dissenting vote, by the Irish parliament, in 1795, when not one Catholic member sat in that body. The annual amount appropriated for the accommodation and education of fifty Roman Catholic ecclesiastical students was £8,000 per annum—a very liberal allowance for those days. This action of the Irish Protestant parliament proves beyond a doubt that had the "Union," with great Britain not prevailed, in 1800-1, Catholic Emancipation would have been granted by said parliament a whole generation earlier than it was by that of Great Britain.



LOVER'S LEAP, CO. WICKLOW.—The above far-famed spot is situated about the middle of the glen of the Dargle in the county Wicklow, and from no point can the beauties of that celebrated region be seen to so much advantage. The Lover's Leap is a high, steep crag, covered for the most part with shrubs and herbage, kept brightly green by the dews and rains of the mild, but tearful, Irish climate. The peculiar name of the place is sought to be accounted for by several romantic and harrowing legends. The story most generally accepted is the following: A youth, deeply in love with a beautiful girl, who resided near the entrance to the Dargle, spent his happiest hours in her company on the storied crag. He believed that his passion was returned and the fair one left nothing undone to encourage him in that belief. Absolutely fascinated by her charms of mind and body, he attached himself to her with canine-like fidelity. He only lived to gratify her every whim. One fatal day she asked him to bring her some trifling trinket from Dublin, saying, at the same time, that he need not return until the succeeding day. The deluded youth hastened to the metropolis, purchased the required article and, desirous to prove his deep devotion, returned that evening, just as the shades of night were veiling the beauties of the Dargle glen. He came upon his mistress at the favorite trysting place. She was sitting beside his rival! Uttering not a word, he threw the trinket at her feet, and sprang from the rock to an awful death.



BANN FALLS, CO. DERRY.—The river Bann is a very charming and romantic stream and the falls shown above are regarded with admiration by all tourists who visit the town and neighborhood of Coleraine in the county Derry. At a point about two miles above the town, the river rushes over a ledge of rock about thirteen feet high, forming one of the most striking “salmon leaps” in Ireland. The noble fish abounds in the waters of the Bann, but the “rights” of the fishery are leased to a company, which draws from the industry a liberal revenue. Below Coleraine, which is about four miles from the sea, navigation is obstructed by a sand bar, greatly to the detriment of trade. Most of the shipping business of Coleraine is carried on at the neighboring town of Portrush. In history the river Bann is famous as the centre, so to speak, of the alleged “Massacre” of 1641, when the native Irish, robbed of all their fathers possessed and driven to desperation, rose against their oppressors and sought to drive them from the lands they had usurped. The transactions of that year made “bad blood” between the old and new inhabitants of Ulster for generations. In his poem of “Una Phelimy,” Samuel Ferguson makes the Scotch lover say to his Irish mistress:—

Bann rolls my comrades, even now, through all his pools and fords,
And their hearts’ best blood is warm, Una, upon thy brothers’ swords!



LINEN FACTORY, BELFAST.—The scene shown in our sketch represents the section of a Belfast linen factory in which women are exclusively employed. While the heavier work is done by men, what is called “roving,” with wet spinning and reeling, is done by females, many of them girls of tender years. In her graphic book, “Here and There through Ireland,” Miss Mary Banim, daughter of the noted Irish novelist, says: “This work is exceedingly interesting to a looker-on, who watches with wonder the activity of eye and hand, the care and dexterity, with which thousands of spindles are kept in such order. One girl will tend as many as twenty-four spindles, thus doing the work of forty-eight spinners of the olden times, as each spindle is said to produce double the quantity of yarn that could be spun at the old-fashioned wheel, and it is wonderful to see the rapid whirl of the bobbins of all sizes, as the yarn, from the coarsest to the almost invisibly fine, is spun and wound on them. It is very interesting and very beautiful work, but, at the same time, one cannot help, especially in the wet spinning room, thinking how painfully hard these young children, girls and women must work, that they may live and that the rich may wear fine linen.” And how miserably paid they are! The “half-timers,” as the minors are called, receive, at most, one dollar a week—generally less, or an average of about 72 cents! The adults receive about one dollar and ninety cents for the same period, on “full time.” Surely, “Chinese cheap labor” is not unknown in Belfast.



LOUGH DAN, CO. WICKLOW.—This lovely sheet of water is connected with Luggelaw, or Lough Tay, by the river Killough, and is remarkable for the apparently exhaustless number of mountain trout it contains. These fish, although not large, rise eagerly, and it is not unusual for anglers, provided with a sufficient number of “flies,” to hook three, or more, of them at a single cast. No embargo is laid on the fishing in this lake, and the only cost to the fisherman is the hire of boat and boatman at a very moderate charge. One of the angling peculiarities of Lough Dan, noted by Mr. W. F. Wakeman, is that “the boat is rowed out to that point of the water from which the wind is blowing and is then left to drift at her own sweet will, while the angler plies his ‘flies’ from side to side” until his course is run. The surrounding scenery is very charming, and the people of the district are noted for their courtesy and hospitality. Samuel Ferguson, the poet and archæologist, has embalmed these characteristics in his graceful poem, “The Pretty Girl of Lough Dan”—a peasant maiden, who supplied the wants of himself and comrade when, hungry and footsore, they sought the shelter of her cabin. The smile of gentle “Mary” must have captivated Ferguson, when he wrote—
 For such another smile, I vow, though loudly beats the midnight rain,
 I’d take the mountain side e’en now, and walk to Luggelaw again!



NEW BLARNEY CASTLE, CO. CORK.—The residence of Sir George Colthurst, situated in the old demesne which includes the famous ruins, is generally called New Blarney Castle. Although destitute of great age and romantic tradition, it is a splendid, lordly mansion, surrounded by luxuriant woods and convenient to the sparkling lake, out of whose waters, at stated periods, according to the traditions of the poetical and imaginative peasantry, a herd of enchanted white cows emerges to graze upon the verdant banks. Another tradition connected with the lake is to the effect that the Earl of Clancarty, who owned the estate at the time of the Revolution, and who forfeited it through supporting the cause of the Stuarts, threw all of his plate and other riches into the water, so that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy. It is said that three of the McCarthys hold the secret of the exact spot where the treasure is deposited, and when any of the number is dying he communicates the secret to another member of the family. The secret is not to be revealed until a McCarthy is once more the owner of Blarney. The Colthursts, however, do not appear to be much disturbed by the legend and enjoy themselves greatly in their fine residence, of which the sketch gives a comprehensive view.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.—This fine structure, built in the Tudor-Gothic style, after the design of architect J. B. Keane, was completed in 1849, and is one of the three so-called Queen's Colleges constructed at that period by authority of the British parliament. It stands on the western bank of the river Corrib, and from the tower one of the noblest landscapes in all Ireland may be seen. The college is secular and all religious sects have equal privileges. It is organized similarly to its sister institutions of Belfast and Cork, with a faculty consisting of a President, Vice President and several professors. The curriculum is broad, embracing ancient and modern languages, the sciences, particularly mathematics, engineering, medicine, law and political economy. Most of the students reside in licensed boarding houses, which are regularly inspected by officers called Deans of Residence, usually three in number—Catholic, Episcopalian and Presbyterian. In order to obtain the degree of Master of Arts, a course of study extending over four years is required. The fees amount to about \$160.00. The degree of Bachelor of Arts may be obtained in three years, and the fees amount to about \$143.00. The college is empowered to grant the usual literary and medical degrees and also diplomas of engineering. These institutions have proved themselves very beneficial to young men in moderate circumstances.



RUINS OF MAYNOOTH CASTLE, CO. KILDARE.—In his stirring ballad of “The Geraldines,” written in the noontide of the “Young Ireland” poets’ intellectual carnival, fifty, or more, years ago, Thomas Davis, the Irish Beranger, apostrophized the proud race of the Fitz-Geralds of Kildare and Desmond in words of fire, sufficient to kindle a spirit of national pride and burning patriotism in any heart not entirely oblivious to noble influences:—

What gorgeous shrines, what Brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In an around Maynooth’s gray keep and palace-filled Adare!

The foregoing sketch pictures faithfully almost all that now remains of “Maynooth’s gray keep,” and its immediate surroundings in “rich Kildare.” The fortress has been a ruin since 1535, when it fell by treachery into the hands of King Henry VIII’s general during the ill-starred rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitz-Gerald, popularly called “Silken Thomas,” against the authority of that tyrannical monarch in Ireland. The betrayal of Maynooth castle paralyzed the efforts of the young Geraldine, and he soon afterward fell into the hands of his enemies. Five of his uncles were also captured and all six were conveyed to England in a ship called “The Cow.” One of the uncles dreamt before sailing that the Fitz-Geralds would be brought to London to die, “in the belly of a cow.” This augury was fulfilled, for uncles and nephew, having reached the English capital, were immediately beheaded. Lord Thomas’ half-brother, Gerald, escaped to Italy. From him the present Duke of Leinster is descended.



SHANE'S CASTLE, CO. ANTRIM.—Although finally unsuccessful in his fight for liberty, and cursed with not a few of the vices of the age in which he lived, Shane Dymas, or Shane the Proud O'Neill, ranks among the ablest and bravest of the many chieftains of his gallant, kingly house who fought and died for Ireland. Had he known, like his kinsman and successor, the great Hugh, how to conciliate the Irish as well as thrash the English, Ulster and, probably, all Ireland, would have been freed from the Saxon yoke. His many victories over the generals and soldiers of Elizabeth are still remembered with pride by Irishmen who cherish a pride of race. Tradition says that Shane the Proud resided during most of his career in the castle whose ruins are pictured above. It suffered from the blasts of war, but underwent its greatest damage in 1816, when it was nearly burned to the ground. It stands on the banks of Lough Neagh, on the estate of Lord O'Neill, who has partially restored the ruin.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;

While a stone of it stands on another, Shane the Proud will be unforgotten.
Aye, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your tongue
Flung wild, un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon court among!



GLENBROOK, CO. CORK.—Glenbrook is another of those pretty watering places on the verdant banks of the lower course of the river Lee that have made the suburbs of the great city of Cork deservedly renowned for their refreshing neatness of architecture and the picturesqueness of their surroundings. They are breathing spots outside the bustle of the city, and, in summer especially, are crowded with seekers after health or recreation. "What is so rare as a day in June?" is a poetical question that applies to Ireland. Her Junes are, in general, perfect, and in that glorious month "the Irish rose is red," and its perfume loads the gracious air. People who have travelled all around the globe bear willing testimony to the fragrant glories of June in Ireland. The gifted American poetess, Mrs. Piatt, has done full justice to the summer bloom of the Emerald Isle in her graceful sonnets. Glenbrook, situated near Queenstown, has witnessed many a parting of Irish lovers:

" 'Tis morn in merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain,

But it will bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again, my dear—

Ere we two meet again!"



KILMACRENAN, CO. DONEGAL.—The small hamlet of Kilmacrenan, shown in the accompanying sketch, is celebrated in Irish annals as the place in which Ireland's greatest native Saint, Columbkille, received his first scholastic training. Almost every vestige of its ancient ecclesiastical splendor has vanished, although it was once the seat of the Alma Mater of the princely O'Donnells, chiefs of the Clan-Conal. Some historians say that the Princes of Tyrconnell used to be crowned in Kilmacrenan, but others hold that this ceremony took place on the adjacent Rock of Doune, near which the gallant and impulsive young Irish chieftain, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, fell in his attempt to free Ulster from King Jamie's "transplanters" in 1608. The O'Donnell, when elected by the clan, received the white wand of chieftainship from the hands of the prior of Kilmacrenan. Davis describes a similar investiture thus:

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
His skian and his sword are unbuckled to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;

A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling
And the abbot proclaims him a true Irish king!



CUSHENDALL, CO. ANTRIM.—In Gaelic, this handsome village, a rustic gem set in the midst of scenic beauty, is called in the ancient form Cois-abhann-Dhalla—the Foot of the river Dall, abbreviated in modern times to Cushendall. The hills and cliffs around this hamlet are very varied in formation and coloring, and a very fine view is obtainable from the summit of Lurigethan mountain, which rises above the town to an altitude of 1154 feet. In the neighborhood are the lovely valleys of Glengariffe, Glen Ar and Glen Dun, traversed by rapid streams and beautified by numerous foaming cascades. Laide churchyard, dealt with elsewhere, is also in the vicinity. Cushendall is much frequented by British tourists because it possesses two excellent hotels and is a centre from which many pleasant excursions can be made, without much hardship, or unreasonable expense, into the pleasant surrounding country. It is connected by the light railway system, recently introduced into Ireland, with Belfast, Ballymena and Parkmore. The coast road from Cushendall to Cushendun, cut out of the bold bluffs hanging above the sea, affords a splendid ocean view, and, although rougher and longer, is preferred by most tourists to the easier and shorter route by the inland road to Ballycastle.



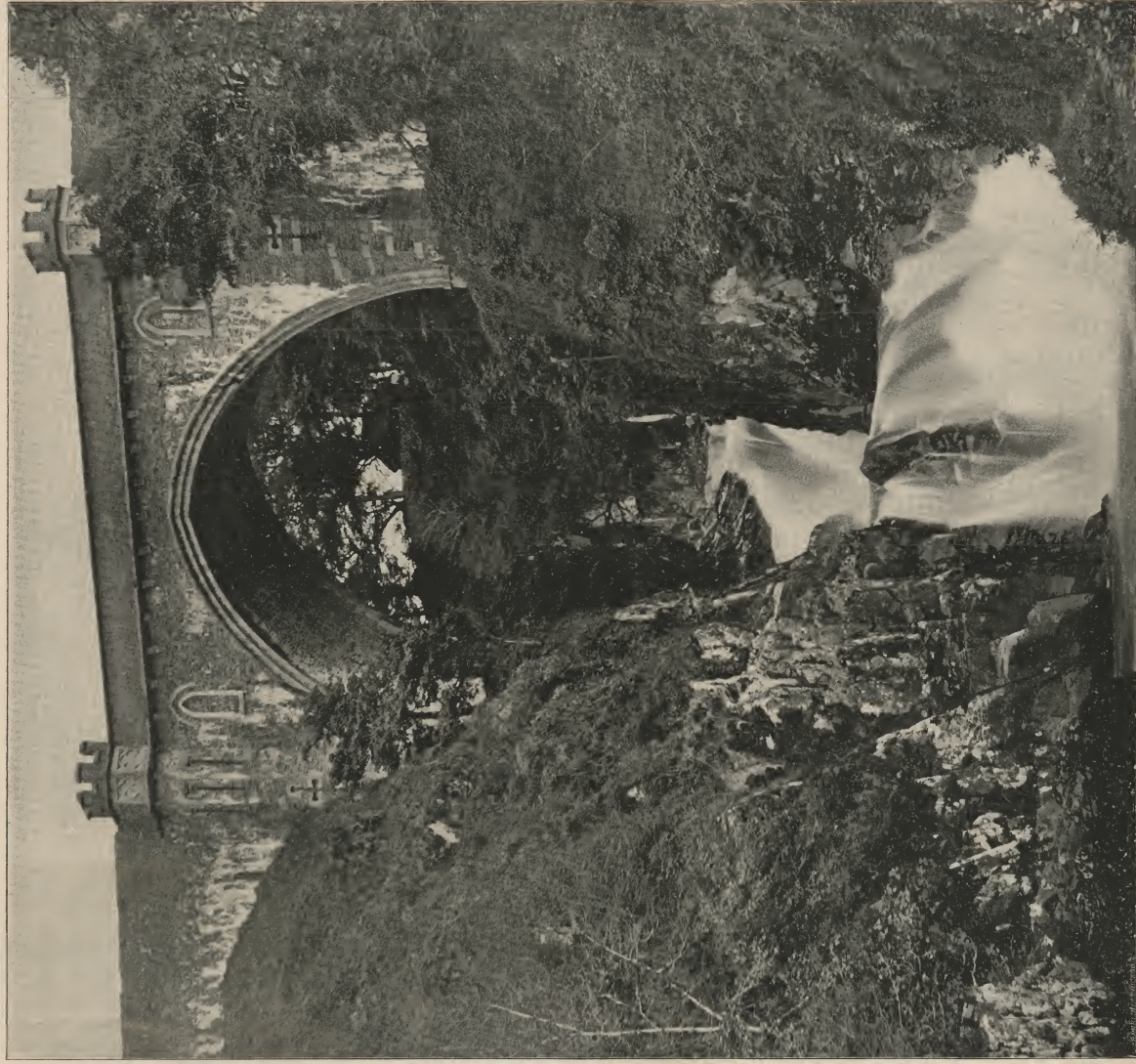
DERRYQUIN CASTLE, CO. KERRY.—Derryquin castle is situated on the picturesque Kenmare river, about two miles from the town of Sneem, in Kerry. It belonged for some generations to an Anglo-Irish family named Blond, who held it until Land League times, when they went into bankruptcy. The estate, with some adjoining property, was purchased about 1889 by a Norwegian gentleman named Worden, who is still the proprietor. The castle derives its chief modern interest from the circumstance that it was a favorite resort of the late O'Donoghue of the Glens, M. P., who was in the habit of renting it from the Blonds, who spent most of their time abroad. O'Donoghue was the acknowledged leader of the Irish people from 1860 until about 1867, when, owing to a Whig alliance and financial embarrassments, he lowered the standard of his resistance to English rule in Ireland. In consequence, he forfeited his early popularity and died almost unnoticed by the people who once followed him with enthusiasm. The ancestral home of The O'Donoghue of the Glens stands at the foot of the Tomies range of mountains, near the Lower Lake of Killarney. This title of "The O'Donoghue" is one of the few native dignities that have survived the English sway. It is now borne by the son of the chieftain already mentioned, who is said to be an Irish patriot of sterner stuff than was his father.



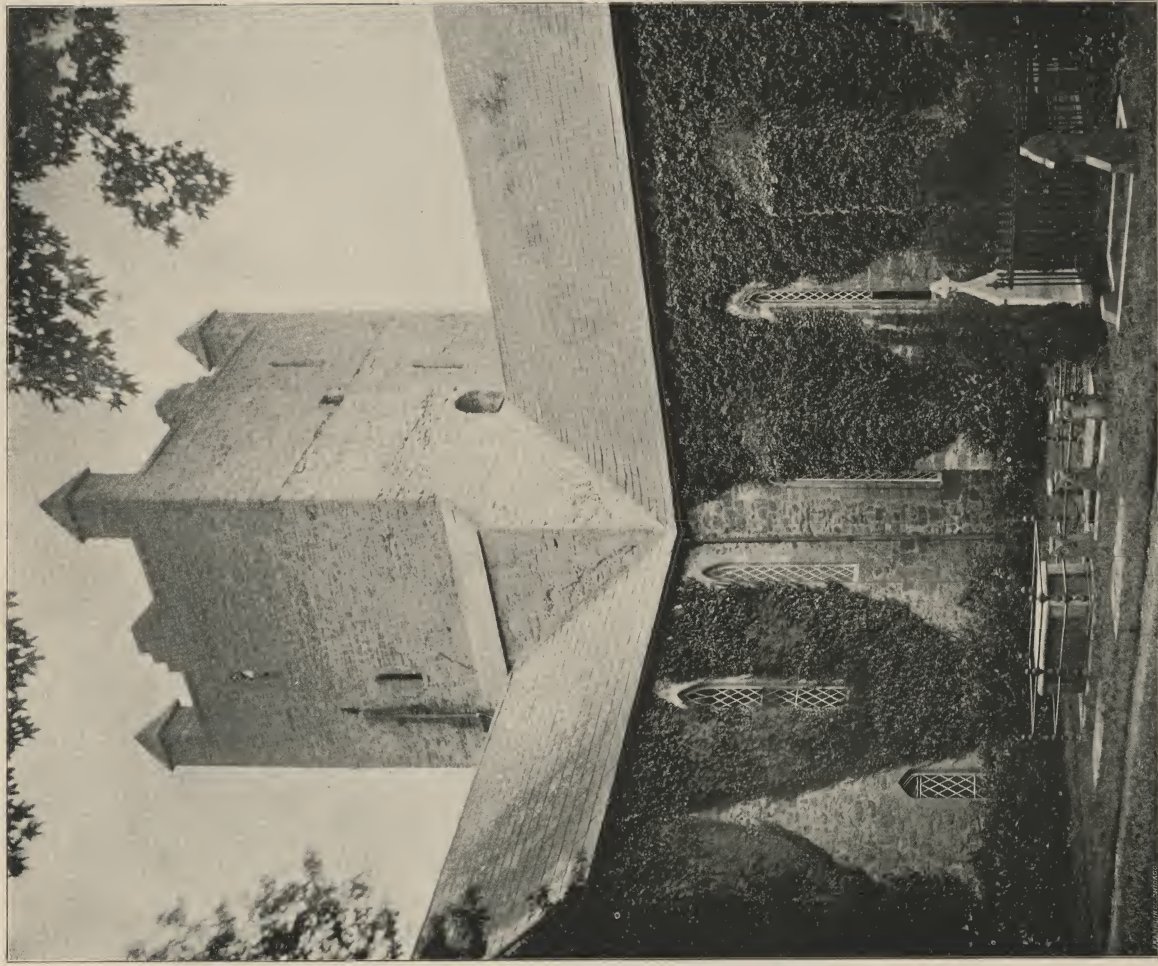
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CLONMEL, CO. TIPPERARY.—Clonmel, in Gaelic Cluain-Meala, the Plain of Honey, a name said to have been derived from the large number of wild bees' nests found there in ancient times, is one of the most renowned of Irish towns; and one of its chief landmarks is St. Mary's Church, pictured in the sketch. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs. Although one of the oldest religious edifices in Ireland, it is still well preserved, having been renovated by public-spirited people from time to time. The steeple which was originally square, is now rather octagonal, very lofty and battlemented on the top. The base of this tower retains the original square form and is said by savants to be several centuries older than the superstructure. All travellers have expressed their admiration of the beautiful east window, which has no superior in Ireland outside of Holy Cross abbey. It belongs to the 12th century, and has "the form of a double Gothic tracery window, having the space between the two arches filled by a rich cinquefoil or, rather, septemfoil." As will be observed in the picture, the principal entrance to the church is through the old graveyard, which is bounded on three sides by remnants of the strong town wall, broken at intervals by watchtowers. Near by is the breach effected by Cromwell, who lost 2,000 men in attempting to storm it. The Irish garrison, having expended its ammunition, retired on Limerick.



"FAIR DAY," NEW ROSS, CO. WEXFORD.—The grandfathers of the sturdy country people shown in the sketch, attending to the onerous duties imposed on seller and buyer on "Fair Day" in nearly all Irish towns of any importance, made a very different use of horned cattle in the streets of New Ross a hundred years ago. It is stated by some historians of the great rebellion that the insurgents drove before them, at the points of their pikes, a herd of bullocks (steers) and, thereby, threw into confusion the English artillery that defended Three Bullet Gate. By this stratagem, borrowed from the tactics of the Romans and Carthaginians, who, however, used elephants to break the ranks of their enemies, the so-called "rebels" captured the cannon and turned them against the British troops, whom they very nearly succeeded in destroying. The story of how the Wexfordmen won and finally lost the battle is told in another sketch. "Fair Day" attracts to town the farmers, great and small, of the surrounding country. In general their men drive in the cattle that are to be exposed for sale the preceding night, so that they may be well rested before the Fair begins. Toward evening, when the work of the day is done with, "droughty neighbors" adjourn to the adjacent taverns and have a social bowl together. The people of Wexford are noted for their steadiness and their conduct is always orderly.



DOULAPHUCA, CO. WICKLOW.—The name of this fall, rendered from Gaelic into English, means the Fairy's Pool, and is applied to a picturesque cascade, situated in the county Wicklow, where the river Liffey bursts its shining way through a gorge of rocks near the village of Blessington. As it is within easy reach of Dublin by rail, the cascade is a favorite resort of the people of Dublin in the pleasant summer time. The handsome parapeted and turreted bridge which spans the chasm is after the design of Nimmo, and was intended to interfere as little as possible with the striking natural features of the place. In this the architect has creditably succeeded, although "old times" lament that the improvement has done away to a great extent with the native picturesque of the charming falls. No person, looking at the tiny stream that rushes under the artistic arch, could believe that the Anna Liffey swells to the proportions of a stately river when it reaches the confines of Dublin. On a small scale, Poulaphuca recalls the Dalles of Oregon, where the mighty Columbia, pent up in a tremendous, steep-walled cañon, forces its way, like an angry giant, to the ocean. While the Falls are the chief feature of the immediate landscape they do not, by any means, exhaust all that is beautiful in river, hill and dale in the vicinity of Blessington.



KILLALOE CATHEDRAL, CO. CLARE.—The sketch shows the square, battlemented tower of the cathedral, rising from the junction of the nave and transeps, and bearing every evidence of great antiquity. Most of the other portions of the edifice shown in the picture are comparatively modern, although the ivy, with which they are luxuriantly bearded, gives them quite a venerable appearance. Several stately tombs occupy the ancient graveyard in which repose the remains of many of the warlike native princes of Thomond. The choir of the cathedral is now used as a parish church. This edifice is often confounded with another ancient structure, which stands within the churchyard and is credited by Dr. Perrie to the pious St. Flannan, successor of St. Molua, after whom Killaloe is named. It is said that King Brian Boru, of glorious memory, attended divine service in St. Flannan's church, which is a curious stone-roofed structure. Still another very ancient church, or chapel, founded by St. Molua, stands on an adjacent island in the Shannon, but it has been allowed to fall into decay and only bare walls and broken arches remain to tell the tale of its former splendor.

“There a temple in ruin stands

Fashioned by long forgotten hands,”

SECTION XII.

1. Inishannon Bridge, River Bandon, County Cork.
2. Interior, St. Jarlath's Cathedral, Tuam.
3. Cardinal McCabe's Monument, Glasnevin.
4. Castletown-Roche, County Cork.
5. On the Kenmare Road, County Kerry.
6. Queenstown, from the Harbor.
7. Birr Castle, King's County.
8. Clonegain Church, County Waterford.
9. Archway, Grey Abbey, County Down.
10. Derryeunighy Cottage, Killarney.
11. Ramelton, County Donegal.
12. Temple Arch, County Donegal.
13. Vale of Clara, County Wicklow.
14. Donegal Castle.
15. The Cathedral, Londonderry.
16. Lord Kildare's Monument, Christ Church.
17. West Bridge and Father Daly's Chapel, Galway.
18. Town of Kinsale, County Cork.
19. Grafton Street, Dublin.
20. Mountain Scene in Wicklow.
21. Innisfallen, Killarney.
22. Trim Castle, County Meath.
23. Bantry Cove, County Cork.
24. Abbey Assaroe, County Donegal.
25. Croagh Patrick, County Mayo.
26. In Portlester Chapel, Dublin.
27. Glengariff Cataract, County Kerry.
28. Tore Mountain, County Kerry.
29. Quadrangle, Maynooth University.
30. Bishop's Chair, Aghadoe, County Kerry.
31. A View of Glenarm Castle, County Antrim.
32. Father Mathew's Statue, Cork.



INISHANNON BRIDGE, RIVER BANDON, CO. CORK.—This old, ivy-grown structure spans the swift-flowing Bandon river near Inishannon town—one of the oldest places in the county Cork, but now much depleted in population. It stands in the midst of most charming natural surroundings. The Bandon flows through one of the prettiest regions in Munster, and the river is described by the sweet poet, Spenser, as “The pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood.” It is navigable for vessels of light draught to within four miles of the town of the same name, famous for its old time intolerance of Roman Catholics. In fact it was, during the last century, the hotbed of Irish Orangeism in the province of Munster. This characteristic has long since departed from it, and, in our day, people of all creeds meet and mingle there with mutual toleration, if not with feelings of brotherly love. Tradition says that Dean Swift, who did not love Catholics, once wrote upon its gates that all creeds were welcome there “but Papists.” His servant, a Catholic but a favorite of the eccentric churchman, wrote under it:—

“Whoever wrote it, wrote it well—
The same appears on the gates of hell!”



INTERIOR, ST. JARLATH'S CATHEDRAL, TUAM.—This fine interior recalls some of the grandest of the olden abbeys and cathedrals of England and the continent of Europe. In daylight it has an aspect of shadowy solemnity that invites the spirit of man to commune with its Creator, as if in the depths of some great primeval forest, where the interlacing branches of the umbrageous trees almost shut out the direct rays of the sun. At night, when fully illuminated, it presents a splendid spectacle, as the thronging congregation joins in the vesper devotions, particularly in the seasons of religious festival. It has been remarked by many writers that the Irish and the Spaniards are the most indefatigable church-builders among the nations. This fact goes far to prove their common origin—their devotion to the olden faith being absolutely invincible. Wherever the Spaniards have gone, the church or the monastery has been the milestone of their march, as not alone Spain but Spanish America, from the Rio Grande almost to the straits of Magellan, abundantly testify. So also has it been with the Irish. In the English-speaking countries of the world they have been foremost among church-builders, and this holy passion of theirs has not diminished from the days of St. Patrick to our own times.



CARDINAL McCABE'S MONUMENT, GLASNEVIN.—Cardinal-Archbishop McCabe, although an eminent and very learned churchman, was not by any means politically popular with the vast majority of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, because, like his predecessor, Cardinal-Archbishop Cullen, he was not in sympathy with the national sentiment, and was given to the repression of active patriotism wherever his spiritual jurisdiction extended. The majority of the Irish people, while intensely Catholic, in the religious sense, resent political interference, of a hostile character, from their prelates and priests. So long as the latter fight with them, they make no complaint, but if any of the clergy take the English side of "the war of centuries" the people, very naturally, make protest. Cardinal McCabe, whose Christian name was Edward, was born in the city of Dublin in 1816, and was educated at Maynooth college. He was ordained a priest in 1839, and, in 1877, was consecrated a Bishop and assistant to the aged Cardinal Cullen. In 1879, he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin and, in 1882, was made a Cardinal-priest by the Pope. He died February 10, 1885, and was succeeded as Archbishop by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, who, on account of his patriotic proclivities, has not reached the dignity of the cardinalate, to which his learning and piety entitle him. The monument to Cardinal McCabe, depicted in the sketch, is one of the most striking objects in Glasnevin cemetery.



CASTLETOWN-ROCHE, CO. CORK.—The vicissitudes of once distinguished and powerful families in Ireland have rarely been better illustrated than by the change of fortune which overtook the Anglo-Norman house of the Roches of Fermoy, generally called after their ancient manor of Castletown-Roche, situated near that famous town. In the days of the English Commonwealth, Maurice, Viscount Roche and Fermoy, who had gallantly fought for the cause of Charles I., on nearly every battlefield in the Three Kingdoms, was attainted and outlawed by the decree of the fierce usurper, Oliver Cromwell, to whom he refused to make submission. After the Restoration, having meanwhile tasted the bitter fruit of a long exile in foreign service, the exiled Viscount hoped for recompense—the restoration of his rightful heritage—from Charles II. That “Merry Monarch,” and sippant rascal, turned him off with a heartless pleasantry, and actually left the Cromwellian “carpet-bagger” in possession of the estates of his father’s friend! From that day, the fortunes of the elder line of the Roches were blighted, and the lands and castle of their sires were lost to them forever. Their fortress, renovated and modernized, is shown above. The last Roche who bore the title of his fathers served as a volunteer stable-boy in a Tipperary inn! He was too “proud” to accept wages, in which he showed weakness of intellect.



ON THE KENMARE ROAD, CO. KERRY.—Not in all the world, perhaps, is there a more charming highway than that called “the Kenmare road,” which runs for a distance of seventeen miles from Glengariff to the town after which it is named. The route is almost entirely through the mountain passes, and by the margin of romantic waters, which mirror the diversified beauties of nature so lavishly bestowed on that section of Kerry. Several tunnels allow the passage of the causeway under the spurs of the highland ranges. That shown above is known as Turner’s Rock tunnel, which is near the Sheen river. The coloring of the landscape and the forms of the mountains in this region are extremely beautiful, and, by reason of the contrast of sylvan mildness with savage intensity of feature, strike the beholder at the same time with admiration and a feeling almost of awe. It is singular that this delightful section of Ireland has found so few poets, to sing its glories, and it is only in our own day, that prose writers have begun to acknowledge its delights. Had Scott been an Irishman, he would have made the whole Kenmare and Glengariff country immortal in literature. That it is not entirely neglected in this respect is due to the loving genius of Thomas Davis, Edward Walsh and a few other writers of the “Young Ireland” era.



QUEENSTOWN, FROM THE HARBOR.—The general view of the handsome city of Queenstown presented above, gives a good idea of how it strikes the traveller who first beholds the famous Irish seaport from the waters of its spacious harbor. The noble pile on the right of the picture is the Catholic cathedral which, when entirely finished, will be one of the grandest temples of worship in Christendom. Owing to the high formation of the ground on which Queenstown is built, the houses rise in terraces, with a back ground, at most points, of umbrageous trees and green slopes. It is admitted to be one of the healthiest municipalities in the world, and, notwithstanding the large sea-faring element—usually “wild” after long ocean voyages—one of the best ordered in Great Britain and Ireland. Indeed, one of the practical arguments in favor of Irish autonomy is, that the Irish cities and towns, which possess local government, as they all do, are quite as well governed as English cities and towns, and are, besides, much freer from crime and disorder. In many of the Irish counties and burghs, recently, the judges have presented “white gloves” to the grand juries to indicate that there was no criminal business to come before them—something without parallel in England.



BIRR CASTLE, KING'S CO.—Few buildings in Ireland have passed through as many “battles, sieges and fortunes” as the renovated castle pictured by our artist. During the wars of the Commonwealth, it changed hands several times, and, again, it was battered by the cannon of Sarsfield in 1690. Most of the old structure was pulled down by Sir William Parsons in 1778, and the existing edifice, of which only the hall and centre portion are ancient, was erected in its stead. Many additions and improvements have since been made, and the castle, although by no means beautiful, is one of the most commodious in Ireland. The grounds are delightful and many interesting ruins of the original fortress, so often beleaguered, are scattered among them. But the most striking object of all is the grand telescope of the late Lord Rosse, dealt with at some length in another sketch. The castle, before the reign of James I., belonged to the O’Carrolls of Ely, who were dispossessed because of their fidelity to country and creed. Although the Parsons family come in as usurpers, many of them have been much more Irish than English in their sympathies; but the most illustrious of the house, not excepting the great scientist, was the intrepid Sir Lawrence, “of that ilk,” who stood so manfully by Henry Grattan in “the eloquent war” against the Union 98 years ago.



CLONEGAIN CHURCH, CO. WATERFORD.—The tomb sketched in the picture is that of John De la Poer, an ancestor of the Waterford family, who now bear the hyphenated patronymic of De la Poer-Beresford. Clonegain church, or chapel, is situated in the splendid demesne of Curraghmore, which comprises 2,600 acres of mountain, plain, lake, river and forest, gloriously diversified. The churchyard is the family burial place of the Marquises of Waterford. The chapel stands on the south side of a finely wooded elevation, and is a classic structure. It was renovated by the grandfather of the late Marquis in 1794. The windows are all of stained glass, of exquisite design, and the woodwork is entirely of carved Irish oak, a wood that is practically indestructible, as shown by the roof of Westminster Hall, London, which was placed in position during the reign of William Rufus—the latter part of the 11th century—and still remains intact! Above the church, on the crest of the hill, stands a round tower, built by the late Marquis, who dedicated it to the memory of his unhappy heir, who, at the age of thirteen, was killed while attempting, with the characteristic daring of the Beresfords, to leap his horse over a high paling at the gate of Curraghmore.



ARCHWAY, GREY ABBEY, CO. DOWN.—Monestrela, according to the Montgomery manuscripts, quoted by Mrs. Hall, was the original Gaelic name of Grey Abbey, the grand arch of which forms the subject of the sketch. We have dealt with it in extenso elsewhere. The arch itself is one of the noblest relics of olden monastic splendor to be found in Ireland. It bears all the massive, yet graceful, features of the Norman-Gothic style of sacred architecture, and is a memorial of the practical piety, as well as the bloody prowess, of the famous John De Courcy, who, while conquering and plundering the native Irish, was not bashful in erecting a splendid temple for the worship of the God of justice, at the request of his Manx consort. Nevertheless, it was a splendid structure, and the “Friars of Orders Gray” made it their abode for many centuries, until their “reforming” countrymen, the English, drove them out, in the reign of Elizabeth. By moonlight, particularly, the great archway, through which are caught glimpses of other ruins, presents a majestic appearance. Like Melrose—

—The gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flaunt, the ruins gray;
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem formed of ebon and ivory—

is the time to look upon this romantic ruin to the best advantage.



DERRYCUNIGHY COTTAGE, KILLARNEY.—Derrycunighy cascade is one of the favorite “show places” in the Killarney region, and the pretty cottage in the sketch stands in its neighborhood, not far from Galway’s bridge, so called because the Galway and Ullauns rivulets unite near that point, and, in their rapid descent to the Upper Lake, form the picturesque falls whose music is never silent amid those enchanting mountains. Tradition, that inevitable adjunct to ancient and romantic history, says that the cascade obtained its name from a famous athlete of the olden time who leaped across the river and left his huge foot prints in the rock where he “landed.” At least marks that bear a peculiar resemblance to the footsteps of man are pointed out on the banks of the stream. Such marks, however, are common enough throughout Ireland, and are explained by geologists in a natural way. But the peasantry persist in believing that they are of supernatural origin, and thus we have “leaps” and “punch bowls” and “chairs” and “beds,” marked in, or hewn out of, the rocks in every one of the four provinces and in almost every one of the two and thirty counties of the Green Isle. They are harmless and interesting traditions, and constitute much of the folk lore that still makes distinctive the Irish people.



RAMELTON, CO. DONEGAL.—The sketch gives a partial view of the village of Ramelton, situated on the western shore of Lough Swilly, in the county Donegal. It is mainly a fishing and sea-bathing resort, and has the advantage of being in the vicinity of some very charming scenery. It is distant seven miles from the better known town of Letterkenny, and is also convenient to Rathmullen and Milford. In visiting this part of Ireland, the traveller who loves the beauties of nature should take what is known as the coast road, which will enable him, or her, to see the splendid diversity of the Donegal landscape. In many places the country is rocky and rugged, but, contrasting pleasantly with these harsher features, appear many fine demesnes, beautified by waving woods and sparkling waters, of lake and river. Ballynora, the seat of the Hill family, is in the vicinity of Ramelton. These Hills, although now classed with the nobility, are not of the “real old stock,” and, since 1798, have not been held in high repute by the people, because one of them needlessly discovered the identity of Wolfe Tone and handed him over to the tender mercies of the castle government. The town contains some solid business houses and boasts a few hotels far above the average.



TEMPLE ARCH, CO. DONEGAL.—This lofty arch is one of the many wondrous formations molded by the friction of the waves, during untold ages, out of the flinty rocks that buttress Horn Head, which “boldly breasts the North’s eternal foam.” Under it, boats of good size can sail in calm weather. In periods of storm, the mariner avoids the seas around this savage Head, as he would the entrance to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Even in moderate weather, the suction of the waves is powerful, and skilled oarsmen have no easy task in guiding their little vessels safely through the rocks and eddies of this most dangerous, if picturesque, region. Flocks of sea birds, of various families, fill the crevices of the rocks and flit above the waves, uttering weird, screaming notes of wonder or alarm, whenever human intruders disturb their time-honored retreats. Nervous tourists say that the surging of the waves through Temple Arch gives them a feeling of absolute terror, and they always feel devoutly thankful when they get away from its grewsome shadows. The temperature of the seawater around this part of the Irish coast is very cold, even in the heat of summer, and a fall overboard, even when the immersion lasts but a moment, is a most chilling experience.



VALE OF CLARA, CO. WICKLOW.—This charming vale is a sister valley to that of Avoca, and is, in many respects, a formidable rival to it. The Avonmore meanders through it from end to end, and reflects in its clear waters some of the most exquisite mountain and woodland scenery to be found in an island justly celebrated for the endless number of its enchanting vistas. Some travellers hold that the view of the Vale of Clara from the high road near Loragh has no equal outside of the Tyrol or Tuscany. The pretty name of the valley comes from the Gaelic word Claragh, which means a level place. Clara itself is undulating through most of its extent, which covers about eight miles, but, in contrast with Glenmalure, or even Avoca, it is comparatively level, so that its title cannot be called a misnomer. Clara smiles in beauty in the midst of plenty:—

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome grain is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters fanned,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ire'and.



DONNEGAL CASTLE.—Who of Irish blood, be it man or woman, can look upon the foregoing picture without emotion? It is “the counterfeited presentment,” of the storied castle in which, three hundred years ago, Hugh Roe O’Donnell—the boldest Irish chieftain who ever drew a sword—held high carnival, while around him blazed the eyes of the “head-soldiers,” of the impetuous Clan-Connell. Among them was his gallant brother, Rory, and his able, but faithless, cousin, Niall the Rough, the Benedict Arnold of the North. His base treason lost to Ireland the fruits of nine victories won by O’Neill and Red Hugh in pitched battle; led to the disaster of Kinsale, and The O’Donnell’s vain and fatal pilgrimage to Spain, where he was poisoned by an English agent, named Blake. The poet has sung his song of anguish from the strand of far Corunna, where he hoped so long in vain:—

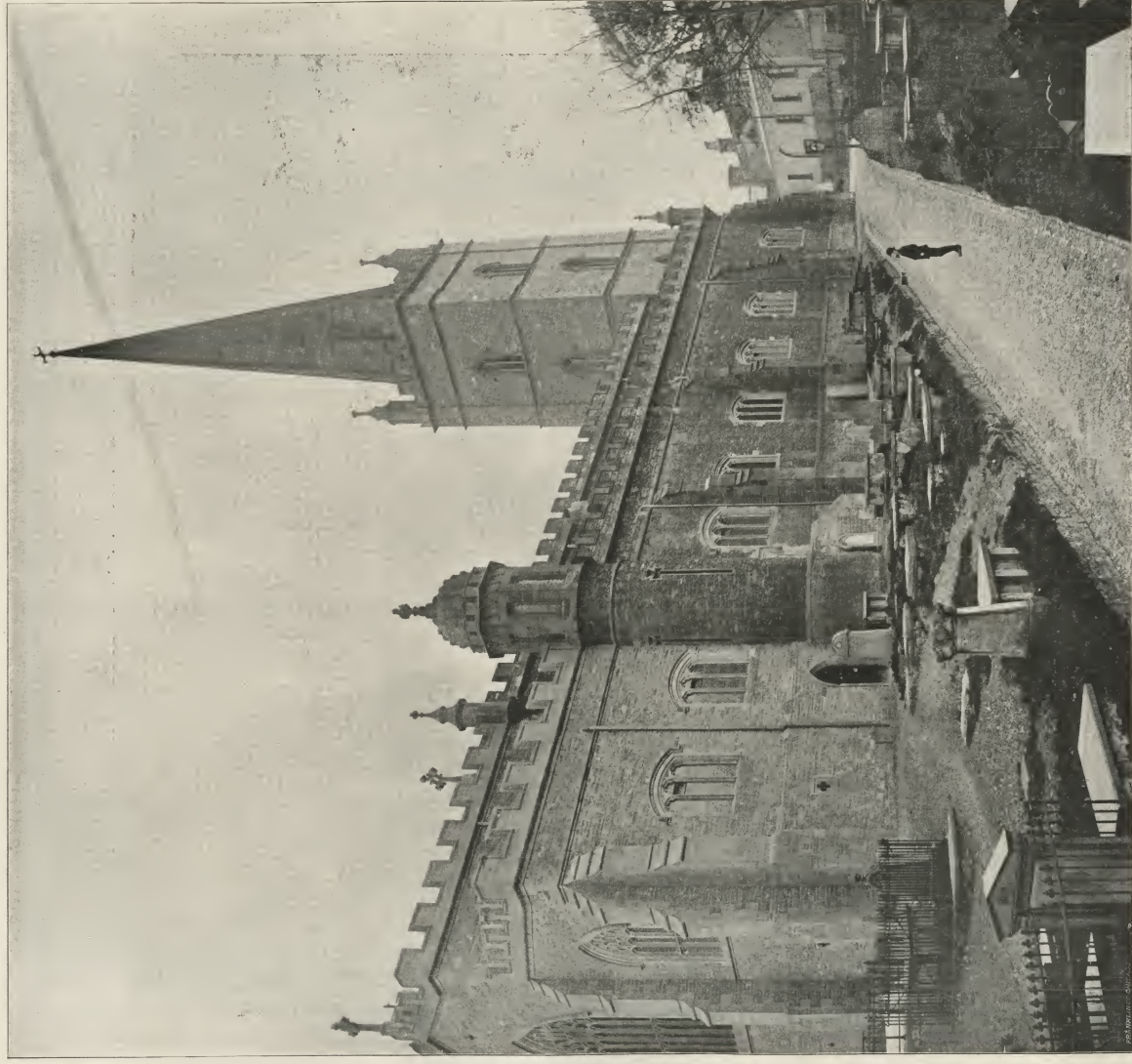
Blow, blow ye winds and fly ye clouds, let day and night be sped,

God speed the hour and haste the help, by Spain long promised;

But help who may, God speed the day, and send his strong wind forth,

To bear O’Donnell’s flag again to combat in the North!

Instead, the Spaniard broke his promise and the glorious Irish warrior, who conquered the proud army of Sir Conyers Clifford at Curlew pass, closed his eyes forever on that foreign shore. His dust reposes in the cathedral of Valladolid.



THE CATHEDRAL, LONDONDERRY.—On a commanding elevation, dominating the streets of Londonderry and the waters of the river Foyle, which rises the historic religious edifice illustrated in the sketch. Irish annalists claim that it occupies the site of a monastery founded in A. D. 546 by St. Columb. This was supplanted, in part at least, by a larger edifice in 1164. In later times it was protected by a strong fort—the nucleus of the more modern fortifications. During the bloody campaigns of Shane O'Neill the Proud, in 1568, the English garrison, under Randolph, was compelled to fly, and church and fort were blown up by gunpowder. At the close of the great war conducted by Hugh O'Neill, an English officer, named Dowdara, rebuilt the walls of the fort for the accommodation of a military force; but he paid no attention to the ruins of the church. In 1633, however, the English “transplanters,” aided by the city of London, rebuilt it as a place of Protestant worship. The famous Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who so nearly succeeded in separating Ireland from Great Britain in 1782, contributed a spire of hewn stone. The tower on which it was built became dangerous in 1802, so that both had to be taken down and reconstructed, half the expense being borne by the citizens and half by Bishop Knox, whose elegant monument is one of the chief ornaments of the interior of the cathedral. Here also are placed many relics of the great siege of 1688-9, including standards, flags and bombshells.



KILDARE'S MONUMENT, CHRIST CHURCH.—In the choir of Christ Church cathedral is placed the stately monument erected by his devoted Irish wife, the Lady Marie O'Brien, eldest daughter of William O'Brien, to the memory of Robert Fitz-Gerald, nineteenth Earl of Kildare in direct succession. He was the father of James, twentieth Earl and first Marquis of Kildare—subsequently first Duke of Leinster—the spirited and patriotic father of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, of 1798 celebrity. Robert of Kildare was by no means the most distinguished member of his illustrious House, but he was neither cold tyrant nor absentee landlord, and the political principles of his son and grandson had, no doubt, their primitive inspiration in his own sentiments. James, Duke of Leinster, was the first Irish nobleman of the penal period who protested before King George II., himself, against the iniquity of English rule in Ireland. The monument shown above contains figures of heroic size, executed in marble. The recumbent form is that of the Earl of Kildare. At the head is the figure of his bereaved countess, in an attitude of grief, supported by her daughter, the Lady Margaretta. At the feet stands the effigy of Lord Edward's intrepid father, James, already mentioned. These were the survivors of four sons and eight daughters born to the noble couple, who had tasted deeply of the wormwood draught of grief before death parted them. The well-known coat of arms of the House of Kildare is sculptured in relief on the upper portion of the monument.



WEST BRIDGE AND FATHER DALY'S CHAPEL, GALWAY.—The foregoing view comprehends the fine stone bridge over the picturesque river Corrib, in Galway town, and, on the left, a rather venerable looking ecclesiastical edifice, popularly called "Father Daly's Chapel." The Rev. Peter Daly—a very highly gifted priest, who had a decided turn for practical patriotism, if not politics—created quite a stir in Anglo-Irish relations forty years ago, when, with John Orrell Lever, and other public-spirited capitalists, he succeeded in establishing a line of first class ocean steamers between Galway and New York. Everything promised prosperously until one fine day, in the summer of 1858, a great "liner" was run on the well-known rock that rises about midway in the capacious harbor by a pilot who was believed to be criminally careless, or worse. It was openly charged in the *Dublin Nation*, edited by the late Alexander M. Sullivan, M. P., at the time, that the vessel was deliberately wrecked for the benefit of Liverpool commerce, as that English port has ever been fiercely jealous of any attempt to erect Galway into the proportions of a rival. As the latter port is several hundred miles nearer America, and possesses a much better natural haven than Liverpool, the cause of the jealousy, which has existed for centuries, is sufficiently obvious. The destruction of the Galway line, which followed the wreck, greatly mortified Father Daly, and, without doubt, hastened his death.



TOWN OF KINSALE, CO. CORK.—Kinsale town, like Athenry, Oldbridge and Aughrim, is to Ireland “a place of skulls.” The sketch shows it, as it stands today, commonplace in appearance, above the estuary of Bandon river. But the Muse of History is behind its work-a-day aspect and its 5,000 hard-working souls. Something of its story has been told in another sketch, as the scene of Ireland’s fatal overthrow in 1602, and the landing of James II. from France in 1689. Baron Kinsale—an offshoot of the De Courcys—is the only subject permitted to remain covered in the presence of royalty, because of a service rendered by one of the family when the Plantagenets ruled in England. The chief industry of Kinsale is fishing. It is chiefly noticeable, however, as the scene of Ireland’s most disastrous defeat. Thus sings of it Aubrey De Vere:

What man can stand amid a place of tombs
Nor yearn to that poor vanquished dust beneath?—
Above a nation’s grave no violet blooms:
A vanquished nation lies in endless death.

’Tis past!—the dusk is dense with ghost and vision;
All lost!—the air is thronged with moan and wail;
But one day more, and hope had been fruition;—
O Athunree, thy fate o’erhung Kinsale!

And echoing this wail of the poet, comes a cry of agony from the cathedral of Valladolid, and the convent of St. Isadore, where “the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George on the plains of Ulster has moldered into dust!”



GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.—The native Dubliner, or the person in any way familiar with the metropolis of Ireland, will at once recognize the foregoing view of Grafton street, where it approaches the old Parliament Houses and the Dublin University, usually called Trinity College. The pillared facades of both, en profile, are seen in the middle ground. Grafton street is not the widest of Dublin thoroughfares, but it contains many magnificent shops—"stores" we would call them—which attract multitudes of the fair sex to pursue the truly feminine pastime—sometimes expensive—of "shopping." If one would see the different types of Irish beauty, Grafton street, on a fine, sunbright day is the place to visit. It is not extravagant to say that the Irish women of all classes possess, in general, superb figures. Even when the features are not entirely regular, the exquisite Irish female form captivates the masculine eye, because of its rounded stateliness. But the charms of the Irish women do not end with the figure. Many of them have faces all but divine. In Dublin, as in all the larger Irish cities, may be seen every type of beauty, from the Grecian to the Norse. Here are ladies with blue-black hair and gray eyes; blonde hair and brown, or black, orbs, and brown hair with every shade of eye-coloring, from the purest azure to the deepest jet. No bachelor, of any race, can stroll on Grafton street the proper kind of a day without having his heart punctured by the flashing eyes of beauty.



MOUNTAIN SCENE IN WICKLOW.—The foregoing is a typical forest and mountain scene in the county Wicklow—Sugar Loaf Mountain, as it is absurdly called, dominating the varied and magnificent landscape. The Wicklow highlands are not, in general, as bold and striking as the ranges of Kerry, Galway and Mayo, where peak succeeds peak along the grim and gaunt sierras. Sugar Loaf is, however, an exception to the rule in the mountain regions of “old Kilmantan,” for its hoary head can be seen for miles on miles both from the sea and on the land. In those rocky and wooded glens that lie along its base, many a brave “rebel” and bold outlaw, from Fiach MacHugh O’Byrne to Captain Michael Dwyer, made his secure retreat. In 1798, one of the proud refrains of the insurgent songs, chanted by stalwart legions of dauntless peasants, with pikes upon their broad shoulders, was:—

We’ll march o’er Wicklow mountains,
Through Wexford and Kildare,

And still will fight for liberty
And will the laurel wear!

Next to Wexford, Wicklow was the theater of the most desperate fighting of that eventful year, which gave to Irish history the gallant victory of Ballyellis, and the unfortunate repulse of Arklow.



INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY.—The old Irish called this romantic spot, in the Gaelic language, *Inis-Faithlenn*—the island of *Faithlenn*, or *Fallen*, which would seem to have been the name of some Irish chief, or saint, of high distinction in remote ages. The island is 21 acres in extent, and contains much of what is most beautiful in fair Killarney. St. Finagobhar, or the Leper, so called from having been afflicted with a distressing form of cutaneous disease, founded here a monastery—remnants of which are pictured in the left foreground of the sketch—in the middle of the seventh century. Innisfallen, as it is now spelled and pronounced, is situated in the Lower Lake of Killarney and has been admired by generations of pleasure seekers. Sir Walter Scott—ever susceptible to the beauties of nature—revelled in its charms, and Thomas Moore devoted to it stanzas that have made its loveliness world-famous and immortal. How sweet, yet sad, is the cadence of his lines:—

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine still be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
To feel how fair, yet still be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!



TRIM CASTLE, COUNTY MEATH.—Trim, Gaelic *Ath-truim*, the Ford of the Eldertrees, was so called because of a grove of elders, or boortrees, that grew near the ancient ford across the river Boyne, which flows near the town. The castle which appears in the picture is, perhaps, the finest remaining specimen of Anglo-Norman military architecture in Ireland. It took the place of the fortress originally erected by De Lacy, one of Strongbow's lieutenants, in 1172, which was attacked and destroyed by King Roderick O'Conor, in 1173. It was again erected and again destroyed, during a civil war between the De Lacys and De Clares, in 1220. Soon afterward, the castle was rebuilt, presumably by the heirs of De Lacy, and, notwithstanding many sieges, the remains are still imposing and even formidable. It is thus technically described: The north-eastern side is 121 yards long and is defended by two towers at the angles and two intermediate. The west side is 116 yards long and was guarded by a centre and flanking towers. The third side is 192 yards in length, defended by six flanking towers. In the centre rises a massive and lofty "donjon-keep"—such as Scott was fond of describing in his poems and romances. This keep has walls twelve feet thick and the smaller towers have walls about half the thickness. Here met many of the parliaments of the Pale, and it was the prison of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and his nephew, Henry of Lancaster, afterward Henry V. of England, when a mere boy, in 1399. They were immured by Richard II., who really held them as hostages. The Duke of Wellington, when Captain Wellesley, represented the borough of Trim in the Irish parliament.



BANTRY COVE, CO. CORK.—Bantry Bay is a chosen maneuvering arena for the different squadrons of the British fleet that cruise in Irish waters, and is one of the finest deep-water harbors in either hemisphere. We have already referred to it as the attempted landing place of the French expedition, under Hoche, in December, 1796, when dealing with the town of Bantry. The foregoing view of what is known as "Bantry Cove," gives a very excellent idea of the bold and beautiful outline of the mountain-girdled shore, so replete with historic memories. Alternately, for centuries, the English, the Spanish and the French navies have made their rendezvous, peaceful or hostile, in these waters, but an Irish battle-ship has not fretted their billows since the leopard flag of Plantagenet first fluttered in the Irish breeze. It is most extraordinary that so warlike a people as the Irish, with so fine a seaboard—so capable of defense—never thought of equipping even a privateer fleet to harass the commerce of their greatest enemy. This fatal omission—partly due to faction and somewhat also to absence of a rich national exchequer—has been one of the main causes of Ireland's subjugation. One good reason why America won her independence was because the Colonies issued letters of marque and let loose Barry, Paul Jones and other "ocean-warriors" to ravage the British merchantmen. A dozen armed vessels, of swift sailing capacity, and ably commanded, can do more for an oppressed country's liberty than the same number of brigades or even divisions.



ABBEY ASSAROE, CO. DONEGAL.—Near the old town of Ballyshannon, on the Erne, are the ruins of the time-honored, but hopelessly decayed, abbey of Assaroe, founded in the early twilight age of Christianity in Ireland. Dr. Joyce, a most trustworthy authority, says the name is derived from the circumstance that Aedh-Ruaidh, father of Mocha, founder of the royal fortress of Emania, was drowned at the cataract of the river near this point, and is buried under the mound still pointed out above the falls. These were called after him Eas-Aedha-Ruadh, pronounced Assayroo, and shortened in English to Assaroe. The abbey churchyard, which contains many venerable tombs, is even yet, after the lapse of ages, a favorite burial place.

William Allingham, the gifted poet of that region, thus pathetically laments the decay of the holy place:

Gray, gray is Abbey Assaroe by Ballyshannon town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down;
The carven stones lie scattered in brier and nettle-bed;
The only feet are those that come at burial of the 'dead!

A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in pride;
The boortree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Assaroe!



CROAGH PATRICK, CO. MAYO.—This sketch displays Croagh Patrick, that monarch of the mountains around beautiful Clew Bay, in Mayo, in all its grandeur. Seen from the level of the water it towers majestically toward the heavens and gives an impression of much greater altitude than it really possesses. The moist Irish atmosphere, particularly toward sunset, has a microscopic effect on all objects, but particularly on lofty eminences. "Saw ye the mountains look huge at eve? So is our chieftain in battle," wrote Thomas Davis, when singing the praises of the princely and generous "O'Brien of Ara." His figure was true to nature. The Irish hills, under atmospheric influences, seem to rise to twice their natural stature, almost rivaling in appearance some of the mammoths of our Rocky Mountain ranges, but, of course, this effect is merely an optical illusion. In the dry, clear air of Wyoming, Colorado or Montana, Croagh Patrick would look comparatively diminutive. In Old Mexico, we remember gazing with disappointment at Orizaba and Popocatepetl, rising from ten to twelve thousand feet above the plain—they seemed so stunted! On the other hand, Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, in the moist climate of Washington, at the altitude of 14,500 feet above Puget Sound, came fully up to our ideas of sublimity.



IN PORTLESTER CHAPEL, DUBLIN.—The preceding sketch shows still another aspect of the Portlester chapel. A neglected tomb, above which, in the crumbling wall, is a sculptured panel representing some holy scene, stands in the foreground. It, doubtless, contains the dust of some scion of the brave Fitz-Eustace family, who, in the days of the Crusades, may have followed Richard Coeur de Lion or Prince Edward, afterward Edward I., “the hammer of the Scotch,” to the Holy Land; for the Irish Palesmen, of Norman blood, always sent their martial contingents into the field with the fighting Plantagenets, whether to Syria or to France. They were found even in the ranks of John of Gaunt, when that ambitious prince led his expedition into Spain. Ireland had many a “young and brave” Dunoir, who fought for glory and his lady love, always kneeling, with gilded spurs, before the shrine of his patron saint, generally St. Mary, ere yet he said farewell to damsel fair and native land.

And grant, Immortal Queen of Heaven,
Was still the warrior's prayer,

That I may prove the bravest knight
And wed the fairest fair!

Who knows what once brilliant hopes and blasted prospects animated the silent dust now reposing dreamlessly beneath that cold, discolored marble?



GLENGARIFF CATARACT, CO. KERRY.—Whatever of cold neglect may have cursed other scenic sections of Ireland, Glengariff, at least since the then youthful Prince of Wales pronounced it one of the grandest scenes in nature, more than a generation ago, has had no cause for complaint. It is, in many respects, a formidable rival of Killarney, and is particularly affected by foreign tourists, who find in it the combined features of Savoy, Provence and the Tyrol. Its forests are luxuriant; its mountains, rising precipitously from the sea-level, and clothed with heather or flowering shrubs of divers families, have about them an Alpine majesty, and its rivulets, forcing their way through many a shadowy ravine, form, in many places, charming cascades, like that reproduced in the picture. The poet De Vere must have had this fall in mind when he wrote:—

“—Aloft from yonder birch clad height
Leaps into air a cataract, snow white;
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,
Like a gray warder, guardian of the scene,

Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers.
O’er the dim woods a gathering tempest low’rs;
Save where athwart the moist leaves’ lucid green
A sunbeam, glancing through disparted showers,
Sparkles along the rill with diamond sheen.”



TORC MOUNTAIN, CO. KERRY.—Dr. P. W. Joyce, the greatest living authority on Gaelic forms, ancient and modern, says that the word Torc, pronounced “turk,” means a boar. These animals, in a wild state, formerly abounded in Ireland, and they are, according to the erudite Doctor, frequently mentioned in old poems and folk lore. Hunting the wild boar was a favorite amusement of the Celtic Irish. Torc, or turk, gives name to a large number of Irish places, including Torc Mountain, sketched above; Kanturk—boar’s head—in the County Cork; Inisthurk—*island of the boars*—in Clew Bay, County Mayo; and Drumhirk, the genitive form, which allows the “t” to be aspirated, in Ulster. Torc Mountain, glorious in its ever changing hues, as cloud and sunshine alternately shade and illumine its lofty crest, hangs above the Middle Lake of Killarney and is one of the most sublime features of that picturesque locality. And yet, as a gifted writer truly observes, “The unrivalled beauties of the Killarney lakes do not so much depend upon the sublime grandeur of their mountain surroundings, with their different shades of purple gorse and heather, in all their various hues, or on the numerous silvery rills which course down the acclivities, or the exquisite tinting and varieties of the foliage, or the singular character of the water-worn limestone which forms the basis of the islands with which the lakes are studded, as on the unequalled combination of all as an ever changing scene.”



QUADRANGLE, MAYNOOTH UNIVERSITY.—Architect Pugin undertook a labor of love, but none the less a heavy task, when he planned, and had constructed under his able supervision, the imposing quadrangular array of edifices that have supplanted, within the last half century, the old, almost ramshackle, buildings that accommodated at Maynooth the Catholic ecclesiastical students of an earlier time. Were Charles Lever to see the Maynooth College of today, he would be unable to recognize in the thoroughly equipped University, furnished with every modern requirement of a great institution of learning, the antiquated series of structures, designated the Royal College of St. Patrick, to which his novels contain allusions. The grounds of the quadrangle are kept in splendid condition, and are presentable in winter as well as in the milder seasons, because the genial climate of the south and centre of Ireland allows the growth of sub-tropical trees and shrubs the year round. It is rarely, indeed, that Ireland has “a killing frost” in the American sense of the term. Her fields are green, and her mountains snowless, unless in very exceptional seasons, from January to December. Even when snow does fall, it lasts only a few days. Maynooth, situated in an undulating country, and remote from highland ranges, possesses a most desirable climate, and is one of the healthiest localities in the beautiful Emerald Isle.



BISHOP'S CHAIR, AGHADOE, CO. KERRY.—The ruin shown in the sketch is supposed to be the remnant of an old castle, the history of which has been lost in the mist of stormy centuries. It is known popularly as the "Bishop's Chair" and commands an enchanting prospect of the beautiful Lower Lake of Killarney, with its arbutus covered islands, and the grand circle of mountains whose majestic forms are mirrored in its pellucid waters. Aghadoe, which also boasts an abbey and the remains of a round tower, is known in Gaelic as Achadh-du-eó—"the Field of the Two Yew Trees," from some ancient natural landmark. Killarney itself takes its world renowned name from the Gaelic Cill-aíneadh—"the Church of the Sloes." The sloe is a kind of small, sour plum, which grows on the blackthorn tree. The English name of Killarney is almost identical in pronunciation with its Irish designation. Traces of earthworks around the "Bishop's Chair" at Aghadoe would indicate that it was once a fortress of some local importance. What remains of the structure shows nothing in the way of architecture kindred to the Celtic or Norman style of building, and Professor Addey says it much more closely resembles the Saxon mode of construction. However this may be, it is situated in one of the most delightful regions of the earth. In fact, as a clever writer once said of Killarney in general, "It is too beautiful."



A VIEW OF GLENARM CASTLE, CO. ANTRIM.—We have dealt with Glenarm elsewhere, from different standpoints, but this view shows the castle of the Earl of Antrim from its own park, and a very handsome structure it is. These Antrim MacDonnells have had a stormy history, and it is difficult to fix the period at which they first appeared in Ireland. In the main, although of undoubted Scottish origin, they fought with the native Irish against the common enemy. For centuries, they were lords of “the Glynnns of Antrim,” and, after rendering faithful service against Elizabeth’s armies, were shamefully treated by Shane O’Neill, the Proud, at the instigation of the English Queen’s ministers, who were his temporary “allies.” This very injustice—the most glaring of his career—led to the subsequent destruction of O’Neill, who, after his downfall, sought an asylum with these same MacDonnells, whom he had ill-used, and was by them, at the instigation of an English officer, named Bingham, barbarously butchered. His head was cut off and sent to Elizabeth, who caused it to be spiked on London Tower. We are not certain whether the MacDonnells of Glenarm are lineally descended from the particular family with whom O’Neill quarreled, but they, undoubtedly, belong to the same clan. The castle, pictured above, is of comparatively modern origin, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century. It is regarded as one of the most graceful aristocratic seats in Ireland.



FATHER MATHEW'S STATUE, CORK.—The genius of Foley the sculptor has given to the citizens of Cork the striking and characteristic statue of the Rev. Theobald Mathew, D. D., the great Irish apostle of temperance, presented in the picture. This truly great ecclesiastic was born in the county Tipperary, of aristocratic family, in 1790, and, after completing his theological course, joined the Capuchin Order and was ordained a priest in 1814. His first active mission was in the city of Cork, where he became universally beloved, because of the multitude of his good works and his devotion to the interests of the poor people. He had served previously, for a short time, in Kilkenny. He is credited with having first introduced the noble brotherhood of St. Vincent De Paul into Ireland. Early in his useful career, he recognized that the status of the Irish political and social systems, and also the economic condition of the people, were adversely affected by the crying vice of intemperance. Therefore, he set himself zealously to work to cure the evil, and, if possible, eradicate it from Irish soil. In this he had the potent support of O'Connell, ever ready to promote the well-being of his fellow-countrymen. The success of Father Mathew reached its greatest height in the "Year of Monster Meetings," 1843, and it is estimated that, at least, one million Irishmen took the pledge from his sacred hands. He also conducted, with great success, temperance missions in Great Britain and America. This grand churchman died, lamented by all nations, in 1856. His monument, "the tribute of a grateful people," was erected in Patrick street, Cork, in 1864. Father Mathew's relics repose in St. Joseph's cemetery, Cork.



SECTION XIII.

1. Parnell Lying in State, Dublin.
2. Narrow-water House, County Down.
3. St. Malachy's Chapel, Belfast.
4. Ancient Ruins, Christ Church, Dublin.
5. Shrine at Gougane Barra, County Cork.
6. Enniskerry, County Wicklow.
7. Macroom Castle, County Cork.
8. Cahirciveen, County Kerry.
9. Carriekfergus Castle, County Antrim.
10. Cascade of Derryeunighy. Killarney.
11. Dunbrody Abbey, County Wexford.
12. Catholie Church, Westport, County Mayo.
13. The Wellesley Bridge, Limerick.
14. Curraghmore House, County Waterford.
15. Seetion of Dublin Museum.
16. Larne Churehyard, County Antrim.



PARNELL LYING IN STATE, DUBLIN.—The artist in this sketch has grouped the effigies of the two greatest parliamentary leaders and organizers that Ireland boasts of. Henry Grattan, while a peerless orator, was not practical in his methods. In point of polished eloquence, although not in the art of popular oratory, he excelled O'Connell and soared immeasurably above Parnell, who was, until the last few years of his career, a very mediocre public speaker; but Grattan was lamentably deficient in the power of organization, which both O'Connell and Parnell possessed in an unusual degree. We have already alluded, in another place, to the sorrowful tragedy of Parnell's premature death, and we have also dealt with the noble statue of the Catholic Emancipator, which is seen in the picture. Parnell lay in state in the Dublin City Hall for several days after his death, and the people were allowed to file through the corridors and take a last look at the features of their immortal leader. Dublin, in particular, remained true to Parnell, even after his great misfortune, and the Irish capital deserves high honor for the noble fidelity displayed at that time by its gallant sons and fair daughters. No doubt some day, in the near future, another leader, even greater than O'Connell or Parnell, will arise to lead Ireland to that goal of liberty so passionately struggled for through ages of sacrifice and disappointment.



NARROW-WATER HOUSE, CO. DOWN.—Ireland possesses few private mansions more commodious and majestic than Narrow-water House, pictured above. It is situated about two miles from the handsome town of Warrenpoint, and was built during the earlier half of this century by Mr. Roger Hall, a large resident landowner of that prosperous district of Ulster. It stands on an elevation that rises above the ruins of the more ancient castle built by James, commonly called "the Great," Duke of Ormond, about the year 1665. He designed it as fortress to protect the passage of the river. It is now a very picturesque relic of a warlike age. The modern house, shown in the sketch, is approached by a splendid avenue of two miles in length from the main gateway of the demesne. This noble causeway is bordered throughout its extent by several lines of stately forest trees. A superb view of the surrounding lovely scenery can be obtained from nearly every portion of the grounds. The edifice was constructed after the plan of a Newry architect, whose name, unfortunately, is not preserved in any published description of the structure. He was certainly a man of genius, and Narrow-water House is a lasting monument to his architectural taste and skill.



ST. MALACHY'S CHAPEL, BELFAST.—St. Malachy's Catholic church, or, rather, chapel, dates from 1844 and is, as can be seen, built in the Tudor style of architecture. It is handsomely finished interiorly and contains, among other costly memorials, a superb tablet of marble to the memory of its generous benefactor, the late Captain Griffiths, who left, by his will, \$25,000 for the adornment and preservation of the chapel. There are other fine Catholic churches in Belfast, among them St. Patrick's, in Donegal street, and St. Peter's, on the Falls road. All are called "chapels" locally, which, indeed, was the general appellation given to Irish Catholic places of worship previous to Emancipation, in 1829. Possibly the form clings to Ulster, or at least the county Antrim, because the effects of the penal laws against Catholics were longer, and more bitterly, felt in that province, and particularly that county, than in any other section of Ireland. It was no easy thing to be a practical Catholic in Belfast during the fever-heat of Orangeism a generation ago. Now, however, religious animosity appears to have cooled down, and there is every reason to hope that it will nevermore be revived, at least to the same savage extent as in former days.



ANCIENT RUINS, CHRIST CHURCH, DUBLIN.—No sacred edifice in all Europe, perhaps, has suffered more from fire than historic Christ Church in Dublin. Founded by Sitric the Dane, for Secular Canons, in 1038, it was changed more than a century later into a priory by St. Lawrence O'Tuill, and underwent various alterations down to 1225. When the wrathful native Irish, driven to desperation by Anglo-Norman tyranny, burned the outskirts of Dublin, in 1283, the cathedral caught fire and the steeple, chapter house, cloister and dormitory were consumed. A mass of debris covered the ground for generations, and some of the buildings were never restored, the steeple was, however, and was again burned down in 1316. It is supposed that the remains shown in the picture are those of the original chapter house, as they bear all the marks of very ancient origin. Some antiquaries hold that they belong to the cloister, but all agree that they are the most interesting archaeological remains of ancient Dublin. A singular fact in connection with Christ Church cathedral is, that Lambert Simnel, one of the Yorkist pretenders to the English throne, was solemnly crowned here in 1486, as "Edward VI." He found numerous followers among the Norman-Irish of the Pale, who also, to their ultimate ruin, followed the misfortunes of that other more brilliant "royal" adventurer, Perkin Warbeck, whom the King of Scotland recognized as "Richard IV."



SHRINE AT GOUGANE BARRA, CO. CORK.—A typical Irish scene is presented to our readers in the foregoing picture. Amid the hoary ruins of the venerable shrine of St. Finn Barr, on that island, in "lone Gougane Barra," the simple country people kneel and offer up their prayers to heaven as did their fathers before them for twelve hundred years! St. Finn Barr's natal day occurs on June 12, and each succeeding year, the peasantry, of both sexes, for miles on miles around the sacred spot, throng to the holy island and drink water from the pure depths of the blessed well, at which the patron saint, himself, slaked his thirst in the twilight dawn of Christianity that followed the black, repulsive night of Druidical paganism. The remains of the once stately ecclesiastical edifices are now but a feeble reminder of the splendor that crowned them in the early Christian ages of Ireland. It is singular that, in a land of piety, no effort has been made to renovate them. At one time, the crowds that visited the ruins were not always free from turmoil, and a good priest, Father O'Mahony, became a resident of the island for the purpose of preserving order among the pilgrims. His self-imposed task kept him a prisoner here from the year 1700 to 1728, when he died full of years, and in the odor of sanctity. His grave on the island is still pointed out to visitors.



ENNISKERRY, CO. WICKLOW.—Enniskerry—one of the most charming of the many lovely hamlets of the metropolitan section of Leinster—is situated in Wicklow, near the confines of the county Dublin; and is dominated by the lofty and picturesque peak, vulgarly called the Great Sugarloaf. A more inappropriate name for a superb mountain could not have been selected. Dr. P. W. Joyce is authority for stating that the village takes its name from a difficult ford, where the old road crosses Cookstown river. It is well described by the Gaelic term *scairbh*, meaning rugged, or stony, a characteristic it possesses even in our own day. The natives call it *Annas-kerry*, “and its Irish name,” says the Doctor, “is obviously *Ath-na-scairbhe* (*Anascarvy*) the Ford of the Scarriiff, or rough river-crossing.” In the height of the summer season, the delights of Enniskerry are entrancing and tourists flock there in large numbers. The country around offers every inducement for pleasant excursions to forest-girdled lawns, verdant river banks and purple mountain crests. Some writers have described Enniskerry as “the Honeymoon Village,” because of the numerous bridal couples who include it in their tour. Near by is a famous pass in the mountains, called the Scalp, attributed by the peasantry to satanic agency.



MACROOM CASTLE, CO. CORK.—These imposing, ivy-garlanded ruins stand close to the town which gives them name, on a point of land formed by the confluence of the Lee and Sullane rivers. Here the latter stream is merged in the longer river and their united waters flow on in stately volume to the sea. The name Macroom is derived from the Gaelic Maigh-Cruim, which, according to Professor Addey, signifies “the Plain of Crom, who was the Jupiter Tonans of the Irish; and here the second order of Druids, the Bards, held their meetings, even after the introduction of Christianity.” It is said that the castle, which dates from the time of King John, was originally founded by the O’Flynn family, from whom it derived its ancient Gaelic name of Caslean-i-Phlionn, or O’Flynn’s castle. During the old wars it was often taken and retaken. In 1649, Lord Broghill, Cromwell’s general, hanged Bishop MacEgan, of Ross, for refusing to ask the Irish garrison to surrender. Instead, according to Dr. Madden’s poem, he warned his compatriots thus:—

“Remember, ’tis writ in our annals of blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the faith
Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
And the issue of every delusion was death!”

He died on the scaffold, in front of those walls
Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar;
And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
The blackest of Broghill’s achievements in war!



CAHERSIVEEN, CO. KERRY.—Some Irish savants, including Doctor Joyce, spell this name, in English, Cahersiveen, but we give the popular form used in the county Kerry. In Gaelic, it is given as Cathair-Saidhbhin, the stone fort of Saidhbhin, or Sabina, a diminutive of the Irish female name Sadhbh (Sauv), formerly, according to the learned Doctor, in very general use, but, in modern times, usually changed to Sarah. The town derives historical importance because of its contiguity to O'Connell's birthplace, and contains his memorial church erected by the labors of Canon Brosnan and the contributions of the Great Tribune's admirers throughout the world. It is distant three miles from the famous island of Valencia, which is a favorite tourists' resort. The coasts in the vicinity are boldly picturesque, and the fine road to Killarney, which passes through charming Killorglin and skirts beautiful Lough Caragh, affords to the traveller a panorama of natural loveliness difficult to surpass in any quarter of the globe. The English author, Mr. Inglis, says of this route that it is "little inferior to any of the sea-roads along the shores of the Mediterranean, and is every way superior to the road from Bangor to Conway, in North Wales."



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, CO. ANTRIM.—How proudly this famed old castle—grim reminder of that terrible Anglo-Norman warrior, Sir John De Courcy, who founded it in the days of Henry II—keeps watch and ward above the heaving billows of Belfast Lough! Here, according to some authorities, landed Edward Bruce, the elected king of the Irish, with a portion of his royal brother's Scottish troops, in 1315. Others say he landed at Larne. He came to claim his crown, and, after a gallant struggle of three years against the English and Anglo-Irish forces, finally fell, sword in hand, at the battle of Fanghart Hill, near Dundalk. The fortress changed masters several times during the long and bloody wars between England and Ireland. In 1689, Marshal Schornberg took it, after a very brave defense, from General McCarthy More, who held it for James II. The daring French admiral Thurot, whose mother was an O'Farrell, captured it from the English garrison, in 1760, and laid the whole of the neighboring country under tribute for several weeks. At last, he abandoned the place and put to sea. Near the Isle of Man, he encountered a superior British naval force, chivalrously gave it battle and was killed in the engagement. Right under the guns of the castle, in 1778, the American commodore, of Scottish birth, Paul Jones, captured the British sloop-of-war, *Drake*, after a sanguinary conflict. The castle is well preserved, considering its great age. Carrickfergus, a purely Gaelic word, means Rock of Fergus—a legendary Irish hero.



CASCADE OF DERRYCUNIGHY, KILLARNEY.—We have given, in another place, some account of this cascade, in connection with the picturesque cottage so well remembered by all who have visited the fair Killarney lake region. The falls are about thirty feet in height, broken at several points by the rugged rocks over which they foam and thunder, until their tumultuous waters empty themselves through the pass, which opens at “Colman’s Eye”—a rocky cape that juts into the Upper Lake of Killarney and confines the passage to a very limited space. During nearly every season of the year, this beautiful cascade is bordered, and shaded, by luxuriant foliage, which greatly adds to the attractions of the scene. In this section of “the Lakes,” as they are commonly designated by the residents, the Irish red-deer—one of the noblest of the beasts of the chase—is still to be found, and, during the autumnal months, stag-hunts are of frequent occurrence. From the mountain which rises above the cascade, one of the grandest views of Killarney, in its splendid entirety, is obtainable. The three lovely lakes, and their grand surroundings, are visible at a glance. Broad Europe affords no finer vista, if the testimony of the most experienced tourists of Great Britain can be relied on.



DUNBRODY ABBEY, CO. WEXFORD.—Hervey de Montmorency, one of the ablest and most sanguinary of the lieutenants of the bold Anglo-Norman adventurer, Strongbow, founded Dunbrody Abbey, in the year 1182, for the Cistercian friars, and, it is said, became, himself, its first abbot. Giraldus Cambrensis paints the character of Hervey in striking colors. He was brave to excess, as, indeed, were all the Normans of that period, but cruel to intensity. While Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Meyler Fitz-Henry—natural son of Henry II., according to tradition—Raymond Le Gros—ancestor of the Irish Graces—and even Strongbow himself, were more or less disinclined to commit wholesale murder on the inhabitants of the Dano-Irish cities they captured, Hervey was merciless. The memory of his crimes, as he grew older, may have troubled his conscience and led him to renounce the world; but Irish annalists claim that he founded the abbey, shown in the picture, after Strongbow—who left him in command in Ireland, while he went to England to offer homage and his Irish conquests to Henry II.—had degraded him from his post and otherwise insulted him. Notwithstanding the ruthless hands of vandals and despoilers, the venerable ruin still shows many traces of ancient splendor. Its western doorway and window are the admiration of all lovers of the Norman-Gothic style of church architecture.



CATHOLIC CHURCH, WESTPORT, CO. MAYO.—There is hardly a more picturesquely situated town in Ireland than Westport, with portions of which we have already dealt in other sketches. The picture shows the Catholic church, massively and handsomely built, and capable of accommodating a large number of worshippers. Attached to it are a parochial residence and school house. The population of Westport is overwhelmingly Catholic. It is one of the most prosperous places in Mayo, and formerly used to be much more so. Near it—in fact lying between the town and the quay—is the fine demesne of the Marquis of Sligo, head of the Browne family, who have flourished in the county since Elizabethan days. One scion of that house, the Hon. Dennis Browne, who figured in '98 and afterward, was one of the greatest scourges of the poor people that ever cursed Ireland. He had the heart of a wolf and the cruel ferocity of a tiger. On the bench, he would have been a Jeffreys and a Norbury combined. His name has even yet a sound of terror to the peasantry, and many a tale is still told of his hatred and malignity around the turf-lighted cabin hearths in the long winter nights. It is not on record that this local despot ever did a kind act for any human being. His one service to humanity was the hanging of a fellow-savage, George Robert Fitzgerald, bravo and duellist.



THE WELLESLEY BRIDGE, LIMERICK.—The Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's elder brother, and the architect of the great soldier's fortunes, was a much more liberal man than the conqueror of Napoleon. When he was Viceroy of Ireland, he did not hesitate to come out boldly for Catholic Emancipation, and urged upon the Duke, in 1829, the necessity of granting it. Hence, the fine bridge shown in the picture, which connects Newtown-Pery with the county Clare, as the Mathew bridge connects it with the older portions of Limerick, was named after the Marquis. It is a very well-finished structure—one of the best specimens of bridge architecture in Europe—and has a swivel in the centre to allow of the passage of vessels up and down the Shannon. As it spans the broad river near the harbor's mouth, a splendid view of King John's frowning castle and the lofty spire of St. Mary's historic cathedral, is obtained from it. From this point, the quays stretch almost without interruption to the Floating and Graving docks. At one end of the bridge stands a statue erected to the memory of Major, Lord Fitzgibbon—a descendant of the infamous Lord Chancellor Clare, of "Union" notoriety—who fell in the Balaclava charge, Oct. 25, 1854.



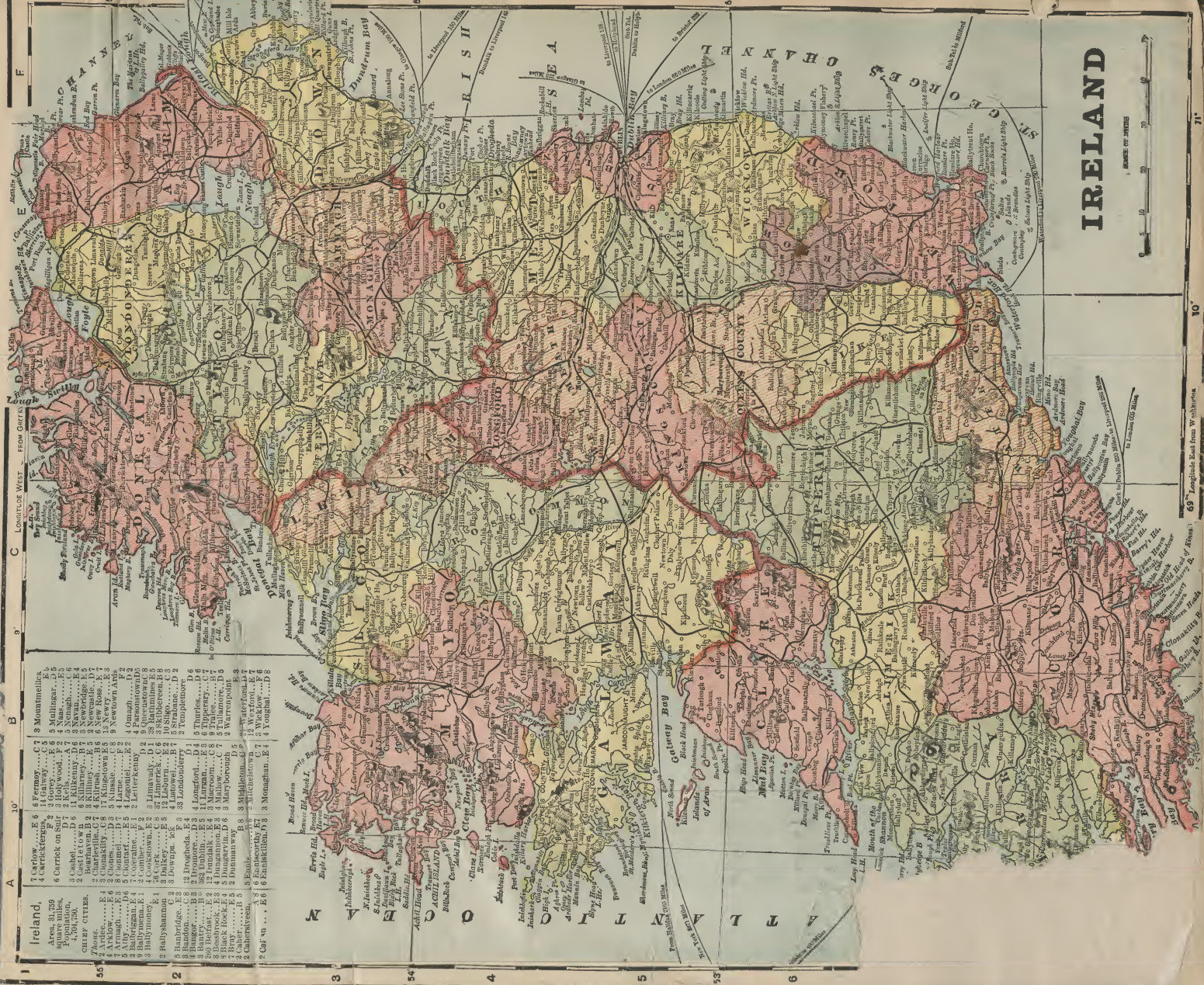
CURRAGHMORE HOUSE, CO. WATERFORD.—We have dealt somewhat with the fine surroundings of Curraghmore House, or Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford, in other sketches. We now present a picture of the noble edifice itself, reflected dazzlingly in the limpid lake above which it rises in stately massiveness. Here have lived many generations of the Beresfords—an indomitable race of Norman Irishmen, possessing all the lights and shadows of the national character. Most of the Beresfords have been proud to claim Ireland as their country, and, in this generation, notably Lord Charles, who seems to be rapidly drifting toward national sympathies. His brother, Lord William, however, married to the American Duchess-Dowager of Marlborough, is not much given that way, and thereby hangs a story. During the Home Rule fight on the English hustings, Lord William appeared in Warwickshire as a Tory champion. During his speech, the “Liberals” caused a disturbance, when the orator called out, “Keep quiet, gentlemen! Are we not all Englishmen together?” A voice from the crowd immediately answered, “Well, perhaps we are—all but you. You’re only a bloody h’Irishman!” This reply knocked Lord William off his feet, and he has not been quite so h’English, you know, ever since.



SECTION OF DUBLIN MUSEUM.—A section of the Statuary Hall of the Dublin Museum of Science and Art is revealed in this sketch—the subjects being chiefly models designed by Foley and other eminent artists. But, besides statuary, this portion of the museum also contains curious specimens of metal work, pottery and a multitude of other ancient objects, many original and others simply casts taken from the originals in the British Museum. All these collections have been greatly enriched by donations from Lords Cloncurry and Dunraven, but, particularly, by the act of sculptor Foley, who, in his will, dated August 27, 1874, bequeathed to the Royal Dublin Society all the original models of his works, some of which appear in the picture. In this fine collection are to be seen statues of John Hampden, Lord Clyde, Chancellor Selden, Lord Canning, Father Mathew, Lord Herbert of Lea, Sir Francis Lawley, Gen. the Hon. Robert Bruce, Barry Cornwall, Major-General Nicholson, Viscount Hardinge, General Outram, Adrian Hope, Manockjee Nesserwangee, whose name is sufficiently singular to be unforgotten, and a number of superb ideal groups which have been already dealt with.



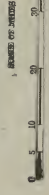
LARNE CHURCHYARD, CO. ANTRIM.—We present in the foregoing sketch, the quaint entrance to the chapel and graveyard of Larne, county Antrim. There side by side, heedless of the “bad blood” of 1641, and of the factions bred by the fight of 1690 on the banks of “the Boyne’s ill-fated river.” It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the term “Scotch-Irish” is almost unknown in Ireland, and one has to cross the Atlantic to America in order to discover it in general use. We find the term first applied to the non-Catholic inhabitants of Ulster by Chaplain Story, of King William’s army, who wrote what he humorously called “An Impartial History of Affairs in Ireland,” published in London, 1693. In his chapter descriptive of the battle of the Boyne he says, on page 82: “Doctor Walker (defender of Derry) going, as some say, to look after the Duke (Schomberg) was shot a little beyond the river, and stript immediately; for the Scotch-Irish that followed our camp were got through already, and took off most of the plunder.” After Story, the men most responsible for the nickname “Scotch-Irish” were Lord Macaulay and Horace Greeley. The former, also, if he did not invent the misleading phrase “Anglo-Saxon” certainly advertised it. Macaulay was merely a renegade Celt.



Ireland,

- Area, sq. m. 32,700
Population, 4,700,000
- CHIEF CITIES
- 1 Dublin
 - 2 Cork
 - 3 Galway
 - 4 Belfast
 - 5 Limerick
 - 6 Waterford
 - 7 Drogheda
 - 8 Sligo
 - 9 Carrickfergus
 - 10 Kesh
 - 11 Killybegs
 - 12 Killybegs
 - 13 Killybegs
 - 14 Killybegs
 - 15 Killybegs
 - 16 Killybegs
 - 17 Killybegs
 - 18 Killybegs
 - 19 Killybegs
 - 20 Killybegs
 - 21 Killybegs
 - 22 Killybegs
 - 23 Killybegs
 - 24 Killybegs
 - 25 Killybegs
 - 26 Killybegs
 - 27 Killybegs
 - 28 Killybegs
 - 29 Killybegs
 - 30 Killybegs
 - 31 Killybegs
 - 32 Killybegs
 - 33 Killybegs
 - 34 Killybegs
 - 35 Killybegs
 - 36 Killybegs
 - 37 Killybegs
 - 38 Killybegs
 - 39 Killybegs
 - 40 Killybegs
 - 41 Killybegs
 - 42 Killybegs
 - 43 Killybegs
 - 44 Killybegs
 - 45 Killybegs
 - 46 Killybegs
 - 47 Killybegs
 - 48 Killybegs
 - 49 Killybegs
 - 50 Killybegs
 - 51 Killybegs
 - 52 Killybegs
 - 53 Killybegs
 - 54 Killybegs
 - 55 Killybegs
 - 56 Killybegs
 - 57 Killybegs
 - 58 Killybegs
 - 59 Killybegs
 - 60 Killybegs
 - 61 Killybegs
 - 62 Killybegs
 - 63 Killybegs
 - 64 Killybegs
 - 65 Killybegs
 - 66 Killybegs
 - 67 Killybegs
 - 68 Killybegs
 - 69 Killybegs
 - 70 Killybegs
 - 71 Killybegs
 - 72 Killybegs
 - 73 Killybegs
 - 74 Killybegs
 - 75 Killybegs
 - 76 Killybegs
 - 77 Killybegs
 - 78 Killybegs
 - 79 Killybegs
 - 80 Killybegs
 - 81 Killybegs
 - 82 Killybegs
 - 83 Killybegs
 - 84 Killybegs
 - 85 Killybegs
 - 86 Killybegs
 - 87 Killybegs
 - 88 Killybegs
 - 89 Killybegs
 - 90 Killybegs
 - 91 Killybegs
 - 92 Killybegs
 - 93 Killybegs
 - 94 Killybegs
 - 95 Killybegs
 - 96 Killybegs
 - 97 Killybegs
 - 98 Killybegs
 - 99 Killybegs
 - 100 Killybegs

IRELAND



69° Longitude East from Washington





122327

DOES NOT CIRCULATE

